

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

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BANQUET

O F T H E

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

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THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 27th, 1906

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REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D., *Chairman*,
MR. BAYARD HENRY,

MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

ON ENTERTAINMENTS:

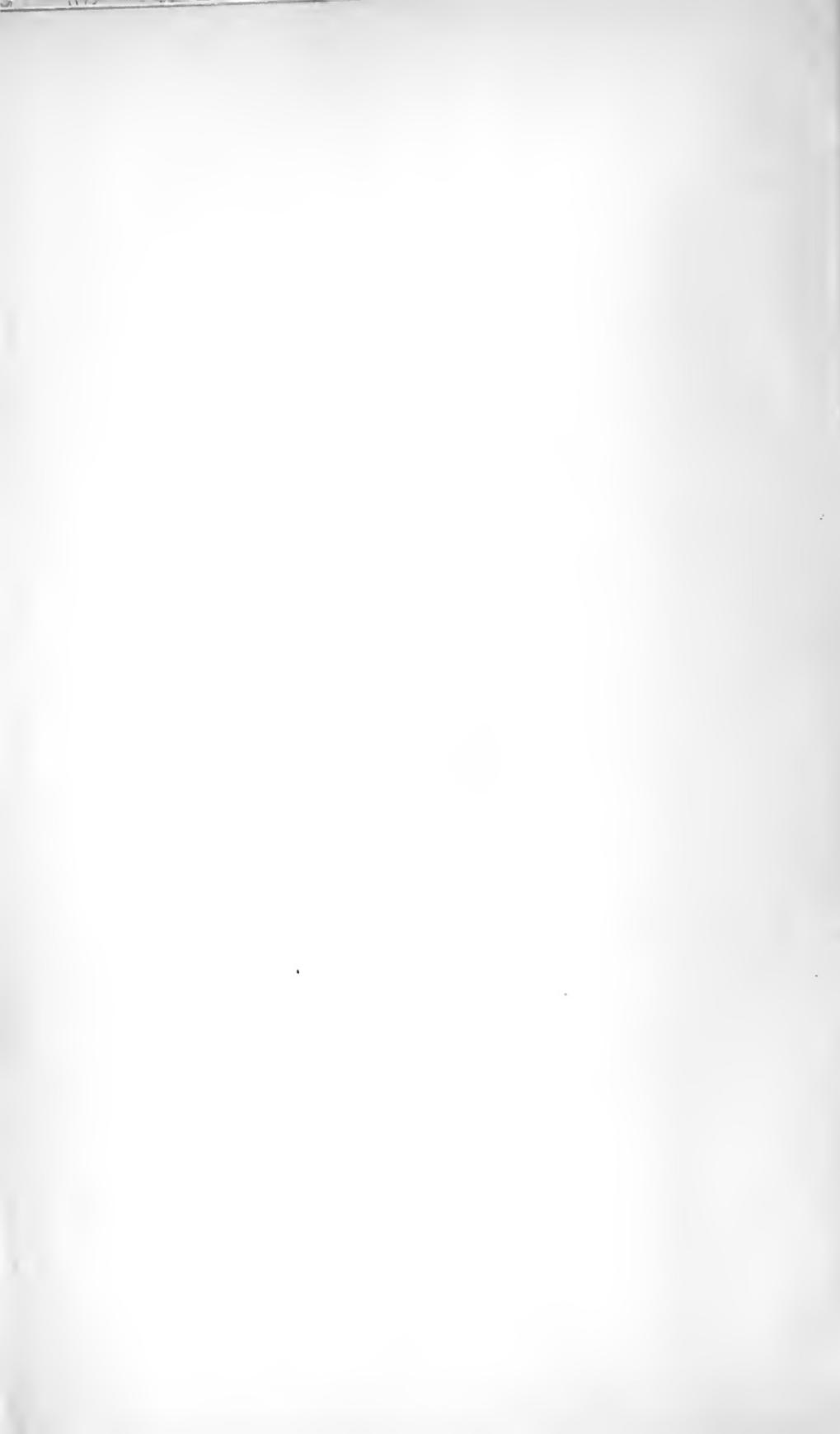
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MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.







PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 27th, 1906.



SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Seventeenth Annual Meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on Tuesday, February 27th, 1906, at 6.30 P. M., the President, Hon. John B. McPherson, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending February 1st, 1906, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 54.)

On behalf of the Committee on History and Archives, Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., presented a report recommending that papers should be prepared during the ensuing year on the following subjects:—

1. The Scotch-Irish Founder of a Great Church—Francis MacKemmie.
2. A Nursery of Heroes—Old Middle Spring Parish in the Cumberland Valley.
3. A Vocabulary of American Scotch-Irish Words and Phrases with a list of proverbs and sayings.

The Committee, consisting of William J. Latta, T. Elliott Patterson, and Charles L. McKeehan, appointed to consider the publication of a book containing the historical papers prepared from time to time for the Society, reported that the records of the Society contained ample material for such a volume and that the cost of editing and publishing such a book would be in the neighborhood of \$1500. On motion, which was duly seconded

and carried, the Committee was requested to make an effort to obtain this sum by subscription and to proceed with the publication of the book.

On motion of Mr. John McIlhenny, the following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, HON. NATHANIEL EWING.

First Vice-President, REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

Second Vice-President, HON. HARMAN YERKES.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,
MR. M. C. KENNEDY,	COL. JOHN CASSELS,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
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HON. A. K. MCCLURE,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

Rev. William H. Oxtoby invoked the Divine blessing.

At the conclusion of the dinner Hon. John B. McPherson, the President, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I need scarcely remind those of you who have been faithful attendants at other meetings that this is the season of the year when we are accustomed to regild our halos—those of them, at least, that may have suffered disrepair in the wear and tear of the past twelve months—and, if I

may judge from the size of this company, the contemplation of the process has apparently not been unpleasant to a tolerably large number of people.

Some of us, I think, if we were frank enough to confess all that is in our hearts, would admit that we have found it sometimes not altogether a pleasing occupation to live up to our ancestors, especially when they happened to be possessed of all the virtues and some of the graces, but I do not mean to imply, of course, that the sorrow is serious; it is rather a gentle uneasiness, if I may so describe it, a fine sense of dissatisfaction with one's self for failing to live up to one's opportunities.

It has always been possible to look over the record of any twelve months that have preceded our annual banquets, and to find there the names of those among our members who have honored us with new distinctions, but it is not often that we are able to call to our meetings one whose position and whose claim are unique. It is a peculiar pleasure to us to see at this board, as a guest, one who has for many years been one of the most faithful of our members, and who has but recently been called to nearly the highest position to which a Pennsylvania lawyer may aspire; but the unique claim to which I desire to call your attention is that he furnishes another most striking illustration of the truth of the admonition that exhorts us to cast our bread upon the waters. It is undoubtedly true in many instances that there have been returns such as were prophesied by the author of that saying, but I think in most instances the return has been in bread, whereas in his case, unique among them all, it came back to him as cake, (Laughter) beautifully iced, of generous dimensions, upon a silver platter, and with the unanimous approval of the citizens of a great commonwealth. (Applause.) There is only one person to whom my words can apply, and I forbear to name him. (Applause.)

Hon. John Stewart:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—To say that I feel myself highly honored in being a guest of the Society under

these very pleasant conditions and surroundings, would very inadequately express my appreciation of the honor and kindness you have done me. To be made a guest in a Society of which I have long been a member, is very much like being made a guest in one's own home circle. It is an experience entirely unique, and I confess somewhat embarrassing, now that I am called upon to make some reply to your generous toast, and the no less generous introduction by your chairman. I feel that I am betwixt two perils—I may say too much, and on the other hand I may say too little. If I were to speak as my feelings prompt me you would perhaps think me intemperate in language; if I put too close a guard upon my words, to myself at least, my reply may seem lacking in appreciation. I want to assure you that I am deeply sensitive of the honor you have done me. If the author of that somewhat lugubrious but celebrated poem that begins with the heart-searching inquiry "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" had ever been a guest of the Scotch-Irish Society under the same conditions in which I find myself to-night, that poem would have been lost to the world. He could have answered that question satisfactorily to himself at least, and would never have troubled the world with his poetic conundrum. If another, no less celebrated, had been the guest of the Society, and honored as I am to-night, he never would have felt inspired to express in verse his unwillingness to live always. I would not have you infer that you have made me so ecstatically happy, as to feel that I would like to live always; but if I could reasonably expect that this night's experience would be repeated within the next hundred years or so, I would not object to having my span stretched out so as to take in the second occasion. I am sure I have not said too much in acknowledgment of your kindness, and I will take the risk of having said too little.

Hon. John B. McPherson:—

It has come to be quite commonplace to say of the early Scotch-Irishman, that in the midst, and, indeed, at the very

beginning, of his battle with the wilderness and the savage, he, nevertheless, found time and a place for the church and the schoolhouse. Reverence for religion and a love of learning were two of his passions, so strong that they easily survived the passage over the sea, and one result has been that you may almost trace the course of his migration by the institutions of learning that he has left, and that still persist, centres of great influence and of usefulness. Among the best and sturdiest of these is one that still exists in Western Pennsylvania. The amount of good which it has done in the more than a century of its existence, quietly and unobtrusively, in the mass is quite incalculable. Those who know her best—and her friends are many—know best of all with what faithfulness she has waged the battle for sound learning and for a Christian education. It is, therefore, with deep pleasure that we are able to have at our board to-night as one of our guests, an honored member also of this Society, the President of Washington and Jefferson College, and the present Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, who will address you upon a topic which he himself has chosen—"The Scotch-Irishman as an Ecclesiastic." I have the pleasure of introducing, if that be not superfluous, Dr. J. D. Moffat, of Washington and Jefferson College.
(Applause.)

Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D., LL.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I appeared before this Society once before and spoke on the Scotch-Irish institution over which I have the honor to preside. I was familiar with my subject and felt that I could deliver my speech with ease to myself and enlightenment to my audience. Coming before you for the second time, everything seems different. I have to shove the old familiar subject aside and look for an entirely new topic, and that is always difficult for the speaker. In what I have to say to-night I shall not be consulting my own ease as much, perhaps, as my own enlightenment.

We have heard a good deal about the Scotch and Scotch-Irish in politics, in commerce, in statesmanship, as pioneers

and as educators. I think not much has been said about them as ecclesiastics and, therefore, I reviewed somewhat hastily and quite superficially the history of the Church of Scotland, the Church of Ireland, the Canadian Church and the Presbyterian Churches in the United States of America to find out, if I could, what were the predominant traits of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish in ecclesiastical affairs. I have discovered two prominent tendencies in all of this history: one a tendency to division and the other a tendency to union. The entire period seems to be divided by these two different tendencies: at first, a tendency to divide and to subdivide, but in more recent years a tendency to unite and to reunite; and I thought it might not be uninteresting to present to you, as briefly as possible, what these divisions and unions have been. They are numerous. It takes at least twenty-one names to designate the different branches of the Presbyterian Church that have arisen in Scotland alone. The reading of this list of names may not be eloquent, but there is a certain impressiveness about it.

For one hundred years or more after John Knox had done his work there was but one Presbyterian Church in Scotland, but troublesome times came and divisions began, and when they began the Scotch seem to have carried them to the utmost extreme. There was simply a National Church from 1560 to about 1688. Then, or a little while before, fifty Covenanters arose, calling themselves the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland. They were also called the Cameronians. The foundation of their new organization was their opposition to any interference with the affairs of the Church on the part of the State. It was the first blow in behalf of that superb state of things which we enjoy in the United States—the absolute separation of Church and State.

Some time later, in 1733, the Associate Presbytery arose because of the opposition of Erskine to the exercise of lay patronage—the appointment by the land owner of ministers unsatisfactory to the people.

After that, in 1747, arose the Burgher Associate Synod and the Antiburgher General Synod. Three of the burghs

or boroughs of Scotland exacted a peculiar oath of the chief burgess or mayor that he would defend the existing religion, which some supposed meant Presbyterianism generally, and others supposed meant the Established Church, and hence they divided into the Burghers and the Antiburghers.

Now, it was not very long before this distinction became insufficient to express the differences that arose, and Burghers and Antiburghers were subdivided, and there were Old Light Burghers and Old Light Antiburghers, and New Light Burghers and New Light Antiburghers. If you want to know the difference between the Old Lights and the New Lights ask your Scotch friends and get them to talking. I cannot tell you.

Then there was a Relief Church arose under Gillespie, just exactly like that which arose under Erskine, but they had no notion of uniting together, although I think it would have puzzled them to have discovered a difference upon which they could justifiably separate.

Here were eight different Presbyterian Churches at one time. Then some unions began to take place and, of course, new organizations grew up. Let me speak of them in order.

The New Light Antiburghers united with the New Light Burghers, and they called their new church the United Secession Church. (Laughter.) Those old Scotch fathers of ours had a fine command of language. They were remarkably facile in bringing opposites together.

Next, a part of the Old Light Burghers seceded and went back to the National Church.

Then the Old Light Antiburghers followed the example of the New Light people and united with the Old Light Burghers. Old Light stuck to Old Light and New Light to New Light. The new church, to distinguish itself from the United Secession Church, made up of New Lights, chose for their name the United *Original* Secession Church. (Laughter.) This was in 1842.

In 1843 occurred a fresh secession, but it was a grand secession; no secession like it ever before or since; it was the going out of those under the leadership of Dr. Thomas Chalmers who formed the Free Church of Scotland, because

they were offended with the intermeddling of the State with Church affairs.

The fifteenth church resulted from a union of the United Secession Church and the Relief Church, and they called their church the United Presbyterian Church. This occurred in 1847.

In 1852 a part of the United Original Secession Church united with the Free Church; and in 1876 a part of the Covenanter, or the old original Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland, also united with the Free Church of Scotland. But this union was the occasion of a new church. A part of the Reformed Presbyterian Church *in* Scotland (excuse my emphasis, it is necessary), a part of the Reformed Presbyterian Church *in* Scotland remained out of the union and called itself the Reformed Presbyterian Church *of* Scotland. (Laughter.) Then the Free Presbyterian Church split off from the Free Church of Scotland in 1893. That was because the Free Church adopted a sort of revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith—the declaratory statement concerning the meaning of some of its more obscure passages, and a section of that church would not stand any trifling with the Old Westminster Confession of Faith, and they went off and called themselves the Free Presbyterian Church.

The twentieth church resulted from a union of the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Church of Scotland, which took place in 1902.

And the twenty-first church, last, perhaps least, popularly called the “Wee Frees,” offended with the union that had taken place between the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church, claimed to be the legal Free Church of Scotland, and secured a right to the title from the House of Lords.

Now that is not all, but these differences that had some sort of local cause in Scotland were transferred to Ireland, and the National Church of Ireland was broken up, or the unity of Presbyterianism in Ireland was broken up by the coming over from Scotland of those who perpetuated the differences they had known at home. The Seceders or

Associate Presbyterians formed a party in Ireland, and the Burghers and the Antiburghers were transferred to Ireland, although there was no occasion for these distinctions as far as I know. Whether they had any Old Lights or New Lights, I have not discovered.

The divisions were even more completely reproduced in Canada. At one time there were eight different kinds of Presbyterian Churches in the Province of Canada—perpetuating the distinctions that had originated over in Scotland. In 1875 they all came together as the one Presbyterian Church in Canada, and now they are carrying the matter of union still further.

I need not speak of the twelve different Presbyterian Churches which have arisen in various ways in the United States. This is more familiar to you all. But I have said enough to show you that amongst our ancestry there was not only a tendency to divide, but also a tendency to unite. Now before you comment disparagingly on this twofold tendency, let me remind you that the disposition to divide and to unite underlies all progress in all directions. We call this tendency by different names. In logic, in philosophy and in chemistry we call this analysis and synthesis. We acquire knowledge first of all by taking things apart and then by putting them together. Our inventions would not be possible if there were not first some analysis in order that there might be new combinations to effect new ends. The same thing takes place in commercial progress. Men were at first "jacks of all trades," then the trades became widely differentiated, and then came the time of combination when these highly differentiated units were brought together again under some form of combination.

I have never felt like making any complaint against Divine Providence for allowing the Protestant Church to get so split up. Hardly anything but good has arisen from these divisions of the Protestant Church. Every point of our doctrine and every principle of practice and government has been thoroughly canvassed. The whole subject has been threshed out completely, and after all this exhaustive and detailed examination the time for union arrives, and when

the time for union arrives the union takes place on a more satisfactory foundation than if any kind of force were employed to bring men together.

I think it is also worth remarking, for it may be a surprising remark to some of you, that the great number of divisions of the Church in Scotland were not on doctrinal lines. It was a surprise to me to find that Scotland's Churches do not represent different types of doctrines or differences of opinion as to the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. They grew out of the mixed condition of things between Church and State—the interference of the State or dissatisfaction with the workings of the political system under which the Presbyterians of Scotland were compelled to live. And the same thing has been true in some other countries, as might possibly be illustrated.

These movements of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish are due largely to their personal characteristics. I think you will all agree with me that our fellow countrymen are intellectually inclined. They give a good deal of attention to the thought problems of life, and they are not ready to let loose their emotions or engage in action until they have made up their minds. Sometimes it takes a Scotchman some while to make up his mind, but when it is made up it is thoroughly well made up and exceedingly difficult to unmake. He thinks he has gone through the whole process of reasoning and having reached a conclusion, that there can be no other conclusion. He is ready to be convinced. He concedes it himself, but, he asks boastingly, "Who will convince me?" He would like to see the human being capable of changing his opinions. (Laughter.) And yet it can be done, and the history of Scotland exhibits that fact most clearly. Great changes of opinion have taken place among Scotchmen, but they have been convinced, not by force of arms, nor force of circumstances, but by sound reasoning or ability to see the same problem from some different point of view. And this, I contend, is an excellent feature. So far I claim to be a Scotchman. I never like to let my feelings run away with me. I want to know why I am crying, if I am crying, and if I cannot find out why I am crying, I will cry more.

And if I am disposed to shouting, I want to know why I feel like shouting, and be able to give a reason to anybody for the faith that is in me, and for the feelings that well up in me. When a man is well convinced and has a perfectly clear conception of the truth and the right, then his feeling becomes simply a motive power that keeps him steadily at work, and constantly at work, striving for the end that he has set before him. So these Scotch and Scotch-Irish in Scotland, Ireland, Canada and the United States, as long as it seemed to them the right thing to do to divide themselves, to segregate themselves, they did it, and when they see that it is the right thing to get together again, they do it. But when they get together after a division, they stand to one another in a different light; they hold together and accomplish something because there is a well-founded conviction underlying their actions and emotions. What I am hoping to see in the great Presbyterian Church, so largely Scotch and Scotch-Irish in its religion and in its present makeup, is a clear conception of the truth and the right on the basis of which our divisions may be blotted out and we may be stronger to do the work which Providence has undoubtedly given us to do in the world. (Applause.)

I am thankful to you, gentlemen, for listening to me so long, as I have set before you these distinctions and divisions. I am quite confident they are correct, for I took them out of a book and wrote them down, but if any man wishes to question the accuracy of my distinctions, I hope he will not do it until I leave, for if the Scotch-Irish get into a discussion on a matter of this kind we never will adjourn. (Laughter and applause.)

Hon. John B. McPherson:—

Some of the older members of the Society may, perhaps, recall that at more or less infrequent intervals the Society suffers from spasms of industry—I suffered from one myself some years ago, and some of you, I dare say, suffered with me upon that occasion—and then we are very apt to say seriously to each other, “We really must do something

more than simply get together once a year and eat a more or less excellent dinner." Of course, I need scarcely say that nothing much comes of it. It is true that there have been members of the Society here and there who have done work individually, of a literary character. A few years ago there was one most notable contribution to the history of the usages, the manners and the characteristics of our people, which the distinguished author cast in the form of a novel. As we all know, it was widely read and greatly enjoyed. I am happy to be able to inform you this evening that he has recently been busy again with his pen, and that Dr. McCook will now read to us his poem upon the Battle of King's Mountain. (Applause.)

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D.:—

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I suppose I am indebted for my appearance here to-night to the wish to allow me to finish the subject of last year. If you wish the introduction to what I will now present, you must read the annual report. You have all been impressed, as I was, by the eloquent address of Mr. Hensel and his reference to the fact that Scotch-Irish history has many points from which the novelist and the poet might draw material. Our President has already indicated that I have tried one line, and if I am to try another I am sure I must ask some indulgence. I have frequently been before you and am somewhat of a veteran in appearing before audiences, but confess that I feel in a good deal of an experimental mood to-night. I have some of the uncertainty of a gentleman referred to by our friend from Juniata but a few minutes ago. "Where's your boy to-day?" was once asked him by one of his friends. "I am not sure," was the answer, "but if the skating is as good as he expected, and if the ice is as strong as he expected, he is skating; if it is not, he is swimming." Now, I am a little in that attitude, and whether, at the close of these lines which I am to read, I will be skating or swimming, is a matter a little uncertain in my mind. However, I am in for it, and so,

with your permission, I will go ahead. The subject is, "The Turn of the Tide; a Ballad of King's Mountain."—(Applause.)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.*

(Copyright applied for.)

A Ballad of King's Mountain.†

I.

THE MOUNTAIN BARBECUE—THE CALL TO ARMS.

1

'Twas the Carolinas' darkest day,
And Freedom's saddest hour,
When all the Southern lowlands lay
Beneath Cornwallis' power.
From Savannah to Virginia,
In midland and by sea,
The bloody Tarleton and his troop
Of red dragoons rode free.
And westward with his Rangers
And DePeyster's Tory Band,
Bold Ferguson pushed proudly on
Till he reached the mountain land.

2

Where the peaks of the Great Smokies
In the near horizon rose,
The Mountaineers kept holiday,
Nor dreamed of nearing foes.
From the valleys where the Holston
And Watauga rivers run,
And send their sparkling waters
Westward with the setting sun,
From wood and glen the mountain men
Had come from far and near,
To a barbecue, with its feast and fun;
And the host was John Sevier.

*This battle had such important results that Jefferson thus described it. Thereafter the Colonial cause rose gradually from its low state, until the glorious consummation at Yorktown.

†For those who have not seen the Society's report for 1905, it may be stated that the Battle of King's Mountain was fought October 7, A. D. 1780, on a hill in South Carolina just south of the North State border. Lt. Col. Patrick Ferguson (a Scotchman) commanded the British expedition from Charlestown then in possession of Lord Cornwallis. Col. Campbell commanded the Colonial Volunteers, who were hastily assembled from the mountains of Western North Carolina and Southern Virginia, now Eastern Tennessee, and were with scarce an exception Scotch Irishmen and their descendants.

A roasting ox on a spit of wood
 Swung side by side with deer;
 The rustic tables heaped with food
 Foretokened royal cheer;
 The frontier games were in full play,
 The wrestlers tugged and strove,
 And sharp the pang of the rifle rang
 From the marksmen in the grove;
 While on the level bottom land
 By the river's grassy bed,
 'Mid following cheers the mountaineers
 Their fleetest horses sped.

"Ho! who is this that rides hot pace
 To mar our gala day,
 With jaded horse and pallid face?
 Speak forth your message, pray!
 'Tis Colonel Shelby! Silence, all!
 Come gather round and hear;
 For stirring news he brings, I ween,
 Speak out!" quoth John Sevier.

Then Shelby spoke: "The British troops
 Have crossed the old North State,
 And just beyond our mountain bound
 Are threatening at our gate.
 'You Irish kerns,' says Ferguson,
 'Should you disloyal turn,
 And, like your rebel countrymen,
 Your lawful sovereign spurn,
 I'll cross your mountain summits with
 The soldiers of the King
 And every settlement shall smoke,
 And every leader swing!'"

He ceased; and on that eager host
 There fell a hush as deep
 As when a summer thunder-storm
 Broods o'er the mountain steep.
 Then sharp and loud, as breaks the bolt
 Out of a frowning cloud,

A cry of fierce defiance burst
 From out the maddened crowd;
 "Down with the King! And doubly down
 With all his red-coat crews!"
 Quoth John Sevier: "There, Shelby, hear
 The answer to your news!"

7

"Now God be praised," said Shelby,
 "That your hearts are brave and true!
 For there's brisker work before us
 Than an autumn barbecue.
 We'll strike a blow for Freedom
 That shall make the tyrants quake,
 And the drooping hopes of Liberty
 Shall everywhere awake."
 The mountain walls around them
 Echoed back their loud hurrahs,
 And the russet leaves above them
 Rustled down their quick applause.

8

"Well done, my gallant neighbors!"
 Cried Sevier; "We'll tarry here
 But to take the meat and taste the drink
 Provided for your cheer,
 Then away to every clearing,
 And to every cabin home
 In all the mountains far and near,
 To bid the freemen come;
 And we'll pour down all the passes
 As the torrents rush and foam,
 And our rifles' crack to the red-coat pack
 Shall be the crack of doom."

II.

THE MUSTER FOR BATTLE.

9

To the camp among the foot-hills, where
 The British soldiers lay
 All arrogant with victory,
 And feasting high and gay,
 A Tory spy rode in hot haste
 The startling news to bring,
 That the mountain men were marching on
 The army of the King.

20

10

"They have swarmed upon the mountain sides,
And with an angry hum,
Like hornets when their nest is stirred,
The highland warriors come;
They come, two thousand mounted men,
And fearless men they are,
And every one a marksman true,
And trained in border war.

11

"Old Indian fighters lead them on,
Skilled men who know no fear,
McDowell, Cleveland, Williams,
Campbell, Shelby and Sevier,
They're hurrying on their men hot foot;
And this is what they've planned;
They'll call their rolls at Sycamore Shoals,
And sweep you from the land.

12

"Now, by St. George, 'tis a pretty plan!"
Cried Colonel Ferguson,
"But the rebel mob shall find their job
Is easier planned than done.
Let 'em once but feel the thrust of steel
And a British saber's sweep,
Tho' they rush like a bear from its mountain lair,
We will drive them back like sheep!"

13

But the soldier knew his trade full well,
And, breaking camp, fell back
Till his scouts had found a vantage ground
To receive his foe's attack,
On a rugged knoll near the border
On the South Carolina side,
From whose craggy steep the eye could sweep
The country far and wide.

14

Swift messengers were sent for troops
To reinforce his ranks,
And to smite the coming mountain horde
On front and rear and flanks.

"I have fortified King's Mountain,"
 So the impious message ran,—
 "And the Almighty can't dislodge me,
 Much less the might of man."

Now by Wautauga's crystal stream
 The patriots rendezvoused,
 At Sycamore Shoals they called their rolls,
 And camped within the wood.
 From Nollichucky's upland plains,
 From Holston's fertile banks,
 Each height and vale and glen and dale
 Sent men to swell the ranks.

And women came to say farewell;
 Old men to bid good cheer;
 And the holy man of Salem Church
 To bless them with his prayer.
 In the forest Temple's sunlit aisles
 The mountain warriors stood
 And, resting on their rifles, bowed
 Before their Sovereign, God.

And then up spoke good Chaplain Doak:
 "Go forth, brave men; for He
 Who made man in His Image wills
 That all men should be free.
 Strike for the right to worship God
 As conscience may dictate;
 Strike for a free and happy home
 In a free and sovereign State!"

"Strike sturdy blows, as men should strike
 For the sacred Rights of Man;
 And Heaven decree you victory,
 As only Heaven can!
 Strike! and be this your battle-word:
 'In Freedom's name we smite
 With the sword of the Lord and Gideon;
 And God defend the right!"

Then up went every good right hand
 Above that multitude,
 As though they stood in solemn oath
 As their Covenant fathers stood,
 And a mighty shout went up to Heaven:
 “May God defend the right!
 And the sword of the Lord and Gideon
 Be with us in this fight!”
 Then the Man of God stretched forth his arms,
 And every head bowed low
 To receive the Benediction
 'Ere they marched against the foe.

III.

THE BATTLE ON THE MOUNT.

“Now, forward, men!” cried Shelby;
 And “forward!” cried Sevier,
 And “forward!” every captain cried,
 And every volunteer;
 And cheers rang through the valley,
 And tears wet many a face,
 As the companies rode into line
 And, at a swinging pace,
 Dashed down the slope and through the shoals
 To the fray for which they yearned.
 Alas! for the many gallant souls
 That never more returned!

Two hundred miles before them stretched
 A trackless mountain way,
 'Ere they could reach the upland camp
 Where the invaders lay.
 But on, o'er many a rugged steep,
 O'er many a torrent bed,
 Through many a forest wild and deep
 The patriot army sped,
 Till they saw King's Mountain rear aloft
 Its solitary head,
 And the foemen on its frowning heights
 Behind their barricade.

Now God bestow heroic strength,
 Ye gallant hearts and true!
 For never had nine hundred men
 A mightier task to do.
 They leave their horses in the woods;
 They gird the knoll around;
 With dash and cheer their columns near
 The mountain's outer bound;
 The British drums beat up the charge,
 But the patriots send them back
 No music but their lusty yells,
 And their trusty rifles' crack.

Up, up the craggy height they rush;
 Their rifles sweep the crest;
 The answering British muskets roar
 From the flaming mountain's breast.
 Like a mighty dragon issuing fire
 From mouth and side and back,
 Still up the steep hill slowly creep
 The columns of attack.
 From tree to rock the patriots swing;
 From rock to tree they go;
 Still close and closer draws the ring
 Of fire around the foe.
 And the badges white on the borderers' caps
 Still near and nearer close
 On the British line with twigs of pine
 On the red and black chapeaus.

“Down on them with the bayonet!
 And let the rebels feel
 What tasted once they'll ne'er forget—
 The flavor of cold steel!”
 Above the clamor, loud and clear
 The Briton's order sounds,
 And o'er the crest with hearty zest
 The charging column bounds.
 Down sweeps the glittering scarlet line;
 The borderers fall back;
 Their rifles bear no bayonets
 To parry such attack.

"Well done, well done!" cried Ferguson;
 "Now halt, and load, and fire!"
 And a storm of bullets beats like hail
 As the mountaineers retire.
 But, as the tides swell up the shore
 Then turn and backward roll,
 And swell and sink, yet evermore
 Mount upward to their goal;
 So, once and twice and thrice repulsed,
 The patriot line returns,
 And still the tide of battle swells
 And the rage of battle burns.

Now, on the right of the wavering fight
 The day so nearly gained
 Was almost lost to the patriot host
 By a ruse the Briton planned.
 "Charge home!"—the order ran—"and shout,
 When you hear my whistle blow,
 That 'Tarleton and his legion come!
 They are galloping o'er the plateau!'"
 They leap like heroes to their task,
 And "Tarleton!" is their cry;
 While the line of red on the barricade
 And the echoing hills reply.

The roaring guns and the throbbing drums,
 And the ringing British cheers,
 And the sound of the dreaded Tarleton's name
 Dismay the mountaineers.
 They halt; they fire; reload; retire;
 Retreat, and—can it be?
 The column breaks!—they turn their backs!
 Heavens! will such heroes flee?

See, spurring to the battle front,
 Stout-hearted John Sevier:
 "Virginians, patriots, comrades—halt!
 What! have we cowards here?
 One charge will finish Ferguson
 Then ho! for Tarleton, too!
 We'll finish him and his troopers grim,
 And his traitor Tory crew!"

O the might of a single dauntless heart,
 - And a voice that rings out clear
 And true and strong, to the selfish throng
 In the whirl of a senseless fear!
 The units of right it can well unite
 To its own good cause and will,
 As a magnet grips by its occult might
 The scattered bits of steel.

The waverers turn; they charge; again
 Their trusty rifles crack;
 With sullen step and dogged mien
 The British line falls back.
 Then, like a mighty tidal wave
 That swells against the shore,
 The mountain host sweeps up the crest
 And o'er the ramparts pour.
 Hurrah! hurrah! The day is won,
 And the battle for the Free!
 And the sword of the Lord and Gideon
 Has gained the victory!

IV.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

On the mount the soft autumnal haze
 Like a saintly halo hung;
 With the wooing breeze the forest trees
 In gentle dalliance swung;
 The birds came back that fled the scene
 Till the battle din should cease,
 And out of war-scarred branches piped
 The winsome notes of peace;

The trees and bushes waved their leaves,
 With many colors, gay
 As a bannered troop of children
 Marching on a holiday.
 How sweet and rare is the woodland where
 October casts her spell!
 But oh! that Earth should be so fair,
 And the wrath of man so fell!

Beneath the sumach's ruddy leaf
 The grass had a deeper stain,
 For many a man lay stark in death
 And many writhed in pain.
 And the red of the British grenadier
 And the mountain soldier's gray
 One hue were dyed, as, side by side,
 In the last long sleep they lay.

And Major Chronicle lay there
 Upon his mossy bier;
 McCulloch, Laird, and Mattocks, too,
 And Captain Bob Sevier!
 And there lay Colonel Williams,
 Who gallantly had pressed,
 When his horse was shot beneath him,
 To the very mountain's crest,
 And fell, while cheering on his men,
 With a bullet through his breast.

They bore him from the battle front;
 They bathed his pallid brow;
 They tried to staunch the bleeding wound—
 But list! he's speaking now.
 "For God's sake, boys," he murmured, low,
 "Don't—don't give up the hill!"
 And his valiant spirit passed beyond
 The bounds of mortal ill.

Oh, for the house of Edmondson!
 It was a bitter day;
 Eight valiant heroes of the name
 Fought foremost in the fray;
 And when the din of battle from
 The mount had died away,
 Three of the house of Edmondson
 Among the fallen lay.

Alas, that Rights of Man should cost
 So deadly dear to gain;

And every rood be bought with blood
 In Liberty's domain!
 That they should bann who most could bless,
 Who best can make, should mar,
 And princely greed and priestly pride
 Should curse the world with war!

And the British leader, too, was there
 In the ranks of the silent dead;
 In the fierce mêlée of the closing fray
 His gallant soul was sped.
 They dug him a grave on the mountain side
 Hard by a massive stone;
 They wrapped him in a bullock's hide,
 For coffin there was none;
 No farewell shots of honor
 Were fired above his head;
 And the fallen leaves soon blanketed
 The soldier's lonely bed.

On the sacred cause of Liberty
 He laid a heavy hand;
 But what could a loyal soldier do
 But obey his King's command?
 Yet so it falls that he who fights
 Th' Almighty Sovereign's will
 Feeds with his life unwittingly
 The cause he fain would kill.

The touch of the fallen leader's hand
 Had loosed that mountain flood
 Which whelmed his own victorious band,
 And swept o'er hill and wood,
 And farm and town, and vale and plain
 A tide of hope and cheer,
 That high and higher rose and ran
 Through the Southland far and near,
 And the tyrant's aids and allies whirled
 Like driftwood to the shore,
 And out and off o'er the ocean wide,
 To vex the land no more.

Back to your hills, brave Mountaineers!
 Your lonely cabins need
 Your faithful guard and valiant ward
 Against the Indian's raid.
 Your duty has been fully done;
 Your foes—a thousand men—
 Are captives to your conquering arms,
 Or numbered with the slain.
 From camp to camp, from door to door,
 The thrilling news shall fly,
 And your deed shall be the prophecy
 Of the dayspring from on high.

'Twas the blackest hour of that dark night
 That augured Freedom's doom;
 No glint of daybreak was in sight
 To cheer the hopeless gloom,
 When o'er King's Mountain's rugged height
 The Nation saw afar
 That herald of the coming Light:
 'Twas Freedom's Morning Star!

And nearer, clearer came the dawn,
 With ever brightening ray,
 Till on the plains of Yorktown burst
 The Nation's perfect day!
 So it befell, and shall befall
 Till human wars shall cease,
 The Morning first shall greet the hills,
 And the Mountains shall bring Peace!

"BROOKCAMP," DEVON, PA.

Hon. John B. McPherson:—

All the writers of American history who have spoken of our people have agreed that, whatever else they may or may not have been, they were adventurous and restless. A new country and new lands seemed to have for them an irresistible attraction, and the dangers and difficulties and

privations in the way were of but little account. It was thus that they passed the mountains into Western Pennsylvania, finding the East comparatively too crowded, even in the eighteenth century, and streamed into the valleys of Virginia, where for long they protected the more easterly counties from savage incursions. It is, therefore, I think you will agree with me, most fitting that I should call to his feet in a moment a son of Virginia, who comes of this stock, and has every right in every sense to be one of our Society. It is peculiarly fitting, also, because, as many of you know, he has already cast in his lot among us and is, I think, in a fair way to become that most agreeable product—a Southerner who has not been impaired by the transition to a somewhat more stimulating clime. (Applause.)

William A. Glasgow, Jr.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—We have a great many things to be thankful for; at least I have, to-night. I am thankful, Mr. President, for the gracious way in which you have presented me and for the generous hospitality which has been bestowed upon me, on this occasion. I am also thankful, Mr. President, that upon this occasion, for the first time in my life, I have the opportunity to talk to you without you having the power to tell me to stop. (Laughter.) Usually I am paid to talk to you, but I am going to do it to-night free and without price. Another thing that I think we are all thankful for is that this is not election night, for from what I have heard of the meetings of this Society on previous occasions, it is not an auspicious time for Scotchmen to gather. A Scotchman, Mr. President, does not like to be limited or hampered in his meat and especially not in his drink. He has very great respect for everybody else's wish in that respect, and he solves those questions himself.

The other day I came across a will written by an old Scotchman, and I am going to read one provision. The will starts out as usual, "In the name of God, I, William Dunlap." "I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of

old John as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be a sacrilege." (Laughter and applause.) You know they have some very curious ideas. They like tankards and they like what goes in tankards, and they like it good and strong.

I once saw an old Scotchman, and noticed that when he took a drink he shut his eyes. I asked him why he did so, and he said he was afraid to look at the liquor for fear his mouth would water and dilute the liquor. (Laughter and applause.)

As you gentlemen know from the gracious introduction that I have had, I came from old Virginia, but, Mr. President, wherever the Scotch blood flows, and especially through the North of Ireland, there I am at home and among my own people. (Applause.) We are Scotchmen; we are Scotchmen from the North of Ireland. It may be a little more stylish to have an hyphenated name and call ourselves Scotch-Irish, but we are Scotchmen whose ancestors were born in the North of Ireland—the same people, with the same names, with the same faith, with the same aspirations as yourselves. I was down among the Scotch in old Virginia not very long ago, and they do not think much of a fellow who was born there and who goes anywhere else to live. (Laughter.) I was talking to an old friend of mine, and he said, "How do you like it up there?" I said, "Oh, it is fine." "Are you sure you like it?" I said, "Yes, it is all right," and he took me off and said he had a little story he wanted to tell me. He said there was a family down in the southern part of Virginia that was going to move over to North Carolina, and had determined to go. The old man had arranged for the move, had packed his wagon and was going to drive across the line. There was a little girl in the family, whose mother had taught her to say her prayers, very properly, every night, and the night before they left the mother heard her. She said the usual prayers and then said, "And now, dear Lord, good bye; we are going to North Carolina." I did not ask him what she meant by that. It seems that you gentlemen know.

It is a very easy matter to tell these Scotchmen when you see them. I can go along the street and pick them out. I had the key to it, though. I was going along through Scotland in a railroad train on one occasion, and I met a young Scotchman just returning from South Africa; he had been down there with his regiment; and he knew I was a stranger. He asked, "How do you tell the difference between a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Irishman?" I said, "I don't know; give me the key." He said, "If you were riding along in this compartment with an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, and the Englishman would leave, he would walk out as if there was nobody else around; if the Irishman would get up to go out he would look around to see if he had left anything; but if the Scotchman would get up to go out, he would look all around to see if anybody else had left anything." (Laughter.)

I am not going to tell you all the details and idiosyncracies of Scotch character. I am not like the old fellow I heard arguing a case in court. He had been a member of the Board of Directors which he was abusing very roundly, and he said to the court, "If your Honor please, they are all darn rascals. I know it, for I have been one of them." (Laughter.) I am not going into details, so you need not be scared. It is not because I do not know them, however. I know the idiosyncracies and all the characteristics, possibly, from the ground up.

I heard a story the other day, of a recent political canvass down in Virginia. A man who had been in Congress a number of years was running for Governor and he was telling what great things he had done up in Congress, and he said, "If there is any man in this audience who *can say anything* detrimental to my character, let him stand up." And a fellow back in the room stood up and said, "Well, I can, but I am too much of a gentleman to do it."

You know the history of this race is wonderful. Talk about the Revolutionary War! Bancroft said in his history that the first voice that was publicly raised for independence in America was not the Puritan in New England, not the Dutch in New York, not the Planter in Virginia, but the

Scotch-Irish Presbyterian. They were the bone and sinew of the fight for American Independence, and we ought to inquire where this race came from and how they came here.

One instance which I recall illustrates. After the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, in 1679, twelve hundred of the Covenanters were captured and taken to Edinburgh and there imprisoned in the Greyfriars churchyard—there where the stone lay upon which the Covenant was signed in the blood of the signers—and they were kept there for five months in the severe winter climate of Edinburgh, and at the end of that time two hundred and fifty of them were put on board a sailing vessel and started for America with fourteen days' provisions. They started around the North of Scotland, and a gale came up. The captain nailed down the hatches and deserted the ship, and one of the crew went back with an axe and cut a hole in the hatchway, out of which forty-nine escaped. They went to the Orkneys and from there to the North of Ireland, and from there they came to Pennsylvania, and they were scattered all along down where the limestone leads to Tennessee and on to the Father of Waters. This is but an illustration of the way thousands came to America from Scotland, through the North of Ireland. They were a great race. They were in every Indian battle that amounted to anything. They were at Point Pleasant with General Andrew Lewis, who is an interesting character. He presided over the first court that was organized west of the Blue Ridge. I happened to be born in that county, and I have seen the first order entered, and I commend it to the judiciary sitting on both sides of me. I am going to give you an extract from that order. The magistrates were appointed at that time under commission from His Majesty, dated at Williamsburgh, and they organized a court, and this was the first order they entered:—

“Ordered” (it did not have any preamble, “This cause coming on this day to be heard”—(Laughter.)—“that the several rates following be observed by the ordinary keepers in this County, to wit:—

"West India Rum, they may demand 10 shillings.
Rum made on this Continent, 2 shillings.
Madeira, 12 shillings.
French Brandy, 5 shillings.
Peach Brandy, 5 shillings.
Virginia Strong Malt Beer, 3 months in the bottle, 7 pence.
Whiskey, 5 shillings per gallon."

Then they made another paragraph after they had gotten proper provision made for the night's entertainment, and said:—

"Lodgings, in clean sheets, one in a bed, 6 pence. If two in a bed 3 pence and 3 farthings. If more than two in a bed, nothing." (Laughter.)

They knew how to take care of themselves. Then, after the Indian Wars they were with Morgan and Arnold at Quebec. They were at Saratoga; they were with Washington at Valley Forge; they were at King's Mountain with Campbell and Sevier. They were with Harry Lee's legion when he followed Tarleton across the border from Virginia into the Carolinas to Cowpens and Guildford Court House. They were with Grant around Richmond; they were in the trenches at Petersburg; they were with Stonewall Jackson and endured the hardships, unparalleled, in the mountains of Western Virginia. They have been wherever love of liberty and right called them, and I believe the same spirit exists among them to-day.

There has never been but one break in this clan, and that was in 1861, and from the pedigree I have heard here to-night, who could blame them for seceding? (Laughter and applause.) And they were just as determined about it as the description that the gentleman has given of Scotch character would justify. Why, they believed they were right, and they believed everybody else was wrong. I heard a friend of mine discussing that the other day down at Washington. He was from Alabama, and he was describing the difference now in the feeling that existed down there from what it used to be. He said everything was nice and beautiful now; that the clan had gotten together and united. You never heard anything but beautiful talk about the

North. Why, he said to me, "I was nineteen years old before I found out that 'Damn-Yankee' was not one word." (Laughter and applause.)

These Scotch-Irish went on down, as has been described, from Pennsylvania along "the limestone lead," and were the first men to develop civilization in that beautiful valley which Spotswood and the Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe looked over into, when they got to the top of the Blue Ridge—the beautiful valley of Virginia—the beautiful Valley of Canaan—where I was born and where all good Virginians hope to go back to after they are dead, if not before. (Laughter.)

Now, Mr. President, there are certain characteristics of this race which have been somewhat touched on already. One was the developing and establishing opportunities for education wherever they went. This is illustrated at each step you take along the Valley of Virginia and Tennessee, on down even to Texas where the great Scotch-Irishman whose life was a romance, General Sam Houston, formed a new republic which is now one of the stars on the American flag. They followed their churches with their schools, and they built their churches in a substantial way. New Providence Church, which now stands in the Valley of Virginia, was built by the Scotch-Irishmen when they first went there. The men hewed the lumber and quarried the stone, and the women packed the sand for miles on horseback to make the mortar to build the walls. The women of that generation were as magnificent as those of any race that was ever produced. You must have Spartan mothers if you are going to produce Spartan men.

The Scotchman's love of home is a beautiful trait. You of Scotch of Pennsylvania think that Pennsylvania is the best place on earth. The Scotchman in Virginia thinks that Virginia is the best place on earth, while he is there. The Scotchman in Scotland thinks Scotland is the best place on earth.

The description in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," of the home, could never have been written except by a Scotchman, because he would never have had the inspiration, but

you and I have seen just such homes as that dotted all through the rural district from here to Tennessee. It is the same life; it is the same character; it is the same generous hospitality; it is the same love of God and of the teachings of morality and right, the same honor that inspired our forefathers and inspires us, and we have a strong incentive to high ambition in order to carry out what has been given to us by a worthy ancestry. (Applause.)

Hon. John B. McPherson:—

GENTLEMEN:—I know you all agree with me that a Scotch-Irish dinner would be something of an anomaly at which the clergy were not represented officially. Historically, of course, the representative ought to be a Presbyterian, but if anybody here this evening is disposed to lay any stress upon that qualification, he may, perhaps, find some consolation in remembering that the Thirty-Nine Articles contain a good deal of straight-out Calvinism, and make a fairly good companion for the Westminster Catechism. Moreover, in these days, when denominational lines are rapidly growing dim, I think we shall all be content this evening to take the Rev. Mr. Steele as a clergyman pure and simple, and we need not be very careful to assign him to any particular fold. (Applause.)

Rev. David M. Steele, D.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—As I have been sitting here waiting my turn I have been thinking of an incident that happened once in my college class-room. We had an old professor, a dear, good, godly soul—a sage instructor, but unduly given to reminiscence—who used to tell, from what seemed to have been personal acquaintance, certain characteristics of the Apostolic Fathers. One day he sat talking on and on about a number of great men long since dead whom he had known, when he took himself up suddenly with: “By the way, I never thought of it before; but I wonder what they’ll think. They’re all dead; all gone

except me; all gone over there. If I don't soon come where they are, they'll think I've gone the other way."

There are two things, the one an advantage and the other a disadvantage, that accrue to one whose place, like my own, is that of last speaker in a series such as this. The first is that, while the other speeches are being made, all being, as they have been to-night, so very good and very clever, ideas come flashing at him from them by the score; so that he could cull out and put together from the things suggested by them all the cleverest speech that ever mortal man heard tell of. But the disadvantage of this were that, if he did, he would make all the other speakers jealous. This is why, because of the danger of this last, I forego the temptation of the first and instead of that clever speech I want to make must really make the dull one that I had prepared.

There are likewise two tasks I have discovered that one must perform who would merit that especial honor you confer on those you ask to stand in this place. The first is that for a week or a month or a year, depending on how long beforehand you serve notice on him, he must cudgel his brain for reasons to justify his being present; he must actually qualify for a free dinner such as this. And the second is that he must have so good a time when he is here that he will keep himself sufficiently free from nervousness to eat it. He must actually be by birth and breeding a Scotch-Irishman, and he must know the kindness of all such so well that he may feel at home. This is possible in this presence as perhaps nowhere else. For, as some one has said, "A man's friends are not necessarily the people he knows, but those who know the same things that he knows." The members of this group all are such friends. Speaking for myself, I feel that up to this moment in this city I have paraded under many a false color at many another dinner, and that to-night, for the first time in a year, I am among my own. And O ho! but it's good to be home.

I say one must actually qualify by being born and bred to this: that he cannot counterfeit in this assembly. I thank the Lord that, among my chiefest mercies, I can so

qualify. Any man could who were a Scotchman by birth, an Irishman by inheritance, a Presbyterian by succession, and an Episcopalian only by election. Any man would who, let me whisper it, once learned the Shorter Catechism; who knows what is justification and what is sanctification; who knows that one is a work and the other an act, even though, like the Irishman with his twin sons, he never can tell them apart except when he sees them together. Any man would who has read old Red Rock and the Brownie of Bodsbec, has learned to sing Raus's version of the Psalms and to read believably D'Aubinie's History. Any man would who, as a boy, followed with tears the trials of William Wallace, had a thrashing in school for refusing to commit to memory the list of Tudor kings and threw stones at the blackbirds because he thought they whistled "Come Over the River to Charlie." Any man would who, even in his years of maturity, still believes that Burns was a greater poet than Shakespeare; that Bannockburn, Culloden Hill, and Flodden Field were more decisive battles than some of the ten described by Creasy, and who in certain other things as well very much prefers Scotch to Rye. Oh, I've qualified for this dinner all right—and I've eaten it, too.

But of at least a couple of those other dinners let me tell you something in strict confidence. I once went to a New England one and there heard the Puritan praised: that time-worn, oft-repeated story. We have all had it thrust down our throats that the history of this country is merely the history of the expansion of New England. Just why such honor and glory should accrue to people merely because they once came away from a place, and especially from that place, I never could see. I always think in this connection of the man I once met far out West. He had just opened a letter and seemed to be greatly agitated. "What is the matter?" I asked. "Well, you see," he replied, "I came on here from New Hampshire. This letter I have just received is from the people back there. They are very sorry that I have come. They did not know I was leaving. They miss me very much. In fact, they urge me to come back and—and settle."

I have also been to a Southerners' banquet and there heard the Cavalier eulogized. This, too, is a fairly old story. If you really wish to get at the bottom facts, I don't mind telling you in strictest confidence that it was the Scotch-Irishman who vanquished both. While these others have been trying to settle the question who made the country's history, the Scotch-Irishman in the meantime has been busy making the country.

But I wonder what, all these years at these dinners, you have been saying about yourselves. I have scant means of knowing. I can only guess. Of a few speeches, however, I do happen to know by accident: certain in which have been traced the Scotch-Irishman's family history. I know of at least one of these and I know the man who made it (indicating Judge Stewart). I know he made it, for I read it over his name; I know it was a good speech, because he told me so. I am sorry that this special task in history has been performed. It would have been the most pleasant possible one to undertake myself. I am even sorry it has been so well performed that there is nothing left to say. Which is just my luck and which always reminds me of Sidney Smith's definition of wit: "It is when the other fellow says the thing you would have said, if only you had thought of it."

I venture to guess, then, that this phase of the subject has been well covered. May I sketch an outline, however, merely by way of reminder, and in order to lead up to something special I would like to say? You know from what you have been told for years that the Scotch-Irishman is not a Scotchman, for he is an American, and that he is not an Irishman, because he came from Scotland. You know the incident of Rory O'Donnell and Hugh McNeill forfeiting by rebellion their earldoms and how this gave occasion to the Crown of England to colonize afresh the North of Ireland. You know how the first of these things happened near the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the second near the beginning of the reign of James the First of England, erstwhile James the Sixth of Scotland, who naturally chose his fellow Scotchmen upon whom to bestow the lands.

You know your dates here also: how the migration began in the early part of the seventeenth century and how towards the middle of the same century the confiscation of other Irish lands by Cromwell increased it.

You know, too, how here, as so often elsewhere, history promptly repeated itself; how those who swarmed across from Scotland to Ireland in the seventeenth century, thus becoming Scotch-Irishmen, later about the beginning of the eighteenth century, thronged across the ocean to become Scotch-Irish Americans. You remember how the same contest of argument and arms between the Bishops and the Presbyterians, which had wasted Scotland, sprang up in Ireland. You know how the "Antrim Evictions" left thousands without home or shelter and how they emigrated to America. You know, too, on what a large scale this movement suddenly developed. You know of the five shiploads containing 750 people that landed in Boston in 1718 and of the four shiploads that came into Charleston harbor the same year. Thus where before there had been sparse settlements now they began to come in like a flood. Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston were the principal places of entry. Of these, Philadelphia was the favorite. In 1740 the immigration had reached twelve thousand a year to that port alone.

But you also know how and why they moved on and whither. They halted but a little at the seaboard and passed at once through the coast settlements and took possession of the frontier. In Colonial times Scotch-Irishmen could be found on the whole American frontier from New Hampshire to Georgia. But during the century following, this movement flowed in lines parallel with the Blue Ridge through Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, across the Savannah into Georgia, on and on like rolling billows of sunlight across their own fields of grain. In 1738 that movement began which completely filled the valley West of the Blue Ridge from Pennsylvania to North Carolina. A large number of those who came to Pennsylvania went south after Braddock's defeat in 1755. When in 1768 the land west of the Alleghenies was opened for settlement

they promptly flocked there and founded Pittsburgh, which is to this day Scotch-Irish in the names and countenances of the living and in the records and obituaries of the dead.

They moved in droves like birds in passage, and you know the reason. They were always ready, when neighbors became too numerous, to move on. Their practice was to cross over one range of mountains and when some person followed—some group of persons, as, for instance, the Pennsylvania Dutch—and they did not like the company, to move on a little farther. Whenever the population became so dense again as to be too homelike this frontiersman attacked that next range of mountains, and when pursued there crossed the next and went farther. You know that he went Northward and explored those great unpeopled plains; that he took the lead in the advance of civilization westward across the continent; that he peopled those imperial reaches of plain and mountain from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, and that at this moment he and his compeers are the men who are developing those great stretches of the Canadian northwest.

And this trait is fit subject for eulogy. The fact is that, in the eye of history, statesmen and diplomatists often usurp more than their proper share of compliment. In reality, they only bring to a conclusion movements started by adventurous spirits before them. I would pause, therefore, to pay a tribute to all those—adventurers, discoverers, explorers, settlers—who cut trails across the continent and set up stakes which others reached forth to, and by which they drew themselves on. Of course, time would fail me to call the roll of these severally. Nor would time alone, but words as well, fail me to tell of those who followed these: the great deeds done in the conquest of the wilderness by that race of restless and intrepid pioneers who, with the gunsmith and the saddler for their only outfitters; with the sun for their only companion by day and the sky for their tent by night; with instinct for a guide and high hope for a canopy, moved westward, ever westward, fighting climate and disease, the wild beasts of the forest and its wilder human denizens; who drove that enemy, the frontier,

from one ocean clear to the other, until to-day they have set looms and anvils in the haunts and lairs of beasts, until cities are reared in the bosom of solitude itself, and quarter-sections staked for sale above old Indian graves.

This is fit subject, I say, for eulogy, and I fancy others have told you so. I suppose they have told you also why this man has always been, in the nature of things, a pioneer. For there is a reason. He has been a lonely soul; not, perhaps, because he wanted to be, but at least he was willing to be. And, note, it takes a strong man to live alone with himself; it takes a mature-minded man of great self-possession; it takes a man with all those marks, not of a gentle and trivial and primitive and immature race, but of a mature race; above all, it takes a man with a good conscience, who, in the absence of friends and neighbors, will be a good companion to himself, to go out and explore and tentatively hold a new sphere and lead somebody else up to it. Now, that is what this man has done and been.

I fancy they have told you the part these played also in war. How the Scotch-Irish, as Ulstermen, became famous in history first for their heroic defense of Londonderry against James II; how in the long and bloody French wars they bore the brunt; how in defending the frontier against the Indians they did the same; how they played a part in all of our wars. If I were to pause here I should speak of Sherwood and Wadsworth and Kearney and McPherson and their gallant companions and followers. During the Rebellion they were in the Northern army, even from the South; for, as John Fox says in "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," "From Virginia to Alabama the Southern mountaineer was a Yankee. The national spirit of '76, getting fresh impetus in 1812 and new life in the Mexican War, had never died out in the hills."

I fancy they have told you also the part these have taken in education; of the founding of Dickinson, Washington and Jefferson, and Princeton. This it is, among other things, to which this generation of Americans owes its crystallization into a national character and policy. While some were conquerors by force of brains and some by force of arms, this

man has been both. Furthermore, one other trait: they were a profoundly religious people. With a spirit like, and yet unlike, the Puritan settlers of New England, they have left their impress indelibly upon American religion.

Thus have former speakers, I say, referred to many things. They have referred to his intense courage of conviction, his fierce love of independence, his strong tenacity of purpose, his moral character, intelligence, industry, and energy, and the place these won for him among the early settlers. They have reminded you that he has never had his face to the past, but always to the future; that he has been content from time to time to go out and occupy new lands and pay little attention to politics. Alas, he had some faults, as well! Scotch and Quaker unfriendliness, for example, has been the subject of constant incrimination and recribination. The eagle and the dove, the lion and the lamb, suggest themselves at once in illustrating the Scotch-Irish and the Quakers side by side—the Quakers in sympathy for whom Franklin spoke of The White Savages of Peckstand and Donegal. Poor soul! What I want to point out is that it is his very excellencies that have been his undoing. You remember the old French proverb that every man has the defects of his virtues. Others have eulogized his virtues and excused his vices. What I would try to do is to point out that it is out of his very virtues that his vices have come.

There are three traits in the typical Scotch-Irish character which I think are worth noticing for one moment each. He has had three great virtues; he has also had three equally great vices. Some speakers have pointed out his virtues, and some, I am sure, have pointed out his vices. I would like for a moment to try to point out that even his very vices are rooted in his virtues. And in this way there are these three things. In the first place he is marked by great power of logical clearness; he does his own thinking and that with a clarity and perspicacity beyond his dress and station. In the second place, he is characterized by great depth of sentiment—great susceptibility to all those things which sway the sentiments. And in the third place, he has an almost unbounded capacity for suffering; sometimes this makes him find pleasure in his very sorrows.

In the first place, as everyone admits and agrees, he is marked by a certain ability to do his own reasoning—a certain capacity for logical clearness. Now, this has gotten him into trouble, and it has caused him at times to make very great mistakes. For example: In those days when in Lancaster County there occurred that most unfortunate and lamentable incident, the massacre of the Conestoga Indians, why did he do it? Was it not because that then, as now and always, he had the conviction that he was able to do his own thinking; that he was able to pass his own judgments; that he proposed to do this without interference; that upon the whole he, in his humble rank of life and wearing his awkward garb and dress, was possessed of a type of intellect far beyond other men of other races in the same school? He has always chafed under such restraint. The law's delay has always been too much for him. He has wanted to take the law into his own hands.

Again, there came that other most unfortunate incident in the history of this country, in which he took an unseemly part—the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania. Was not the same thing the case there? Did it not seem to him that he knew the circumstances under which he must earn his livelihood better than any person a hundred or two hundred miles away could possibly know them? Did he not know that when he raised his corn it was impossible for him to transport it to market as corn, but that if he made it into whiskey he could transport on one mule's back as much in marketable value as a dozen teams could haul of corn? He knew this and knew that he knew it better than any person who legislated against him, not knowing the conditions. This was his means of livelihood; when he was attacked in this he was attacked in his home and substance—and he fought.

Was it not this very trait that led him also in a later generation to organize the Ku Klux Klan? Was it not this very feeling that he, being at home in the South, and knowing conditions there better than the Northerner could possibly know them, proposed to settle his own problems in his own way. He simply could not understand, never has

been able to understand, the law's delay. His own conviction, deep-seated in himself, that he has a power, unmatched, of logical reasoning, that he has an ability to be clear-headed, has led him, I say, at times, to take the law into his own hands, and has led him to make all the mistakes he has made along this line—a vice that has grown out of a virtue.

The second of the qualities that it seems to me marks every Scotch-Irishman is a certain depth of sentiment. This seems to be in contradiction to the first trait, but it is not so; in his case the two things go hand in hand. Everyone who knows anything of the history of the Scotch-Irish race in their own country knows how given they have been to folk lore. Every one who knows the stories portraying his life best in his native land knows that "Sentimental Tommy" is a perfect exposition of a certain type. They know that, side by side with the power of hard, cold-headed, logical reasoning there does go a great depth of heart, a great and abounding tenderness of soul which, even though it refuses to wear its heart upon its sleeve or often to give expression to itself, is there and is deep in proportion as it refuses to come to the surface.

Now, out of this second virtue, out of all this delight in all those things that are ideal, there has come a second vice. I saw not long ago a little piece of reasoning curiously constructed by one trying to defend logically the practice of drunkenness, and in this way: viz., that it is necessary that some men sometimes shall become intoxicated in order that for all men ideals may be kept alive. Of course that is absurd reasoning, and yet there is something suggestive in it for the Scotchman, who, feeling as he cannot help but do, that there is more in him than he ever dares give expression to when he is sober, gets intoxicated in order to do it. A second vice that has grown out of a second virtue.

The third thing that it seems to me marks this type is his ability to suffer. He has limitless capacity for suffering; he has almost a delight in being unhappy. There is, as you know, a black drop in his blood. As Burton has said so often feels:

"All my joys to this are folly,
Naught's so sweet as melancholy."

One who was a deep and profound student of human nature gave expression to this in that classic phrase: "Est quaeram flere voluptas"—There is pleasure even in suffering. Now, out of this quality there has come a certain type of religious instinct, or rather religious expression, which takes delight in the hard things of the law and enjoys dwelling upon penalties.

To restate then his logical clarity, his keen sensibility, his power to suffer; out of these three virtues have grown the three vices that most of all characterize him: contention, inebriety and undue severity. Those are the only traits of his with which I happen to be familiar: those, not three, but six. So, whereas some men may have their virtues and some other men may have their vices, is it out of place for us to glory in the fact and to congratulate ourselves because our vices are in part at least rooted and grounded in virtues?

With all his faults, then, here's to him! To the Scotch-Irishman wherever he may be! Here's to him, and may God bless him, for he's a good sort. Here's to the man in whose very rudeness there is strength, in whose strength there is gentleness, and in whose smile there is a glint of tears. Here's to his past and here's to his future! May his mistakes be our warning; may his triumphs be our inspiration! May his ill deeds all be pardoned and his good ones everlastingly rewarded, so that when he and his children and his children's children have been gathered to their fathers they may explore there, as they have always tried to do here, a land in which they shall be pioneers. May they find there, and may they dwell forever in, the "Land o' the Leal."

Hon. John B. McPherson:—

Just one word further, if you please. This is the end of the official programme; but as the Society has been greatly honored by the presence here to-night of the senior Senator from Pennsylvania, I am sure we should feel still further honored if Senator Penrose would say a few words. (Applause.)

Hon. Boies Penrose:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I had imagined, from the eulogies which I have heard recited here to-night, that all the virtues were contained in the Scotch-Irish character, and that not the least among them was veracity. And being convinced of that and reading over your programme and seeing that you only had a certain number of set speakers here to-night, I discussed your menu in peace and quiet, untroubled by the thought of a speech and entirely unprepared at this time to make one. I fear that your Chairman, in his courteous desire to call upon me, has somewhat trespassed upon your patience at this late hour. Besides, gentlemen, I am Welsh, and modesty is the chief characteristic of the Welsh people; and I cannot put a halo on my head, as you have been doing all night upon yourselves, according to your Chairman. On Thursday next the Welsh will meet in this room, and it may be they will indulge a little in the halo business, but it will be a small halo.

The Welsh were long ago swamped in Pennsylvania by the Scotch-Irish. We were among the earliest here, the first to shake hands with the Delaware Indians, but little is left of our former grandeur. Our greatness is commemorated in the names of a few local suburbs around Philadelphia, and our people still inhabit portions of the Schuylkill Valley; but the Scotch-Irish have caused the Welshman to be nearly as completely lost sight of as the Delaware Indian inhabitants of this region.

It would appear from my study of the history of the Scotch-Irish and from the statements made by Dr. Moffat that the chief desire of the Scotchman in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century was to get away from the other Scotchmen and, therefore, he moved over to Ireland and took up the forfeited lands of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and spread over the northern counties; and then felt that he had to move again, and he settled in Lancaster County; but he still appears to have been absorbed in religious differences with his neighbors, and he kept moving on along that limestone tract referred to by Mr. Glasgow, apparently discontented with

his surroundings, settling the valley of the Cumberland, not fearing even to confront the savage and all the horrors of the American wilderness west of the Alleghenies, so anxious was he to escape from these religious arguments in which he was continually indulging, with apparent inability to convince the other man that he was right and the other wrong.

While I am Welsh, I feel that I can claim some kindred with you because my family for many generations lived in the Cumberland Valley, and while there had all the elevating advantages of association with the Scotch-Irish people in that beautiful section of Pennsylvania. My father was born there. My grandfather represented Cumberland County in the State Senate for many years. I have never desired to go too far back in my ancestry for fear of getting into trouble. I am satisfied with a short and respectable line. Therefore, I stand pat on the original farmer from Cornwall who came to Philadelphia.

When William Penn proclaimed his purpose to found a great commonwealth where absolute freedom of religious belief could be found, he attracted from Europe all sects and all nationalities; and it is generally recognized that here in Pennsylvania, among all the Colonies, with the possible exception of Rhode Island, the greatest assurance of religious liberty was found. From that day when Penn, upon the shores of the Delaware, made his Treaty with the Delaware Indians, giving them compensation for their lands instead of resorting to robbery or to the right of possession or of conquest, and thereby setting a precedent unknown on the American Continent, or elsewhere, Pennsylvania has received within its borders more nationalities than any other State in all the Union; and to-day our population is made up of more nationalities, has spoken within its limits, perhaps, more languages than any other State, I might say upon the face of the globe. They have come in successive waves: the Welsh among the first, the English, the Scotch-Irish, the German, and later on the Hungarian, the Italian, and the Pole. Those later invasions are engaged in important work of construction, are rapidly becoming Americanized, and in the second generation can hardly be distinguished from the

general body of our citizenship, all contributing to the greatness of this Commonwealth. But I say to you to-night, without any desire of flattery, that there is none among all those nationalities that has so contributed to the greatness of Pennsylvania as that peculiar strain of Scotch-Irish people whom you represent here to-night.

It will not do for you merely to claim the credit of all the virtues of the Irish and the Scotch. There appears to have been beyond these some virtue in that short sojourn in Ireland which infused a discipline and a number of characteristics which has stamped you, not as Irish or as Scotch, but as Scotch-Irish, and which has made the strain as distinct as that of Huguenot or even of a distinct nationality like the Scandinavian in our American civilization. And it is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of the constructive work in industrial development, in business development, and in the fields of statesmanship, has been due to the efforts of the Scotch-Irish settlers in Pennsylvania and throughout the United States. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for your invitation to-night and for this brief opportunity to express my appreciation and my pleasure in being with you, and as the hour is getting late, I will say good-night. (Applause.)

Hon. Bayard Henry :—

MR. PRESIDENT:—The Scotch-Irish Society cannot confer the degree of LL.D., nor do I know whether it can confer any honorary degree except the title of President or officer. I presume if we had gone to the last Legislature with a petition, the Governor, who is a descendant of Scotch-Irishmen, would doubtless have conferred upon the Society the privilege of conferring the degree, but we were not thinking of it at that time; and, therefore, although we cannot confer an honorary degree upon you, we can give you a loving spoon, which is the token of our esteem and affection, not only on account of the work which you have done for the Scotch-Irish Society, but on account of the way in which you have always taken such deep interest in its affairs. (Applause.)

Hon. John B. McPherson :—

GENTLEMEN :—I am not going to profess even the faintest shadow of surprise. I have been witness to many similar occasions, and I confess I have been prepared in advance for what has happened this evening; but it is pleasant to reflect that, although it has become a custom in recent years to have this presentation made, it has never become a merely perfunctory observation. It has always been in the past, and I hope it is no less the same in the present, an expression of cordial good-will toward the man whom, for the time, the Society has selected for the most honorable post in its gift to which he could aspire. I assure you that I shall always value this handsome spoon as one of my cherished possessions. I say good-night, gentlemen.

Col. A. K. McClure :—

I would call the attention of the Society to the fact that one of our eminent members and former President of this Society died during the year—Dr. J. S. MacIntosh. I move that a committee be appointed to prepare a suitable minute for the records of this Society.

Motion carried.

Hon. John B. McPherson :—

I will take the responsibility, if I may be allowed to do so, of saying that a similar minute will be prepared upon the death of Judge Henderson, who also died within the year.

Gentlemen, this will bring the meeting of the Society to a close for another twelve months.

In Memoriam.

JOHN S. MACINTOSH.

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society records with regret the death of Reverend John S. MacIntosh, D.D., at San Anselmo, California, on January 5th, 1906, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Doctor MacIntosh was born in Philadelphia, educated in Europe, and, after serving important churches in Ireland, became Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. At the time of his death he was President and Professor of Theology in the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

Doctor MacIntosh was a distinguished member of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, and occupied for a year the position of President. He was also Vice-President General and Life Member of the Scotch-Irish Society of America. His energy and enthusiasm contributed greatly to the growth and success of the Society both in Pennsylvania and throughout the country. His papers and addresses threw much light on the achievements and characteristics of the Scotch-Irish race in Ireland and in the United States. Doctor MacIntosh was a faithful minister of the Gospel and a scholar of broad and accurate learning, untiring in his efforts to do good and to relieve humanity. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman in temperament—genial, warm-hearted, hopeful, enthusiastic, strong of purpose, and ardent in his friendships. His thorough manliness, his uprightness, geniality, and sympathetic nature, his simplicity of character, his enthusiasm, learning and sincere piety won upon all who were fortunate enough to know him, and he is mourned by both friends and the public. It is ordered that a copy of this minute be forwarded to the family of Doctor MacIntosh.

HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,

HON. A. K. MCCLURE,

HON. W. W. PORTER,

Committee.

In Memoriam.

GENERAL ROBERT M. HENDERSON.

LAWYER—CITIZEN—SOLDIER

General R. M. Henderson was born in Carlisle, Pa., March 11th, 1827, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, on both paternal and maternal side, who emigrated from the province of Ulster, Ireland, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Thomas Henderson, his great-grandfather, settled in Pequea Valley, Chester, now Lancaster County, in 1724, and Matthew Henderson, the General's father, removed to near Carlisle, Cumberland Co., in 1790. General Henderson graduated from Carlisle public schools in 1838 and from Dickinson College in 1845, studied law with Hon. John Reed, and was admitted to the Bar of Cumberland County August 25th, 1847. He represented his district in the legislature during the sessions of 1851 and 1852, and, although a member of the minority party, was elected on each occasion by a highly complimentary majority. After the close of the Civil War he resumed the practice of his profession at Carlisle. In April, 1874, he was appointed additional law judge in the district composed of Dauphin and Lebanon Counties. In November of that year he was elected to that position by the people without opposition, and in January, 1882, became the President Judge of the district. He subsequently resigned from the bench and resumed the practice of law at Carlisle, which he continued up to the time of his decease. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Dickinson College several years before his decease. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Bar Association from its organization to the time of his decease, and the first President of the Cumberland County Bar Association. At the time of his decease he was President of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, of the Board of Trustees of Metzger College and of the

Pennsylvania Reserve Association, Trustee of the Carlisle Indian School, and Director of the Carlisle Gas and Water Co. and of the Carlisle Manufacturing Co. Was also a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, Phi Beta Kappa, and other social and patriotic associations.

For many years he has been a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, and was a ruling elder of the congregation from 1871 until the time of his decease.

As a member of the Bar he has always been regarded with the highest esteem by the profession and by the community. As a citizen no blur of dishonor ever cast a shadow that obscured the white light of his blameless life; and his radiant example will be cherished as a sacred heritage by his home community, in which he stood as a peer among its most honored members.

As a soldier he entered the Union Army April 21st, 1861, as captain of Company A, Seventh Regiment Pa. Reserves. He was present with his regiment in the memorable seven days' battle before Richmond, and while leading his company in a charge at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30th, 1862, the color-bearer having fallen, he seized the standard and bore it off the field, receiving a wound in the left shoulder. Although severely wounded he refused to quit his command until it was withdrawn from the front. Four days after, on recommendation of General Seymour, he was promoted for "brilliant gallantry" to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment. He participated in the second battle of Bull Run, August 29th and 30th, 1862, and while holding, with his regiment, a position of vital importance on the evening of the second day, he was shot from his horse, a minie ball passing through his body. His soldiers, although believing that he had received a mortal wound, yet made a desperate hand-to-hand fight over his body and bore him from the field. He recovered, and on the second of January, 1863, rejoined his regiment and was detailed by General Doubleday as Inspector General of the Division. He served in this capacity until April 18th, 1863, when President Lin-

coln appointed him Provost Marshal of the Fifteenth District of Pennsylvania—his wounds having incapacitated him for active service in the field—and in this position he served until the close of the war and was honorably discharged November 10th, 1865. On March 13th, 1865, he was brevetted “Colonel and Brigadier General” for gallantry in the seven days’ battle before Richmond and in the second battle of Bull Run.

WM. PENN LLOYD,
EDWARD W. BIDDLE,
Committee.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L MCKEEHAN, TREASURER,
PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY FOR YEAR
ENDING FEBRUARY 1st, 1906.

1905.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$580 27	
Membership dues and payments for Sixteenth Annual Dinner	843 70	
Interest on Deposits.....	12 01	
	<hr/>	
	\$1435 98	
	<hr/>	

CR.	
James Brown, carving two spoons.....	\$85 00
Refund on dues overpaid.....	1 00
Postage, etc.....	28 00
Unused dinner subscription returned.....	5 00
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—156 covers at \$3.50, cigars, music, and table waters.....	637 10
Dreka Company, menus and dinner cards.....	35 00
William H. Hoskins Company, engraving invitations.....	21 00
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and stationery.....	41 75
Stenographer, Sixteenth Annual Dinner.....	30 00
Clerk's services.....	20 00
	<hr/>
	\$903 85
Balance in bank February 1st, 1906.....	532 13
	<hr/>
	\$1435 98
	<hr/>

CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$532.13 to the credit of the Society in bank February 1st, 1906.

JOHN SCOTT, JR.,
WM. RIGHTER FISHER,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be deter-

mined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- WILLIAM ALEXANDER Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
W. J. ARMSTRONG 3709 Baring St.
LOUIS H. AYRES 220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- THOMAS E. BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
D. G. BAIRD 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
R. T. BLACK Scranton, Pa.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE Carlisle, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
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SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 28th, 1907

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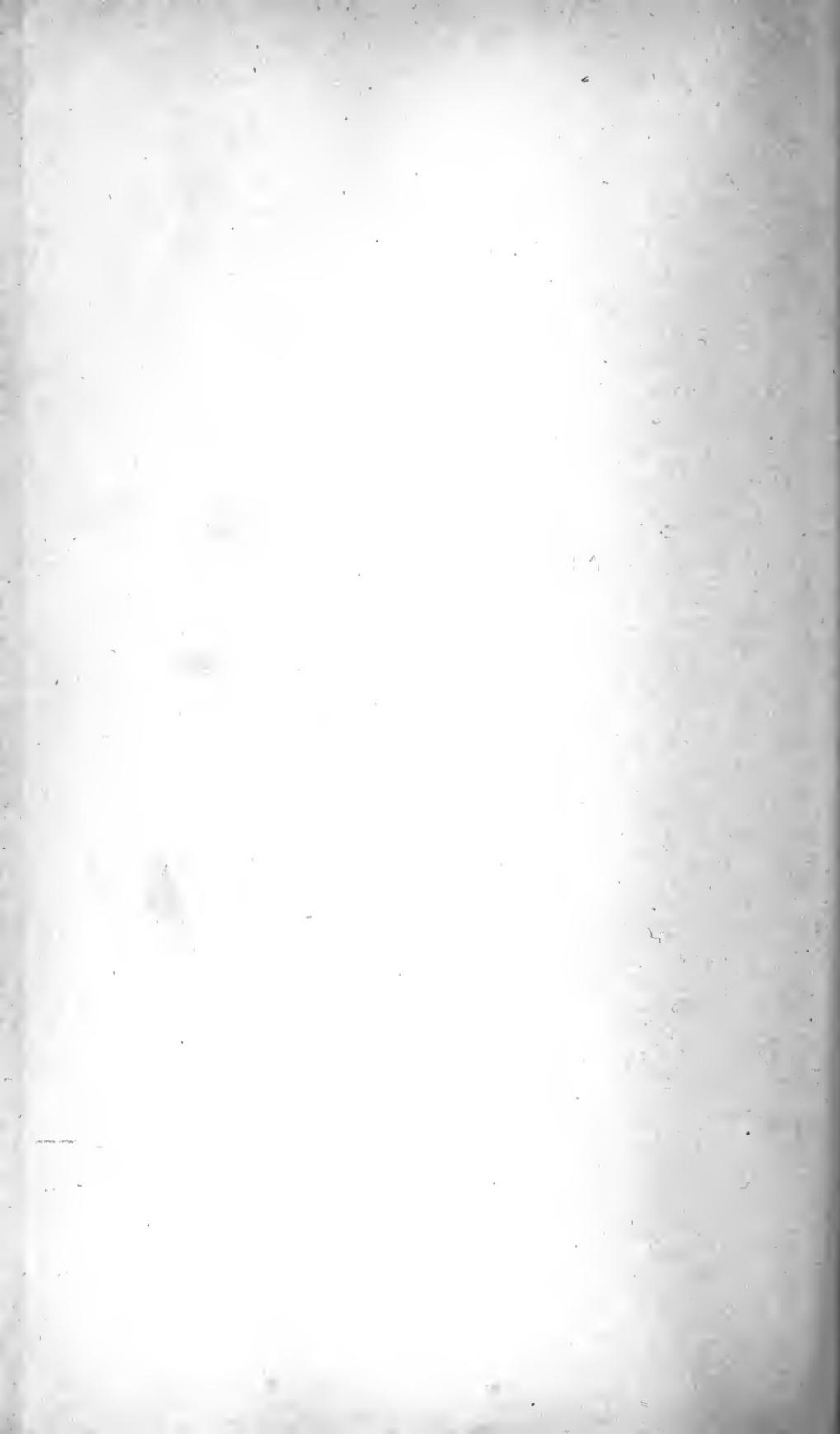
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HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.



E. A. Hubbard.	X	X	C. L. McKeehan.	X	John A. McCarthy.	X	George T. Butler.	X	Hon. Francis S. McIlhenny.	X	William I. Schaffer.
Samuel T. Kerr.	X	X	Henry M. Warren.				Charles G. Davis.	X			
William D. Neilson.	X	X	J. B. Kinley.				John Dwyer.				
James S. McCord.	X	X	W. Atlee Burpee.				Bayard Henry.				
J. M. Guffey.	X	X	Samuel W. Fleming.				Heatley C. Dulles.	X			
John Scott, Jr.	X	X	Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell.				T. H. Hoge Patterson.	X			
George Stevenson.	X	B	Hon. James A. Stranahan.				J. Samuel Stephenson.	X			
Frank R. Stevenson.	X	X	Frank Weckerly.				Edmund R. Carre.	X			
	X	X	W. W. Pinkerton.				John D. McIlhenny.	X			
John Lloyd	X	X	John Fleming Jones.				John Gribbel.	X			
James L. Latta.	X	X	John S. Latta.				Henry R. Cartwright.				
Thomas L. Latta.	X	X	Dr. Samuel W. Latta.				Wm. McDonald.	X			

William J. Latta



EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Eighteenth Annual Meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on Thursday, February 28th, 1907, at 6.30 P. M., the President, Hon. Nathaniel Ewing, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending February 1st, 1907, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 64.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

First Vice-President, HON. HARMAN YERKES.

Second Vice-President, HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. A. K. MCCLURE,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner Hon. Nathaniel Ewing, the President, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—At this period in the programme of the evening's exercises a change of diet is prescribed. Before we enter upon that course, however, permit me, since I was unable to be present with you last year, to now express my profound gratitude for the honor which you then conferred upon me in electing me President of this Society. I make this acknowledgment, not simply because it is due to you and expected from me, but because I am sincerely grateful for it and wish to extend to you my most heartfelt thanks.

I believe it was the late Dr. MacIntosh, of blessed memory, who, at a meeting of the American Scotch-Irish Society at Chambersburg a few years since, related an incident of a recent visit he had made abroad. He stated that in the party, mainly Scotch-Irish, in which he found himself one day at a favorite resort in the northern part of Ireland, there was an Englishman who had made a recent trip to the United States, and who most vigorously complained that in his journeyings in this country, going from the Atlantic by a southern route to the Pacific, and back by the north to New York, he was constantly met by a peculiar type of men and women called Scotch-Irish, who were always "butting in" and standing in the front rank everywhere, while he heard and saw very little of Englishmen. Naturally, he could not understand it, and turning to an elderly gentleman of the party, he asked for an explanation. That gentleman, a distinguished Scotch-Irish minister of County Down—who may be our friend Dr. Munro, here—replied: "There are probably three things which explain it. We, the Scotch-Irish, are a people who believe in and think we possess something of blood, brains, and bearing," and then proceeded to demonstrate to him what a mighty superstructure could be reared upon so excellent a foundation.

Another has recently stated, in a similarly alliterative manner, that in this country the Scotch-Irish have always been the pioneers and apostles of patriotism, progress, and pie. (Laughter and applause.)

To two-thirds of this accusation we will probably be willing to enter a plea of guilty, without requiring the production of

proof; and if in the bill of particulars it be specified that by "pioneers and apostles of pie" is meant that we have a finger in every pie, or that we take an interest in every matter of moment, or even that we seek and obtain and enjoy a fair proportion of the good things of this life, what Scotch-Irishman here present will decline the pie?

But the pertinent inquiry for us is, what use are we making of our blood, brains, and patriotism? Are we simply manifesting our blood in our bearing and utilizing our brains and our patriotism for the acquisition of pie? For there is a form of patriotism hardly distinguishable from selfishness; but it is not the patriotism of our forefathers. Or are we earnestly, zealously, and wisely laboring for the upbuilding and advancement of the people of this great commonwealth and this great nation? Are our efforts tending towards the true progress of this people, or are we satisfied with merely protecting and maintaining the *status quo*?

It is related that a detachment of United States troops was once crossing the western plains, and became hungry and weary, and anxiously longed to reach their destination. Meeting a rancher, they inquired the distance to their destination, and were informed that it was *some two* miles away. For a full hour they plodded along, without a sign of the point, and, meeting a second rancher, inquired of him the distance, and were informed that it was *about* two miles away. They marched on for a half hour longer, and meeting a third rancher, and making of him the same inquiry, they were informed that it was *not over* two miles away. It was at this point that the doughty sergeant in command, with some effort at encouragement, exclaimed, "Well, thank the Lord we are at least holding our own." (Laughter.) But holding our own is not making progress; nor does it evidence a very high order of patriotism.

Less than one week ago we again celebrated the birthday of one whose patriotism has ever been an inspiration to all, a patriotism of the type which firmly believes that this country is purposed of God for the home of the man-loving, liberty-loving, and God-loving people who shall, in faith, hope, and charity, earnestly, persistently, and courageously

labor for the development of the nation which shall obey law, honor man, and fear God.

Another has well said that other nations have been born and have risen to power and glory, but the United States is working out the sublime experiment of attaining power without the sacrifice of liberty; of achieving wealth without degradation; of giving freedom to speech and to press without peril to the social order; of separating church and state without destroying religion; of admitting immigrants from all the world and yet assimilating all races into an American type, in harmony with the ideals of our civilization; of creating a strong central government without the sacrifice of democracy; and of giving continental opportunity to financial power without the impairment of justice or the enthronement of corruption. (Applause.)

This great work cannot be achieved by devotion to self and to self; it can only be accomplished by the constant exercise of the loftiest patriotism. The manifestations of such patriotism will vary according to the exigencies of the times. To-day the call upon the patriot is not for courage on the battlefield, but for integrity at the ballot box (applause); not so much for the enactment of laws as for the impartial enforcement of law (applause); not so much for the preaching as for the practice of a higher ethical standard and greater civic virtue (applause); not for measures of revenge and reprisal against recognized and known evils, but for sane provisions for readjustment and reformation. Toleration encourages evil. Retaliation doubles it. Reformation corrects it. (Applause and cries of "Good.") Patriotism is not destructive, but constructive.

Pennsylvania has evidenced her patriotism in the years gone by; her past, at least, is secure. Here are Fort Necessity, Fort Pitt, Independence Hall, and Gettysburg, and here they will remain forever. (Applause.) And Pennsylvania, the very apex and key of the whole nation, must maintain her primacy and continue to lead in the march of progress; and the Scotch-Irish must now and in the future, as in the past, be ever in the forefront. And are they not? Who to-day occupies the chair of the Chief Executive of this great com-

monwealth (applause) but one of our own most active members, the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart (applause), whom we are gratified to have with us to-night? Who is his chief counsellor and firm reliance, but another of our members, Hon. Moses Hampton Todd? (Applause.) And who is the junior Senator from Pennsylvania but our own Philander C. Knox, for whom we believe and hope a yet higher station and greater honors are in waiting? (Applause.) And so, gentlemen, you find our members in the halls of Congress, in the Legislature, on the benches of our appellate and district courts, in our metropolitan and other pulpits, and in other prominent, influential, and desirable positions; and everywhere, as we believe, working for equal justice to all and special privileges to none.

A little lad, the youngest of three boys, the only children of a family, once heard his mother remark to a visitor that she did wish one of her children had been a girl. Upon the departure of the visitor the lad reminded his mother of this remark, and naively inquired, "Who would have been it? (Applause.) George wouldn't have been it, and Willie wouldn't have been it, and you can just bet your sweet life that I wouldn't have been it." (Laughter.) But who, gentlemen, would not be a Scotch-Irishman?

So I think that from the evidence of what our members are now doing, we may fairly conclude that the Scotch-Irish still have some blood, brains, and genuine patriotism, and that they are striving earnestly for the true progress of this people. Let us see to it, then, that these annual gatherings of the clan be to us something more than a mere joy of the hour; that they be to us invigorating, stimulating, and encouraging occasions, sending us forth with greater hope and loftier ideals, and with a renewed determination to faithfully advance that work which our forefathers so grandly conceived and so gloriously aided.

Last year a gentleman, well known in Philadelphia, was introduced to the larger constituency of the State, and introduced during the turmoil and excitement of a severe campaign, but he made good, and the citizenship of this Commonwealth set upon him the seal of their approval.

That gentleman honors us by his presence to-night, and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Governor Edwin S. Stuart. (Applause, and the members and guests arose in honor of the Governor.)

Hon. Edwin S. Stuart.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I am here to-night not to make a speech, but as the guest of this Society for the first time since I became a member. When I received my notice of the meeting, I immediately sent my subscription, but had the remarkable experience of having it returned with the statement that I was to appear to-night as a guest and not as a contributor; so I am here in that capacity. As has been stated by our President, I am here as the Governor of Pennsylvania, by the grace of our fellow member Judge Stewart, because when they were looking around for a candidate for Governor, they called upon a man named Stewart, who spelled his name S-t-e-w-a-r-t, and he had the good sense (laughter) to say that he had planned a trip to the north of Ireland, which positively could not be postponed. (Laughter.) They then looked farther down the list and found another member of the Scotch-Irish Society who spelled his name S-t-u-a-r-t, who was not so wise, and whom they induced to consider himself as a patriot, and here I am. (Laughter and applause.) While the other Stewart was enjoying himself around the homes of his ancestors and my ancestors, I was going through the worst Kilkenny cat fight you ever saw. (Laughter and applause.) We had eight weeks of separate one night stands in different towns, all sorts of beds, and not Bellevue-Stratford food; but I survived it, and landed at the Capitol, of which I had heard a great deal during the campaign. (Laughter and applause.) I want to say here that it is a very magnificent building (laughter); with the finest gas fixtures you ever saw (laughter). In the Governor's Room, which is very handsome, with fine wood carving, the carver, who was evidently a foreigner, did some very fine work. Having been told that it was the Governor's Room, and

that it should contain appropriate carvings, and not knowing the kind of Governor, he made a very beautiful carving of an engine governor, and if any of you gentlemen ever come to Harrisburg I will take great pleasure in showing you that room and that wonderful engine governor, by which I suppose you are meant to govern yourselves while you are there.

I do not propose to detain you, but thank you very kindly for the honor of being a guest of the Society to-night. There seems to be a remarkable coincidence about it, because one year ago my distinguished friend Justice Stewart, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, was a guest of honor at this board, and after his trip to Ireland, and my Kilkenny cat fight, I am a guest here to-night.

One thing with which I was very much impressed this evening, was the reference by Judge Ewing to the enforcement of law. The Scotch-Irish people always respected the majesty and the supremacy of the law. They came to this country, with all its great opportunities, and for no State in the Union have they done so much as they have for the State of Pennsylvania. (Applause.) There is the same opportunity to-day for the oppressed of all climes to come to this country, provided they come to grasp the opportunities we have here, but above and beyond everything else, they must remember that liberty in this country means *liberty regulated by law*. (Applause.) There is no room for anybody who comes here for any other purpose; there is no man nor set of men in this country strong enough to successfully defy the law, and there is none so poor or so humble as not to be entitled to its protection. (Prolonged applause.)

The President:—

In a small town in a small State may be found a great modern triumvirate. Its influence is beyond bounds; its membership is notable—a dual ex-President of the United States, the only one in our history, the President of a great university, soon, we are told, to become the greatest educational institution in the world, and himself a possible candidate for the White House, and last, but not least—for we

know it is said that "the last shall be first"—the ex-President and the first President of that same university, and now the President of a renowned and venerable theological seminary. These three, in happy accord, with patriotic zeal and in Christian hope, work earnestly together, as well as each in his own particular sphere, for the education, elevation, and salvation of this people. One of the number is present with us this evening. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary. (Prolonged Applause.)

Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—When the invitation came to me to attend this dinner I accepted with more than my usual promptitude, and, if possible, with more than my usual pleasure in accepting such invitations, because I said to myself, although I had never been here, seeing that it is going to be a Scotch-Irish gathering, there is sure to be a sprinkling of Presbyterians, at least. (Laughter.) And if I should make a remark, accidentally, that might betray my ecclesiastical training, they would know how to take it, and I would feel at home. Since I came here I found that my anticipations were entirely justified.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson remarks in one of his books that "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity," and I have thought lately that this plant of orthodoxy, wilted a little in Scotland itself, perhaps, by the winds that blow across the German Ocean, is thriving with even greater hardihood to-day in Ireland and has, therefore, not suffered, but, on the other hand, has improved by being transplanted. (Applause.)

The Scotch-Irish have a way of climbing up into the best places.

Lord Dufferin, perhaps the greatest, in some respects, perhaps the most loved of all the Governors-General of Canada, was a Scotch-Irishman.

Earl Cairns, one of the most famous lawyers of his time, and at one time Lord High Chancellor of England, was also

a Scotch-Irishman. And to-day we have among us as the representative of His Majesty, King Edward VII, another Scotch-Irishman in the person of the Right Honorable James Bryce (Applause), who come to us with special claims upon our hospitality and cordial reception, on many grounds. He is an athlete, and that, the London *Spectator* says, will insure him a very cordial reception and make him a *persona grata* to Mr. Roosevelt. (Applause and laughter.) He is the first man—and this is not his only distinction, but I submit that it is a distinction—he is the first man, at least in post-diluvian times, who has ever ascended to the top of Mount Ararat. (Laughter and applause.) He is the man who has expounded the American Constitution to the entire satisfaction of the American people and has succeeded in mediating its meaning to the understanding of the British people. (Laughter.)

But I do not think it necessary to dwell upon the Scotch-Irish as they live in Ireland, because I am expected to speak more of the Scotch-Irish since their migration to this land.

As I look over this table to-night and recall, where I have not been reminded of the fact, the signal success which the Scotch-Irish have achieved in the State of Pennsylvania, I bless my lucky stars that in migrating myself from the little island which I am proud to call my home, I did not come to the State of Pennsylvania, being perfectly sure that no man need apply for any position of distinction or dignity unless he carry with him the hall-mark of Scotch-Irish descent, (laughter), for the Scotch-Irish, it seems to me, have filled every position. They fill the important pulpits; they occupy high places in commerce; they occupy the chief places on the bench; they are conspicuous at the bar, and with rare sagacity the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has put the crown upon its own reputation for good sense by elevating to the chief magistracy another Scotch-Irishman.

Now, the Scotch-Irishman, I take it, has one attribute that must commend him to the admiration of all right thinking men. The Scotch-Irishman has the attribute which the Puritan, the Dutchman, and the Huguenot had; he, with the Puritan and with the rest that I have referred to, is, more

than anybody else, the incarnation of the human conscience. That is what gives him his distinction. We hear a great deal about the Puritan, and we do not hear so much about the Scotch-Irishman, but it is the same idea. You know about the Puritan. If you ever go to a New England dinner you will find every man at the table, if you chance to get into conversation with him, making it perfectly clear to you that his pedigree takes him back to the Mayflower; but he will also tell you that while his parents and ancestors were Puritans, there is nothing Puritanical about him (laughter), thank God. (Laughter.) His fathers ate baked beans in the wilderness and are dead (laughter), while he regales himself with terrapin and canvas-back duck and thanks his stars that he lives in the land of plenty; and if you will only give him half an hour in a safe deposit vault with a pair of scissors he will manage, by living a strenuous life during those thirty minutes, to carve out the expenses of the family for the next six months. (Laughter.) Now, it is this quality of the conscience that I think is the bulwark of the Republic.

There are several reasons why a man should conform to that code of regulated behavior in civilized countries which we call morality. The best inducement that a man could ever have would be an inclination so to conform. The surest guaranty that a man will eat three square meals a day is that he has a good appetite, and, having it, you need no categorical imperative urging him so to do. (Laughter.) If virtue were only an appetite there would be no trouble. The difficulty is that as yet, at least, it is not, but there are appetites that lead a man astray, and he needs all the inducements he can have to conquer those appetites and persevere in the path of duty.

I shall not speak of the restraining influence of the social sanction, nor in the presence of so many representatives of the bench and the bar shall I say much with regard to the authority of the legal sanction, but I count confidently upon the approval of both the bench and the bar when I say that if from the Sinai peaks of one's inner life there could come thundering down the command "thou shalt not" in the

form of a self-legislated enactment, that would be the safest and the surest guaranty of a perpetuated morality. (Applause.) And I think we have fallen upon times when there is the greater need for the emphasis to be put upon this self-legislated, as Kant would say, this autonomous morality, alike in the sphere of private and of public life. We sometimes speak of morality as though it were a piece of cake that we cut up into slices and hand around, offering to the merchant a bit of commercial morality and to the man in society a bit of what is called sexual morality; and we think that the man who has the slice that is particularly suited to his calling in life can be excused if he does not partake over much of the slice that seems specially meant for somebody else. Now, since greed and lust are the two principal things that stand in the way of a man's compliance with the ordinary precepts of morality, we have come to speak of these two particularly as though they covered the whole sphere of human duty.

In the sphere of commercial morality, I think it is quite common for us to suppose that a man has pretty well covered the obligations of life when he sells goods according to sample, when he gives honest weight, when he is scrupulous in the specific performance of contract and keeps religiously or, at least, vigilantly within the law. So that if one should say that according to some a lifelong effort to keep out of jail were the high ideal and the high-water mark of human attainment, we should not be, perhaps, so far from the truth. (Laughter.) In fact, men have come to look upon the law as such a sufficient substitute for the individual conscience that they feel that so long as the law does not molest them they are all right. The consequence is, as Mr. Balfour has remarked in some place, we have dethroned the infinite justice and we have put an apotheosised Mrs. Grundy in its place. We have come to say to men, "Be careful to keep inside the law," and when we are dealing with men in relation of superiors and inferiors, we say, " You must be honest or you will lose your job. You must be sober or you will be dismissed." We put a punch in the hands of the conductor; we set traps for the night watchman, and we act generally upon the whole-

sale principle that nobody can be trusted, our latest invention in the art of general distrust being the ability to say to the clerk at the counter, "Do not cheat, because if you do the cash register will tell on you." (Laughter.) And we have gone so far in this direction that it looks to me as though by putting law in the place of conscience, precept in the place of principle, (thus saying to men nobody can be trusted), men are beginning to feel that they are not expected to be trusted. When we reach this stage, however, we have really administered an anodyne to conscience.

Now, I am not so sure that everything is done that is expected of a man when he has kept within the law. For it looks to me as though the low and savage system of war and pillage and bloodshed in the course of the moralization of society has introduced to us an entirely different kind of human antagonism, sometimes just as brutal and quite as crushing, and the man who succeeds in this is able to quote Scripture, as another person is said to do sometimes (laughter), and say, with Paul, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Oh, no; they are not carnal; but they are mighty all the same. They operate according to the strict laws of competition, division of labor, production and distribution. But, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says: "Men have not changed; the old nature is still there; what we call improvement is very much like the pipe clay on the soldier; like the wig on the actor; like the ermine on the judge." It is all external, and underneath, if you scratch him, you will find that man is the same old savage, after all.

All we plead for is a little more recognition of the law of human brotherhood, of the old motto, "Live and let live." Not that I deny that there is benevolence. Men are benevolent, and I thank them, and I thank God, too, that they are so splendidly benevolent. If they were only as benevolent sometimes in the way they make their money as they are in the way they spend it (laughter) I think that the problem as to the relationship of labor and capital might be nearer a solution. It looks to me sometimes now, however, as though they were robbing the individuated Peter in order that they may pay the incorporated Paul. ¶

Now, of course, human nature has not changed; it is the same old human nature. And men have had the same passions that we have, and they had them long ago. The story of domestic infelicity and domestic infidelity is as old as human history, only I think there was some advantage in the old way. In the olden time they did not know so much about it. They did not know so much about it by hearsay and observation, however much they might have known about it by experience. (Laughter.) But it is an unfortunate thing, I think, for the young people of our day that they should not only be able to know so much about it, but that they should be forced to know so much about it. For the morning newspapers, and not the morning newspapers alone, but the successive editions of the evening newspapers spread upon our tables every day this dreadful story of domestic infelicity and lapses from the law of domestic purity. And we have grown so accustomed to this style of entertainment that when we take up the morning newspaper that furnishes us no new sensation we are disposed to mark the date in our calendar as a *dies non*.

Not only so, but the novel writers help us greatly, and contribute not a little to this enjoyment of vicarious vice. We read the compromising situations in the novels; we watch the men and women in these stories balancing on the tight rope of conversation, with the fear—perhaps I had better say with the hope—that at any minute one or the other of them will go over into the whirlpool of the unfit and the improper; and then when we have read it and we go out to dinner, women talk to men with unfluctuating color about the serious situations in the "The House of Mirth," and "The Fighting Chance," and Hitchins' "Call of the Blood," and then we wonder how it is that every now and then there is a sensation. We forget that we are blunting our own moral sensibilities, that we are deliberately laying the reins upon the neck of appetite, and then we wonder when there is a run-away and an upset and a collapse of reputation.

Do I err when I say that the thing most needed at this moment is a revival of an efficient exercise of that old fash-

ioned archaic word which people of a former generation used to style the conscience?

What is true in the sphere of private morals, I take it, is quite as true in the sphere of public morals. I take it that I am speaking in the sphere of platitude to an audience like this when I tell them that this nation was founded in righteousness, and that they had great opportunities, those Puritan and Scotch-Irish fathers. Of course, they had. They were the *élite* of the world; the best elements of the old world civilization, they were, and the best elements in that old world civilization they brought over here. They brought the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, the English Bible and English Literature, the Common Law and the English Parliament (they call it Congress). And they established the nation, not on the principle that a nation's greatness is in a great population, or in open markets, or in spheres of influence, or in unrivaled wealth, but in the full belief of that Old Testament statement that "righteousness exalteth a nation"; that the individual does not exist for the state, but that the state is a great piece of machinery in order to make it possible for the individuals composing the state to move on peacefully and quietly in the sphere of domestic life towards the self realization of an individual in the sphere of moral activity. (Applause.)

Men do not seem to understand, as yet, that it was this power of self control that those men had, this ability to forego pleasure, to scorn delights and live laborious days that enabled them to make these material achievements that they have made. And now that the achievements have been made, the danger comes. Now that the wealth has accrued, the age of luxury sets in. Oh, we can sit at the training table and keep our bodies under until the last game of the season has been played, but when the end is attained, then comes the temptation to throw off all restraint.

I have no doubt about it, although I have had no information upon the subject, for what information we have is of a very limited character, but I have no doubt about it in the world, that Jeshurun in his early life and when he was a

comparatively poor man was a very law-abiding citizen; it was only when he waxed fat that he kicked. (Laughter.)

Now, my friends, I think if there is anything that the world needs at the present time it is a revival of the conscience, of this self legislated enactment to the effect that there are some things that thou shalt not do, not because society will ostracise you if you do, or you will suffer or go to jail, but because it is wrong, and some things that thou shalt do because it is right. In regard to the great questions which emerge—and if I do not err there are several questions that do emerge—I distrust all the panaceas that are offered, all the patent medicines that are given, because I believe there is only one sovereign remedy. Are there not great questions? They tell me, and I get it only by hearsay, for I live in a quiet and rural town, but they tell me that the question as to how you shall have honest government in a great city is a great question. They tell me, and this I do believe, that the pathological conditions of society are presenting great problems for thinking men. What are we to do with this trinity of troubles that come with the congested life of great cities—poverty, disease and crime? Will you adopt the doctrine of *laissez-faire* or state socialism, or is there still a place for the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount? I am inclined to take that last view as really the only fundamental cure for these diseases of the body politic.

And then there is the great question as to what is to be done in the settlement of imminent international difficulties, not between us and other nations, but between the nations at large throughout the world. I think that we have reason to take pride in the fact that this land has done more and this government has done more in the direction of arbitration than all the other countries in the world have done, and in doing this they have contributed a great chapter to the science of international law. But, then, remember that international law—and I speak with deference in the presence of members of the bench and the bar—is, strictly speaking, not law, for if it is not a branch of ethics, it is so largely ethical that it is a question whether it could ever be efficiently carried into effect except through the operations of the conscience.

Why, Great Britain was so slow to recognize the principles of international law herself that she never recognized the three mile limit until she had first, by legislative enactment in an Act of Parliament, made it part of her statutory system. And yet, I take it, there never was a day when the prospects of an increasing area for the operation of arbitration were so bright; so many reasons look in that direction. The increased attention that men are paying to great social questions, the increasing complexity of commercial relations, the growing democratisation of the governments of the world; all these things point in the direction of a time when, at least if men so will it, it will be possible for them to settle these international difficulties without resorting to the stern arbitrament of the sword. But they will never do it on any mere principle of personal pleasure or the greatest happiness for the greatest number, or on any principle whatever other than by a full and new recognition of ideal right and fundamental moral obligation. (Applause.)

Now, I know that the pulpit is lifting its voice as earnestly as it can, in the direction of a revival of interest in fundamental moral questions. Men are saying all the time that we need a revival of the conscience. Very true. But while the pulpit is seeking to awaken conscience you must remember that you can, at any time you want, find a philosopher ready to assassinate her; and that is our trouble. Oh, we think, you know, that this is a mere question of indifference; that men are all right intellectually, but they are simply stupid and indifferent and overcome by sensuality and greed. Not at all. I verily believe that there is an intellectual question here, and that more men than you think of have imbibed a wrong and a false intellectual belief with regard to these fundamental moral questions.

You see a man with his arm paralyzed, and the layman says that is only a matter of paralysis of the arm; that is all. This motor inhibition is purely local and peripheral. Maybe it is, for there is that kind of paralysis, the doctors tell me; but in nine cases out of ten this motor inhibition, with reference to the left arm, means a very serious lesion in the right side of the brain; and the difficulty with reference to moral

issues and the moral paralysis that has overtaken so many men is a difficulty, if I am not mistaken, in the head; they have false intellectual conceptions with respect to eternal right and the meaning of moral obligation. (Applause.)

Oh, they say, following Nietzsche here, nature is telling us you may make too much of these passive virtues, you may make a race that is chicken-hearted, and you may carry the virtue of meekness a little too far. The meek are not going to inherit the earth, at all; it is the strong man that gets there. I heard a very prominent philosopher say in my presence that in the morality of the future meekness was not going to "cut so much ice." (Laughter.)

Professor Sorley, in a course of ethical lectures before some clergymen of the Church of England, said that while in the latter half of the nineteenth century men were seeking to explain the genesis of the accepted Christian morality, in the twentieth century the probabilities are they will seek to revise the content of that morality. And I tell you that when men, under the guidance of philosophy, undertake to revise the Ten Commandments, you may raise the question with a great deal of propriety as to how much morality is going to be left. And I am speaking very seriously when I say that I regard, perhaps, as being as great a menace to morality and its perpetuity among us, as anything, the teachings of those philosophers who, in all good faith and under the inspiration of what they call a fearless love of truth, are seeking so to explain the genesis of moral obligation as actually to explain it away. And when they tell me, as they do, that this idea of moral obligation, that this imperial word "ought," the most magisterial in our language, is only a symbol, after all, of social authority, and, in its full meaning signifies the duty of the part to be in obedience to the whole, the sovereign right of the whole to exercise authority over the part, they have taken the greatest step they can take in the direction of the abolition of morality. Does that mean that when I am in Rome I must do as the Romans do? Does that mean that public sentiment is always right and the individual who differs therefrom must hide his head in shame? Does that leave us no place after this for a respectful regard for those

solitary prophets like Elijah and Daniel, who bore their testimony against majorities? Does it? No, indeed. But, on the contrary, I find in those heroes of history, Scotch-Irish, Puritan, and Huguenot, who were able to defy kings, to resist tyranny, to bear solitary testimony against wrong, to lift their voice against abounding iniquity, and even die for the right when well nigh the unanimous voice of the people was against them, an argument which as much as anything else convinces me that the idea of moral obligation means something far more than the symbol of social authority. (Applause.)

Oh, I am old fashioned^{*} enough—and I trust I may never transcend or outgrow the idea—to entertain the belief that this idea of moral obligation is the correlative within me of a Divine government above me. I understand, I think, and I am sure we all do, what Kant says, that the law must be autonomous; must be self legislated. I am returning from an European trip, say, and there is a law against smuggling, and there are several things more or less portable, and more or less capable of eluding the eye of the custom house officer, and I say to myself, “Now, if I bring those things in, like as not I will be caught, and then there will be a scandal, and it would not look well for me to appear in that light, at any rate.” So I do not bring the laces, the gloves and jewelry and other things that would have secured me a fond greeting on this side of the water. Kant says you have not done your duty; you have just been prudent, that is all. But if from my own conscience there had come the command, “Thou shalt not break the law of the land,” then I would have been doing my duty. Precisely. And when you interpret this as the subjective counterpart of the Divine government, you have, it seems to me, the basis, and the only basis for a moral life. The essence of wrongdoing is not that one has been unneighborly; it is not egotistic self assertion, contrary to the advantage of other people. The great motive in restraint from wrong is voiced in the old words of the patriarch, “How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?” The voice of repentance is in the contrite words of the Psalmist, “Against Thee, Thee only, have I

sinned." And above all considerations of a calculating prudence there stands the great categorical imperative of the Gospel, "We ought to obey God rather than men." (Prolonged applause.)

Hon. Harman Yerkes:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—By direction of the Committee of Arrangements I must interrupt the order of the exercises of this evening for the purpose of performing what is to me a very pleasant duty. It has been the custom of this Society for many years to present to the retiring President a token of their esteem and regard in the form of a spoon.

I have been somewhat curious to understand the symbolic meaning of this token. I have inquired of the Secretary, and he says that he is unable to enlighten me further than that it originated some years ago and was the conception of Judge Logan, I presume in the days when the Pennsylvania Railroad, to a Pennsylvanian and a Scotch-Irishman, was regarded as a representative of the progress and advancement of our Commonwealth rather than as a subject of reproach and condemnation popular in these days of inquisition, when everyone and everything that arises above the mediocre is the object of malignant attack.

I find carved upon this spoon the head of an Indian, showing on the countenance two expressions very clearly depicted; one that of disgust. I have no doubt that that is symbolic of the feeling of the Indian of my native county of Bucks (laughter) when my old foretime neighbor, William Penn, extracted from him that treaty known as the "Walk." The other expression is that of fear. That, undoubtedly, is an expression of his feeling towards the other neighbor whom in those days he met up there at the site of the old log college, and elsewhere in the Commonwealth, the Scotch-Irishman, who went at him swords points, and where he would not agree, by barter and trade, to part with his holdings, by force and arms wrested from him what he wanted and what he required in his advance in progress and greatness towards the development of this great Commonwealth.

Around the neck of this Indian I see what looks like a string of bananas. I cannot understand the significance of it, unless it has some reference to that little island to which the gentleman who has made the very great address which we have heard this evening claims allegiance.

In the bowl of this spoon I find the Shield of Pennsylvania and an extended palm. I think, with all due deference to the Governor and the Senators who surround us, and to the counsel for the Investigating Committee at Harrisburg, this is significant of something that may have been going on there. (Laughter.) But, in order that there may be no mistake as to what this spoon is intended for, I find carved upon one side of it, "Pioneer Porridge," and on the other side, "Mush and Milk."

That reminds me of an old farmer in my neighborhood, who used to say that whenever his supper consisted of mush and milk, he at once struck for the stairway to get to bed before he became hungry again. (Laughter.)

Mr. President, in presenting to you this spoon on behalf of this Society, I can hardly affirm that it is an appropriate emblem for the Scotch-Irish to present to a retiring President of their organization. It has been said that he who sups with a certain gentleman should have a long spoon, but that is not appropriate to a Scotch-Irishman; he has no guile of that kind. A more appropriate gift to a retiring President, and especially to you, sir, would have been of the sort emblematic of the fighting character of the race and of this conglomerate people, if I may so term them, and of their history in Pennsylvania. But as this gift, in compliance with the usage and practice of the Society, has been carved in this way, I can only suggest to you that you may read it and appropriate it in another, as illustrated by a little Scotch-Irish anecdote.

It does not often happen that one who invites a guest to a dinner profits for the occasion by being prompted in what he may be called upon to say, but my guest of this evening a little while ago told me a story of an old Scotchman who was engaged in the liquor business and had an assistant whose name was Jamie, and when billing a barrel of Mononga-

hela whiskey, in the endeavor to make out the bill he was stumped in his spelling, and he said, "Jamie, how do you spell Monongahela?" "Dombed if I know," says Jamie. "Well, then," he said, "I don't know aither, but we'll just call this Old Rye."

And, Mr. President, if in your retirement, when you come to meet that other gentleman, if he should visit you, to whom the Toastmaster has just inferentially referred as the enemy of mankind, you are not satisfied to call this a spoon with which you would not think of supping with him, you may think it a sword and govern yourself as all good Scotch-Irish-men should in presence of his Majesty.

It gives me great pleasure, Mr. President, on behalf of the Society, to present to you this beautiful and, I hope, symbolic gift. (Applause.)

The President:—

JUDGE YERKES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—For this additional mark of your esteem I am profoundly grateful. I do not know to what use I shall put it. I hope never to meet the individual the Judge has graphically depicted, and consequently, never to have occasion to transform the spoon into a sword. I am not given much to the consumption of porridge, and can hardly use it in that way, but I promise you that if I find myself tempted to stray from the proper path of the Scotch-Irish I shall take some corrective, and taking it from that spoon, I think, from the size of it, it will either cure or kill. (Applause.)

In the biggest and busiest little town I know stands the finest and prettiest little church of the Scotch-Irish persuasion of which I have any knowledge. It is proper that such a town and such a congregation as there worships should have a minister and a pastor of the first order, and they have. The only thing that I can urge against him on this occasion is that he is not a genuine Scotch-Irishman; his paternal ancestry was Irish; his maternal, New England, of English descent; he himself was born and educated in Canada; but he has the happy faculty of readily assuming the hue of his environment. Let me illustrate: While traveling once in

the Southwest with a member of his former congregation, not the present, and stopping at a small hotel, his friend thought to while away the time and arouse some interest by interrogating a negro attaché. In the course of his interrogation of this individual he asked him this question, "What business do you think my companion is engaged in?" and received the reply, "Well, boss, I 'spects he's in the liquor business." This reply was entirely to the gentleman's liking, and he began at once to rally his pastor about it, but his pastor was not entirely satisfied, and thought he would press the inquiry a little further, so he approached Sambo and asked, "Why in the world did you tell that gentleman you thought I was in the liquor business?" "Well, boss, it was because of the company you was with." (Laughter.) So I think to-night we may accept him as a Scotch-Irishman because of the company he is with. I have great pleasure in introducing to you Rev. Dr. William Hamilton Spence, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Uniontown, Pa. (Applause.)

Rev. William Hamilton Spence, LL.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN:— Our distinguished Chairman forgot to say that the gentleman in whose company I was at the time was a distinguished member of the bar of Illinois. What interpretation he would put on my vocation if he saw me in *this* presence I am really afraid to conjecture.

A Scotch minister was so puzzled over an indifferent hearer that he was constrained to ask him, "Why is it, my friend, that while everyone in the congregation was in tears under my sermon, you sat unmoved?" "Ah, weel," said the man, "ye see, I belang tae anither pairish."

Circumstances over which I had no control, as the President has said, decreed that I be born in Canada; they also decreed, as if to do all they could for a man, that I be born of half Scotch-Irish parentage, my father having been born in Donegal, though they say that is five miles out of Ireland. So, though "I belang tae anither pairish," I naturally warm to Scotch Irish anywhere, whatever sky bends over their head;

for my bit of Scotch-Irish blood is touch of nature enough to make me feel akin.

Scotch-Irish! What is it? Pat, who was the town drayman, was witness in a "blind-pig" case, if you know what that is. The judge said to him:

"Pat, do you know that Tim Dolan keeps a blind-pig down that alley?"

"No, sor."

"Didn't you deliver a barrel down there the other day?"

"I did, sor."

"What was written on the end of that barrel?"

"Whiskey, sor."

"And what was written on the other end of it?"

"Tim Dolan, your Honor."

"Now, Pat, do you mean to tell me you don't know what was inside of that barrel?"

"Well, your Honor, how could I tell whether it was whiskey or Tim Dolan." (Laughter.)

And when I see a man with Scotch written on one end of him, and Irish on the other, I experience a similar bewilderment of mind with that of the unsophisticated Hibernian—how do I know precisely what is inside of him.

I confess with considerable shame and confusion of face that I know all too little of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen, of the part Scotch-Irishmen played in the critical period and development of early American life. I only know it was the *leading* one; even a Canadian knows that. But I know something more of the *original ingredients* of this wonderful, hyphenated, siphonated (laughter) compound, Scotch-Irish character; for it has been my lot to spend much of my life within or adjacent to distinctively Scotch or distinctively Irish communities. I have had opportunity to observe that this Scotchman, exteriorly, is not an entirely prepossessing person. Graven-featured, hard-headed, dour, cautious, frugal, self-seeking, self-opinionated, canny-bargaining, pragmatical, God-fearing, and world-loving.

Nevertheless, let the Muse strike him with her wand, and this rockbound nature becomes less refractory than the granite Moses smote with his rod; for out of him flows a living rivu-

let of *song*, that follows him into his home, out at his work, and even afar from his native land whence penury has driven him. And Providence only knows where a Scotchman cannot be found. But wherever found, at the heart of him you will find a song.

But mind you, it is at the *heart* of him. It requires almost superhuman power to get it out of him. Like a bit of frozen earth, there is juice in him, but it takes a tremendous heat to thaw it and bring it to the surface. He never spills over or goes moose-hunting with a brass band, for it is the glory of a Scotchman to conceal a thing. This *sentiment* in Sandy is a secret and serious business—a ferment at the interior of him, rather than an effervesence on the surface.

Like his own

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,”

there are beautiful lakes of sentiment in him, at times awful in grandeur, at others charming in repose; but on every side cliffs so precipitous and beetling it is at the peril of your life you attempt their descent to get to them. You will find it a good deal of an *adventure* to get into the heart of a Scotchman.

On the other hand, your Irishman is expressive, ebullient, vivacious. Nothing is sooner in his heart than it is on his lip. Not that he is superficial; but there seems to be no obstruction between the core of him and his bark. He oozes and boozes freely. He never bleeds inwardly only. What you get from him, lovable man that he is, is the first beat of his heart, not something meditated upon, subtilized, but projected hot from its first glow. Little wonder that of all people of the earth Irishmen come first for “divilment and divarshun.”

Then your Scotchman is frugal, economical almost to parsimoniousness. He may be called “contiguous,” It is said that half farthings were coined first in Scotland, in order that benevolently inclined Scotchmen would make contribution to charitable objects. (Laughter.)

But his “nearness” saves him from *dependence*, from the servile acquiescence of submissive poverty. Of representa-

tives of all races at my door as beggars, never have there been these two—a Jew and a Scotchman. Nor have you ever seen a Scotch settlement that did not show unmistakable signs of prosperity and comfort. They made even that most *unfertile*, third-rate province of Ireland to yield a plenty; and wherever else it originated, it has not been from *Ulster* the world has heard the age-long wail of Irish poverty, Irish unthrift, Irish Home Rule. (Applause.)

On the other hand, the Irishman is inclined to be prodigal, generous to a fault. "A clane fast before a beggarly male" is a proverb of Irish economics. He will waste more ingenuity and display more genius in getting rid of his fortune than the cleverest fellows elsewhere evince in accumulating and hoarding theirs.

The symbol of the Scotchman is the bee—leaving no flower unsought, and whether it be poisonous or wholesome, extracting from it honey with which to supply its winter cell—a bee, with a sting at the end of him.

The symbol of the Irishman is the fly—nimble, making wide excursions, enjoying the Summer to the full, but too forgetful of the "Winter's sleety dribble"

"An' eranreuch cauld."

Then the Scotchman is plodding, persevering, tenacious.

When "Yon Yonson" arrived at the wharf to embark for America, he found the ship about to sail, and instantly went aboard. By the time his friend, Ole Olson, reached the place, the vessel had swung out a couple of rods. "Yon Yonson" stood on deck and with considerable excitement shouted, "Yump, Ole, yump! You can make it in two yumps." (Laughter.)

What the Scotchman cannot make in one "yump" he will try two at. If not in "twa," he will stick at it until he arrives. Though not in every case brilliant, he gets there just the same.

For three years I was the pastor of a Scotch parish on a portion of which stands the present site of Winnipeg. The people came there in 1815, because evicted from Southershire, the Lords wishing to turn their possessions into sheep

walks. They were put down there at the junction of those two rivers by Lord Selkirk, and were the first white settlement between St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Arctic Ocean. For forty years they attended the little Episcopal church supported by the Hudson Bay Company for the factor, his family, and whatever half-breeds might attend it, all the time sending petitions homé to Scotland for a minister, some of the petitions coming back to the Hudson Bay Company and to them as wrapping paper. At the end of forty years they secured a young minister from Eastern Canada. On the day on which he arrived, every family and every individual of that entire settlement arose and took their farewell of that church which they had attended for over forty years, and began building for themselves that old Presbyterian building that will stand there for generations, in token of their ecclesiastical fixity. (Applause.)

I refer to this, not because their tenacity of purpose made Presbyterians of them still, though that was "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but it was the Scotch of them, and it made of them the men they were, who put their mark indelibly on that great north-land, as it is what will make a man of anybody, if he have the stuff of a man in him.

The Scotchman don't know *how to let go*, not even when letting go might be of advantage to him. Dr. McCosh tells of leading a horse out to pasture one morning, riding another at its side. The horse pulled at the halter until he was dragged from his seat to the ground, but the doctor says it never once occurred to him to let go the rope in order that he might keep his seat. That was the Scotch of him. Is it an argument, is it an enterprise, is it a theory, is it a *vice*, a Scotchman will hang on to it even if it unhorse him.

But an Irishman is brilliant, dashing. He must make it in one "yump," and he often does. His mind has wings, but in feet for plodding along tiresome roads, it is comparatively deficient. He is the most brilliant soldier *in a charge* the world has ever seen; but he cannot stand pounding so well. There is where the Scotchman comes in. So it has been by the combination of these national qualities in its army that the British Empire has won many of its fields of imperishable

renown; and it was because of the *absence* of them in the army of *Cornwallis*, but the presence of them in the army of *Washington*, in the form of the *Scotch-Irish*, that the retreat of the British at Lexington developed into their surrender at Yorktown. (Applause.)

It is sometimes said that a Scotchman has no wit. An Englishman has no wit. You could not squeeze wit out of an Englishman with a cider-mill. But a Scotchman has wit, cutting as caustic, sharp as a two-edged sword, and just as dangerous to fool with; a photograph of Scottish character!

A man once came reeling, in a state of intoxication, up to an old Scotch minister, to whom he said, "I am a self-made man." "Ah," replied the dour dominie, "thot relieves the Lord of a great responsibility." (Laughter.)

Two Scotchmen were in Dublin, when they came across a place where a man had been painting a building green, and had spilled some paint on the sidewalk. Said Donald, "Sandy, what is that, mon?" "Ah," he said, "some Irishman has had a hemorrhage." (Laughter and applause.)

But for pure wit, spontaneous and ready, irresistible as a prattling child, as perennial as a fountain, the world is not in it with the Irish. He may sometimes go to his imagination for his facts (laughter), but no need to go to his memory for his wit.

Said a tourist to an Irishman he met with a great rent in the front of his coat, "Pat, you have a rent in your coat." "Sure, sor," came the reply, "you can't call it rent in arrear."

The Scotchman is a thinker. Cool and self-contained, careful and scrutinizing; with a mental poise immovable by fads and novelties; with a positiveness that is refreshing even when wrong; with a mental daring, winging its flight against the blaze of every philosophy with an eye that never droops and a wing that never wearies—Hamilton and Hume, Adam Smith and Kant—Scotchmen, by every quality of their mental and moral mould have been commissioned to work out for civilization its deepest problems of destiny and life. On the other hand, the home of *eloquence* is the *Emerald Isle*.

Great eloquence belongs either to a land of fullest freedom

or to a land of despotism. It can spring from no medium ground. It must have a freedom to champion or a despotism to dethrone.

With this must go a temperament ardent to passionateness, emotional and sensitive, keen to perceive and swift to strike, imagination of feeling all compact, hot-headed, and injudicious; and this political despotism, on the one hand, meeting with this temperament on the other, in the Irish, little wonder that Ireland has won from the modern world the sceptre of oratory—a sceptre as rich in its material as beautiful in its ornamentation.

The Irish are religious. I know that for them nothing is too grave for a jest, nothing too solemn for a sarcasm. He will speak of most sacred things with a familiarity that seems flippant, but it is not irreverence. He is no more irreverent than a child.

Two Irishmen were attending mass in a Catholic church one Sabbath morning, and after observing for a while the celebration, disregarding the sanctity of the day and the occasion, Corny, who was much impressed, turned to Tim and said, "It beats the devil." "Whist, mon," said Tim, "that's the intintion." (Laughter.)

And your *Scotchman* is religious. It is his whole existence; not a thing apart.

I am aware that Scottish religion is spoken of as a compound of worship on Sunday and whisky on Monday, as a sort of mixture of spirits. Sandy may be, at times, a terror, but he is always a holy terror. (Laughter.)

In the city of Edinburgh, on a Sabbath morning, a Scotchman sauntered down the street that was all too narrow for his business, having imbibed too freely of Scotch dew. Preceding him at a little distance was a lady with a dog, which in playfulness persisted in running away from her. Again and again she called; again and again she whistled. And what a poor struggling intermittent stream of a whistle it was; but the dog, stone-hearted to those sweetly plaintive though uncertain notes, made no response. Just heart-broken with fear lest her dog be lost, she awaited the approach of her unsteady but solemn follower, who was doing

his best to carry his drink with dignity. Considering the distance he traveled, owing to the complex curves he was making, he did nobly in catching up at all, even with one who stood still. "Will you please, mister, whistle for my dog, for I am afraid he will be lost?" With the offended dignity that only a Scotchman can assume, especially when carrying several sheets in the wind, he drew himself up, and, with something like horror of her inexplicable godlessness, said, "Woman, is this a day to whustle?" (Laughter.)

That is the caricature; now let me give you an incident of the real thing.

In effecting a settlement, those Scotch people to whom I have alluded, were not seldom driven to extremity for food. At times they were driven to the prairies to depend, like Indians, on wild meat. A small party, who had left their families with scanty supply, had gone out on a Winter buffalo hunt along the Pembina Mountains. After eating sparingly of their last morsel, they gave the remainder to their faithful train dogs. Before retiring to rest under the lea of their toboggans, with their dogs crouched about them in the snow, they held a prayer meeting to ask Him for food who had fed Israel with manna. I can imagine how near the tears of things that old hymn, dear to every Scottish heart that has not departed from the traditions of its fathers, must have been as they sang it:—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide."

When they awoke in the morning a herd of buffalo was seen in the valley below. But it was the Sabbath. They held another prayer meeting for guidance, arising with the conviction that the Lord of the Sabbath would consider their necessities. One of the number—an elder—was chosen to make the shot. He approached the herd without dif-

ficulty, shot one, and although the others lingered for a time, as they sometimes would when bewildered, he would not shoot again, holding himself justified in taking on the Lord's Day only what was necessary.

You call that a hard, canting, unbeautiful type of religion? I call that the very *poetry* of it; and the man who cannot see it does not know a lyric of the soul when he meets it, and is past praying for. (Applause.)

Such are some of the elements of that rare mixture—the Scotch-Irish character. He is a blend. He is a *resultant* arising from two forces moving at different angles. Is he Scotch? No. Is he Irish? No. Neither too taciturn nor too vivacious; neither dead champagne nor soda water; not brilliantly witty, yet with all his wits; neither bannock nor ginger-bread; thoughtful, yet with a fine gift of expression; not tenacious to pig-headedness or dashing without staying powers; with a governor to preserve an equable rate of speed between Scotch parsimoniousness and Irish prodigality, cast in the happy medium between a religion as prose and a religion as poetry—neither too dour nor too sentimental—the Scotch-Irishman is neither Scotch nor Irish; *he is both without being either—just right.* (Applause.)

The wonder to me is that these two currents could mix at all, for really there has never been great love between a Scotchman and an Irishman.

A Scotch minister, on the first Sabbath morning of his Canadian pastorate, delivered himself of the following prayer:

"Lord, we appear in Thy presence this morning to offer our petition, and likewise our complaint. When we cam' tae Canady we expected tae find a land flowing in milk and honey; but instead o' that, we found a land peopled wi' Irish. Lord, drive them tae th' uttermost parts of Canady; mak' them a' hewers o' wood and drawers o' water; dinna mak' them magistrates, or members o' parliament, or rulers o' Thy people. But if ye ha' ony emoluments or ony guid land tae gie awa', dinna gi'e it tae they ungodly Irish, but gi'e it tae Thy ain chosen people, the Scotch. And Thine will be a' the glory." (Laughter.)

But they *did* mix into the Scotch-Irish, to the benefit of *both* and to the *world*.

Few things so impress the imagination as the chemical feat of obtaining out of two separable elements a new product unlike the properties of its progenitors. By mixing the combining equivalents of chlorine with sodium, we see these two elements disappear, and a third, known as common salt, take their place. This new element *depends* upon its original ingredients for what it is; nevertheless, it is *different* from both.

There is a chemistry of *souls*, with its law of combining proportions and consequent disappearances and transformations. Of this the Scotch-Irish are a notable illustration. The chlorine of the Scottish character and the sodium of the Irish mixed; and out of them came a character unlike either, yet depending upon both—a “creature not too bright or good for human nature’s daily food;” nevertheless, what nobody will deny, *the very salt of the earth*. (Applause.)

Why, how could it be otherwise? Incubated in Scotland, brooded in Ireland, sent over to America to scratch and feed and crow (laughter); Scotland for mother, Irish nurse, America for a bride; or, to adapt the figure to a genuinely Scotch-Irish taste, distilled in Scotland (laughter), decanted in Ireland (laughter), uncorked in America (laughter and applause), how could there issue any other than a something to make

“the world grow pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale”? (Laughter.)

I said the Scotch-Irishman is a blend. But I understand blends are no longer allowed on the market unless labeled descriptive of the contents.

By every inheritance of blood and deed, we Scotch-Irish are the best labeled people yet discovered—we are all agreed upon that—but if the label on us of our distinguished ancestry, of those who discovered this blend, be not *truly descriptive* of similar virtues *within us*, we are illicit goods—we might as well be Hollanders or New England Puritans, and say nothing about it.

Anybody can *inherit*—that requires no genius—but not all

are ready to transmit inheritance with interest. There are a great many things in *this* generation to be done if the next generation is to venerate *our* memory as we venerate our fathers. The virtues and deeds that made the fathers illustrious in our eyes, if reproduced in us, would appear just as illustrious to the eyes of our successors. The people of the next generation will take their measure of Scotch-Irish virility, intelligence, integrity somewhat from us. God forbid, that in order to laud it or test what it can do, they have to skip *us*, or, to get inspiration, tap the line farther back.

An inquisitive individual once questioned Dumas, the novelist, on his ancestry.

"I understand, Mr. Dumas, you are a quadroon?"

"I am, sir," he replied.

"And your father?"

"He was a mulatto, sir."

"And his father?"

"He was a negro, sir," with considerable emphasis.

"And his father?"

"He was an ape, sir. He was an ape," thundered the thoroughly aroused genius; "and it is easy to see that my ancestry began where yours left off."

In an age like this, that is getting more and more particular whom it will allow to do its work; an age that expects every man to vote; an age demanding not only ability, but *reliability*, it is the thing that ancestry *ends* in that matters. Your pedigreed horse that can't or won't trot, gets sold cheap. This world glories in the reputation of the dead, but it demands the virtues of the living; it needs the deeds of living Scotch-Irishmen. It is ours to perpetuate the memory of the fathers, but it is ours, too, to *safeguard* their bequeathed estate, as a fiduciary deposit, this beloved land of our birth or our adoption. The obligation of nobility has not fled; it is with us always.

The Athenians met yearly in the open place; then on a platform, in sight of all, the aged mounted and recited to the crowd the words:—

"We have been in days of old,
Wise and generous, brave and bold."

Then the *middle-aged* mounted and said:—

“ What in days of old ye were,
We at this present moment are.”

Then the youth mounted and recited:—

“Hereafter, at our country's call,
We promise to outdo you all.”

Gentlemen, we are saying here to-night to the fathers, “ You subdued kingdoms, you wrought righteousness, you turned to flight the armies of the aliens, you stopped the mouths of lions”—at least, the British lion.

If we emulate their qualities, stand for the ascent of the Scotch-Irish rather than for their descent, fill in the outline drawn by our fathers, those frontiersmen of settlement, of education, of religion, apply ourselves to the social and national problems of to-day as they did to theirs, with their fearlessness of mind, their pride of country, their unselfishness of heart, will those who come after us stand in our place to extol us, as we stand to-night in the place of the fathers extolling them, and pledging that dear old flag, exclaim:—

“Hereafter, at our country's call,
We promise to outdo you all.”

No, sirs; it is not the *name* of the gentleman that makes a Scotch-Irishman; it is the *stuff* that is in him; what he does to jog this world along; not where he *came from*, but where he is *going*. (Applause.)

The President:—

There was a time, gentlemen, in this country, and particularly in this portion of it, when the Scotch-Irish and the Quakers were neither very neighborly nor very friendly. That day, happily, has passed. I think they can now lie down together without one being inside of the other.

We have with us a distinguished Quaker, well known to you all, but, as I understand, he has a slight trace of Scotch-Irish, too. We will be pleased to hear from the gentleman. I am pleased to introduce to you Dr. Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College. (Applause.)

Dr. Isaac Sharpless:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—For a Quaker to adventure himself into a company of Scotch-Irishmen might have seemed to some of our ancestors a physical and moral risk. The scores of a hundred and fifty years may not seem to have been all settled. The Quakers were in power at that time, and the Scotch-Irish wanted to be, and neither could forgive the other for this state of affairs. These two bodies were certainly not in sympathy with each other, and those of us who have the blood of both sects in our veins may explain our varying moods by the ascendancy first of one and then of the other. When we feel especially pugnacious and dogmatic it is probably the bacteria of Calvinism in control, while our milder and more tolerant moods may be explained by the antitoxin of Quakerism reasserting itself.

These disturbers of the peace of Pennsylvania were extreme Protestants from England and Scotland, who had been subjected for a century to the softening influences of Irish civilization. Their Presbyterianism being in danger from the encroachments of the Established Church, and their leases running out, they heard of America and emigrated in great numbers to the frontiers of the settlements, making a fringe to all the colonies from New York to Georgia. Pennsylvania got more than her share and would have been glad to get rid of them. They could not, however, hang them as they themselves were treated in New England, for Penn had in some sort of way invited them here when he said, “I would found a free colony for all mankind who wish to come hither.” (Applause.) It seemed pretty evident that they were a part of mankind, and it was very certain that they had come hither. In Quaker fashion, however, they did all they could to suggest that they should stay away. So James Logan said, “It is strange that they crowd in where they are not wanted. The fear is that if they continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the Province. The Indians are much excited, for the Irish are very rough to them.” Yet I do not know that a single Scotch-Irishman took this palpable hint. Then someone else asked the question, “Would an

honest man rather have a Presbyterian or a Quaker for his neighbor?" Of course, there could be but one answer to this question, and yet the Presbyterians insisted upon coming into the neighborhood, and not only so, but they made the unreasonable proposition that the Quakers should go away. They were not like the Germans, content to fall in with the prevailing order quietly. In almost all respects they were the antipodes of the founders of the Province. On the one side was a religion which proclaimed a universal chance for salvation; on the other was one which announced hope only for the elect. On the one side was a morality which depended mainly on appeals to conscience and reason and peaceful methods of settling disputes; on the other was a militancy of character and conduct which regarded the Quaker treatment of the Indians as weak and contemptible and intended to force its way without regard to white man's legislation or red man's rights. On the one side was a conservatism which was the result of several decades of established order in a safe corner of the Province; on the other were fresh homes in the dark wilderness with hostile Indians around.

There could not fail to be a clash of a serious sort whenever conditions were ripe for it. The cause was sure to result from Indian conditions, but the special agency in producing the most intense feeling was the Paxton riot and the resulting pamphlet warfare that followed. The Paxton Boys, after murdering a tribe of Conestoga Indians in Lancaster County, had marched down to Philadelphia to perform the same service to another tribe of Indians Christianized by the Moravians, and to those who defended them. But the rising of the inhabitants of the city checked their purpose and they contented themselves with presenting certain political grievances which were to a large extent reasonable. In the defensive operations a number of young Quakers had a prominent part, and the large meeting house at Second and Market Streets was opened to house the defenders in the February storm. This was in 1764. Almost immediately the great pamphlet war followed. Presbyterian and Quaker met in the lists with a vigor and pointedness seldom seen. The politics and the religious beliefs of both parties were dis-

sected with a keenness interesting to us in these quieter days, but inexpressibly exciting at the time. Franklin, though not in sympathy with the Friends on matters of general warfare, saw that the peace and good name of the Province were necessarily associated with the condemnation of lawless proceedings, and his "Narrative" was read with great pleasure by the residents of Chestnut, Market, and Arch Streets. A Presbyterian of high standing, whose name I do not know, while not exactly defending massacres, placed the case of the Paxton Boys as strongly as possible in a book called "The Quaker Unmasked." In reply to this some doughty member of the opposite party wrote "The Delin-eated Presbyterian Played Hob With." The one side claimed that "Quaker politics and the Quaker faction have involved this Province in almost all the contentions and all the miseries with which we are troubled," and in return, it was asked, "Was it not the Presbyterians that murdered the Indians at Lancaster? Was it not the Presbyterians that came down with the intent to murder the Indians in the barracks? Was not the author of 'The Quaker Unmasked' one of their esteemed ministers? In fine, I think the Presbyterians have been the authors and abettors of all the mischief that has happened to us as a people." And finally he asks triumphantly, "Would an honest man rather have a Quaker or a Presbyterian for his neighbor?" In the annals both of ancient and modern history Presbyterianism and rebellion are true sisters. Whenever this righteous people have power in their hands they will tolerate no other profession or opinion. Witness Scotland and New England, was a bitter thrust of one pamphleteer who was defending the free institutions of the Province. The hypocrisy of the Quakers in departing from their professed peaceable principles was greatly amplified, and someone whose feelings were too strong for press, wrote in bitter irony:—

"The Paxton Boys are coming down
 To kill us all and burn the town.
 To arms! to arms! with one accord—
 The sword of Quakers and the Lord!
 Let no one stand with hands in pocket;
 Each meeting door —quick, quick, unlock it!
 Be all our forces thither led,
 With beating drums and colors spread."

One writer intimated that the Quakers were willing that the Presbyterians should be killed, because they might get into the Assembly, while the Indians were protected because they had official rights (laughter); and the charge is perhaps justified, if it is true, as stated by another pamphleteer, that a Quaker member of the Assembly had called the Paxton Boys "a pack of insignificant Scotchmen, who, if they were all killed, could well enough be spared." The impossibility of governing the Province on consistent Quaker lines was loudly declared, and the author of "The Quaker Unmasked" asserted that "to govern is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Quakerism," to which the reply was made, "To be governed is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Presbyterianism." (Laughter.) "The title of your book 'Plain Truth,'" says another plain-spoken advocate of existing order, "is a deep deception. I have examined it and find no less than 17 positive Lyes and 10 false insinuations. You wrote it in a truly Pious Lying Presbyterian Spirit." These kindly amenities of controversy were kept up for some time, and the feeling was intense up to the Revolutionary War. Then the Presbyterians had their innings and the Quakers fell out entirely.

The two principles which the Quaker settlers had most at heart and which went to make up Penn's "holy experiment" (as he called it) were religious liberty and peace. They both were truly experiments.

In the matter of religious liberty there had been nothing of the kind ever tried except on a small scale in Rhode Island and for a time in Maryland; but Penn announced that he would have it in Pennsylvania and take all the risks. So he placed in the beginning of every one of his charters a broad and comprehensive statement granting to all people who behaved themselves religious equality in civil matters and entire freedom from molestation. The experiment succeeded almost from the start and in a short time it came to be a treasured feature of the institutions of the Province. It brought abounding material prosperity; it quickened emigration; the inhabitants of the ravished Rhine valley, the badly-treated tenants of Ulster, the persecuted of all climes came

over in unprecedented numbers. They created wealth and comfort and the political conditions that attach to the thriving state. It brought also freedom of thought and the encouragement of scientific effort, so that just before and just after the Revolutionary War a company of scientific men unmatched elsewhere in America and possibly in Europe was found in Philadelphia. This condition could not exist under dogmatism, but the free academic spirit of the Province alone made it possible. Religious liberty ceased to be an experiment, and by the time the federal constitution was written all the colonies were willing to adopt it as a fundamental American basis of government. (Applause.)

The Pennsylvania settlers had equally at heart the principle of peace, and here they had a far more difficult question to face. Peace has had no such triumphal career as religious liberty, and yet in the face of all the movements of recent times—the Hague Conference, the development of international law, the industrial demands for peace coming up from the boards of trade and labor organizations of many countries—it does not require a very profound prophet to assert that it also will some day triumph. There is going on a constant change in public opinion in this direction, and as the world gets older and wiser one finds that the appeals to force have less and less power and the appeals to reason and right more and more. Since President Roosevelt has received the Nobel Prize for his efforts in the cause of peace almost anything would seem likely to happen (laughter); and yet from reading his messages, it does not seem probable that he has yet adopted the Pennsylvania idea. That was something like this: "We will behave justly and generously to every man, red or white; we will never attack the rights of anyone. In case of dispute we will, therefore, always be in the right; and if attacked we will not yield one iota of our rights, no matter how much we may have to suffer. We will not use bad means even to accomplish a good end; but, having thus done our duty, we will trust that that Divine Providence which is a factor in the affairs of men will protect us." This is a hard lesson to learn, but it must be remembered that for two or three generations Pennsylvania

did practice it. There were no forts or guns or trained soldiers or martial spirit, and it failed finally as the result of a departure from the principles by the recreant sons of William Penn.

I do not know that toleration or peace is essentially a Scotch-Irish virtue; but there were other matters upon which the two bodies could unite.

The Friends had done much to abolish slavery, so that by the end of the Revolutionary War there were not over 3,000 slaves left in Pennsylvania as against 100,000 in Maryland and 20,000 in New York. It was, however, a typical Scotch-Irishman, George Bryan, who drew up the first abolition measure of America, and afterwards, as President of the Supreme Executive Council, had the opportunity to sign it and make it a law. In writing to John Adams, he says: "Our bill astonishes and pleases the Quakers. They looked for no such benevolent result of our new government founded by Presbyterians." A runaway slave was equally safe among the Quaker households of the southeastern counties or the homes of the vigorous Presbyterians of western Pennsylvania.

Again in matters of education they had much to unite them. In Philadelphia Penn undertook to establish a general school system, which grew from time to time by the addition of branches, some for the rich and some for the poor, some for girls and some for boys, and which continued until the time of the public school system of the State, when they were merged into the Penn Charter School. In the Quaker country districts every meeting house had its school house which was open to all the neighborhood; so that in time it became almost impossible to find an illiterate Quaker. The Presbyterians, however, took different ground on the subject of higher education, the effect of which has been very marked. The incentive which founded Harvard and Yale and Princeton was the necessity of educating ministers. To the Quaker mind, while this might be desirable, it was unnecessary, and so there was no Quaker college founded in colonial times. This Presbyterian necessity gave them an educated leader to work out all problems of Church and State in every community, and while the common people were often uncouth

and ignorant, the existence of such leaders gave the sect a distinct advantage. As Napoleon says, "An army of lambs led by a lion is more effective than an army of lions led by a lamb," and while it would be something of a stretch of veracity to call these Scotch-Irishmen "lambs," we might paraphrase the statement into this: that an army of comparatively ignorant men led by a few educated leaders is more effective than an army of moderate education with no leaders above their own rank. It is this irresistible demand for trained leadership which, it seems to me, is the most valuable and influential contribution of the Scotch-Irish to our civilization. (Applause.)

The President:—

The next gentleman I shall present to you is one well known to you all. He is a genuine Scotch-Irishman and won his spurs both abroad and at home. He will speak to us upon a theme of interest to all—"Francis Makemie, the Scotch-Irish founder of a great Church." I now have the great pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. John H. Munro. (Applause.)

Rev. John H. Munro, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I am here simply to take the place of Dr. McCook, who, owing to illness, is unable to be present.

Francis Makemie, by whose efforts the first Presbytery was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1706, merits the honorable remembrance not only of the great Presbyterian Church, but of the Scotch-Irish to whose race he belonged and of which he was one of the noblest sons. He was born near Ramelton, in the County of Donegal, Ireland, about A. D. 1658, but the exact date of his birth is not known. Tradition still points out the site of his father's house, which stood on the western shore of the picturesque Lough Swilly. He belonged to the sturdy farmer class who have given so many of their sons to the ministry and the public service of Great Britain.

His parents provided him with the best education then available, no doubt with the pious hope that he would become a minister of the Gospel. He tells us that he was converted to Christ when he was fifteen years of age through the tender instructions and personal influence of a godly schoolmaster. He also says that his religious life was not a piece of external profession, but was a deep and vital experience of the power of Christianity. It was probably at this time that he dedicated himself to the Christian ministry and kindled a flame of gratitude and praise in the hearts of his parents.

In the year 1675 Makemie was enrolled a student in the University of Glasgow as "Franciscus Makemius, Scoto-Hyburnus." This last term shows that the words Scotch-Irish are not an invention of recent times, but were classic two hundred years ago. Trinity College had already been established in Dublin by Queen Elizabeth and was designed to give a liberal education to all classes of the people irrespective of their religious faith. The first Provost had been a Presbyterian minister, but under the Stuart monarchs the Anglican Church gained complete control of the college and began to persecute dissenters. A Presbyterian could no longer obtain a degree, and Irish students who desired to study for the Presbyterian ministry usually went to the University of Glasgow. After five years spent at Glasgow in the study of letters and theology, Makemie appeared before the Presbytery of Laggan on July 20th, 1680, and was taken under its care as a candidate for the ministry of the Gospel. This Presbytery, which covered the territory now occupied by seven Presbyteries in the northern counties of Ulster, had passed very stringent rules with regard to the mental and spiritual qualifications of candidates. Young Makemie was placed under the special oversight of two ministers, who reported most favorably both as to his scholarship and his fitness for the high office which he sought. On the 25th of May, 1681, he gave in his homily, and his final theses and disputes were assigned to him with the view of his being licensed to preach. For eight years after this date there are no minutes inserted in the book of the Presbytery which is preserved in Magee College, Londonderry. The

reason is plain. Persecution, which had slept for awhile, once more raised its cruel hand against all ministers. At a private meeting, the Presbytery of Laggan ordered a fast; and William Trail, the able and accomplished clerk of Presbytery, and four other ministers were tried and imprisoned for three-quarters of a year for obeying the order of Presbytery. Makemie preached at Burt on April 2d, 1682, and as no man was allowed to preach without having been formally licensed, it is probable that he was licensed at a meeting held in the Autumn of 1681, and was ordained in 1682, to go to America. There is no greater evidence of the unflinching courage, which was one of the conspicuous elements of his character, than his becoming a Presbyterian minister in those perilous times. Four ministers—one of them being his own pastor—had some years before been imprisoned for six years for refusing to conform to the English Church. While in Scotland he knew of the “killing times” through which the Covenanters were passing for their loyalty to Christ’s crown and covenant. Aware that he stood in danger of fine and imprisonment and perhaps of banishment, he dared to be ordained as a Presbyterian minister and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It was natural that Makemie should travel across the sea to make his first appearance at Rehoboth on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Colonel William Stevens, of English descent, the most influential man in those parts and afterward Lieutenant Governor, had sent a letter to the Presbytery of Laggan asking for a supply of ministers. From the bounds of that Presbytery numbers of families had emigrated to Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas to escape the severity of religious persecution. Rev. William Trail, the clerk of the Presbytery, a Scotchman, an able and accomplished man, learned and gifted with a sunny humor, had emigrated and settled at Rehoboth. We can imagine the welcome extended by Stevens and Trail to the young Irishman, of whose ability and zeal they had full knowledge. His portrait and that of his wife were destroyed by fire, but he is described as good looking, with a broad forehead crowned with brown locks, a fair complexion, and clear blue eyes.

Makemie, however, did not stay long with his hospitable friends at Rehoboth, but crossed to the mainland to minister to the spiritual needs of the scattered Colonists. He spent some months at Elizabeth River, where a congregation had recently been deprived by death of their Irish minister. It was his main work to wander through Maryland and Virginia as an evangelist, preaching to gatherings of Presbyterians and Independents. He rode on horseback, and was often armed with pistols against the attacks of wolves and bears, or of a hostile band of Indians. He refused to stipulate for any fixed salary from the poor people; he often refused to take the money they offered him, and, unable to purchase books, he borrowed needed volumes from ministers at Boston. Tobacco and pork were the *media* of exchange; taxes, bills, and ministers' salaries were usually paid in tobacco, and money was scarce. When dissenters were taxed forty pounds of tobacco a year to pay the Anglican Clergy, they took care to furnish the vilest quality of the fragrant weed. The incessant labors and godly zeal of Makemie were rewarded by his becoming the most influential and beloved of ministers. His sermons were marked by careful preparation, solid argument, and a constant appeal to scripture to enforce their doctrine. He applied the Gospel to the daily life of the people and assailed popular sins as well as exhorted all to lead a righteous life. He often indulged in strokes of humor and cutting irony, which is often the most resistless argument. His journeys through the country made him acquainted with the religious condition of the people and led him to ponder the necessity of an organized Presbyterianism to strengthen and perpetuate the Church.

A new era of Makemie's life began when, in the Spring of 1690, he made his abode at Matchatank, Accomack County, on the Eastern shore of Virginia a short distance south of Maryland. William Trail returned to Scotland after the accession of King William III, the passing of the act of Toleration, and the restoration of the Church of Scotland to its former legal position. It was probably to supply his place, as well as to further his own fortunes, that Makemie resolved to make the Eastern shore his permanent home. He acquired from the County Court the grant of four hundred

and fifty acres of land south of the Onankok River, to which he afterwards added three hundred and fifty acres more. In the year 1691, at an unknown date, he was married to Naomi, the oldest daughter of William Anderson, a prosperous man who owned a large plantation on the north bank of the same river. Makemie was now engaged in business as a farmer and in the West India trade, not, however, relaxing his devotion the ministry of the Gospel. He owned a sloop, which carried wheat, barley, and tobacco to the Barbadoes and brought back such commodities as sugar, molasses and cloth. Intent on securing his rights, he won a suit in the County Court against a man who had swindled him by giving forty-nine and one half bushels of inferior wheat for a barrel of good molasses. While trading and preaching Makemie impressed upon the Colonists the necessity of industry to develop the resources of the province. He pointed out how the oysters and fish which abounded in Cheaspeake Bay could easily be turned into sources of wealth. He urged the wisdom of planting a variety of crops instead of depending too exclusively on the cultivation of tobacco. He lamented the backward state of learning, and declared that without education the older families would be displaced by better educated newcomers. He was able to support himself, and he became a broad minded, successful man who labored for the material as well as the spiritual advancement of the people.

Makemie now became an author and published a catechism, which he simplified more than once to suit the capacities of "the younger ones." It is worthy of note that the first literary production issued on the Eastern shore was this religious tract; and that American literature as a whole had its birth on the shores of the Chesapeake in the historical books dealing with the early history of Virginia and Maryland.

The publication of this catechism led Makemie into his great controversy with Keith, a Quaker, of whom we shall hear again. The Quakers and the Episcopalians were ceaseless in their efforts to convert the Presbyterians and Independents into their way of thinking—the Quakers using

persuasion, and the Episcopilians adding to persuasion a judicious amount of persecution. Keith visited the Eastern shore, where he was the guest of Makemie, and while advancing his own principles, attacked the orthodox doctrines. Makemie declined to engage in public debate with Keith as an unprofitable thing, but challenged him to reply in print to the catechism. This Keith did, and his arraignment of the catechism was severe. Makemie replied to what he called "Keith's Libel," and then the controversy came to an end. In his reply Makemie gives important information as to his career, his religious life, and the mode in which he conducted his ministry.

Makemie visited Philadelphia in August, 1692, and was the first Presbyterian minister to preach a sermon in our city. He corresponded with Boston ministers in order to secure preachers for the neglected fields in the Middle States. The care of all the churches rested on his shoulders.

About this time Makemie went to the Barbadoes, where he lived several years, engaging in trade and at the same time strictly performing his sacred duties as pastor of a church. He was no doubt influenced in part by the fact that before he left Ireland the Presbytery of Laggan had received a request to send a minister to the Barbadoes. He left with his wife and a trusted friend a power of attorney, giving them authority to act in his behalf. The business ability of his wife enabled him to wander about with a free mind. In common with her associates she carried to a successful issue suits at law against creditors who had refused to pay their notes. On reaching the Barbadoes, Makemie obtained a license to preach, which afterwards proved of the greatest value to him. He was first required to sign the Articles of the Church of England, with some exceptions, which were allowed. He wrote an elaborate tract called "Truths in a true light," which was printed in Edinburgh in the year 1699. This tract throws light on the nature of his labors and the tolerant spirit toward other churches by which he was actuated. He defends dissenters from the common odium of being disloyal subjects of the British crown. He argues that, holding the reformed faith

they ought to be reckoned as the best members of the English Church. He exhorts Christians of the various Churches, who hold essentially the same doctrine, to live in harmony with one another.

Two letters addressed by Makemie to Rev. Cotton Mather, of Boston, have been preserved. He defends the Barbadoes against the current rumor that the climate was pestiferous and unhealthy. He says that he had been prevented from returning home—"from going off for my health and for want of supply." He was able to return to Virginia in the Spring of 1698 and in the Fall of that year, William Anderson, his father-in-law, died, and left the Makemies much valuable property. Anderson had a high regard for Makemie's business aptitude, and such affection for him that he called him "son Makemie." He devised to him and his wife not only one thousand acres of land at Matchatank, but also his favorite estate at Pocomoke, on the border of Maryland, which they now made their residence. Shortly afterwards Edmund Custis, connected with the family into which Washington married, died and his will appointed Makemie the executor of his estate and the guardian of his children. The management of these estates and the incessant annoyances to which he was exposed by Madame Hile, the grandmother of these children, involved Makemie in many lawsuits. Makemie was frequently made a trustee. He often acted as his own attorney, and these experiences, as well as his acquaintance with the statutes relating to ecclesiastical matters gave him a sound knowledge of law, which proved invaluable in future controversies. His increasing wealth enabled him to furnish his library with English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and law books till it contained over eight hundred choice volumes. In his will he left a considerable portion of these books to Rev. Jedediah Andrews, of Philadelphia, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and to his successors, provided they should be either Presbyterians or Independents. Makemie, however, never allowed his business engagements to interfere with the duties of the ministry, to which he had dedicated his life. On the production of his license to preach at the Barbadoes, the

Accomack County Court (August 15th, 1699) licensed him to preach "at his own house in Pocomoke, near the Maryland line, and at Onancock, five miles from Drumondton, or at the house next to Jonathan Levesseys. The churches at Rehoboth, Pitts Creek, Monokin and Snow Hill, Maryland, and others were soon organized, and Makemie acted as their pastor for several years.

We now approach the greatest achievement of Makemie's life; namely, the organization of the first Presbytery in Philadelphia. At the opening of the eighteenth century there existed the closest union and sympathy between the Puritans and the Presbyterians of every nationality. Certain events, however, took place which convinced Makemie that without an organized government their cause would be lost in the Middle States. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian knowledge had sent over ministers and money, and literature to gain the people for the Anglican Church. The Governor of the Colonies, the military officers and the chaplains became aggressive champions of Episcopacy. While Dr. Bray in Maryland, Thomas Clayton in Philadelphia, and Mr. Marshall in South Carolina, were active agents of the Anglican Church, the ablest and most efficient of the ministers was George Keith. Keith was a Scotchman and originally a Presbyterian. He became a Quaker and went to Philadelphia, and afterwards wandered over the Colonies as an enthusiastic advocate of Quaker principles. He caused a division among the Quakers by asserting that Christ without the soul was a religious authority as well as Christ in the soul, and advocating other evangelical doctrines.

After a bitter controversy he swept the majority of his followers into the Episcopal Church, and went to England to receive ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London. Returning to America, he travelled from New Hampshire to the Carolinas, from 1702 to 1704, and with the hot zeal of a convert pressed the Episcopal system on the people. The civil and military authorities backed his efforts with all the influence and power at their command. In Maryland, once the home of religious liberty, the efforts to crush all dissent

became constant and unscrupulous. Makemie saw that serious efforts must be made to protect the existence and rights of dissenters. He sailed to England, and secured the aid of the Presbyterian Missionary Societies to counteract the strenuous activities of the Episcopal Societies. The London ministers promised to support two ministers for two years, and John Hampton of Ireland and George McNish, a Scotchman, returned with Makemie to Pocomoke.

The application of these two ministers for license to preach, under the terms of the Toleration Act, was met in court by an opposing petition from the Episcopal vestry. The majority of the magistrates sympathized with the opposition, and twice refused the license; but referred the matter to the governor. A petition to the governor, in which the skillful hand of Makemie is detected, was rewarded in June 1706 by an order from the Governor and Council which compelled the court to issue the license, and these two men rendered splendid service to the cause of religion and freedom of conscience.

In the meantime Makemie had been holding a correspondence with Presbyterian and Congregational ministers, with the view of organizing a Presbytery, that strength and religious efficiency might be developed by ecclesiastical union. Makemie wrote to New England, "that the grand design of the Presbytery was to consult the most proper measures for advancing religion and propagating Christianity." In the Spring of 1706 seven ministers met in Philadelphia where religious liberty reigned and formed the first Presbytery that was organized on American soil. The book containing the minutes of Presbytery is now in the rooms of the Presbyterian Historical Society, but the page recording the organization of the body has been lost. The names of the first Presbyters were indicative of the broad, many-sided character which was to distinguish American Presbyterianism. From Maryland came Makemie and Hampton, Irishmen, and McNish, a Scotchman; Delaware furnished Wilson, a New England man and Davis probably a Welshman. Pennsylvania was represented by Andrews from New England, whose congregation in Philadelphia contained representatives

of many Evangelical Churches. Elders were always present after the first meeting, and ministers from New York, New Jersey, and Long Island connected themselves with the Presbytery. The first Presbytery, which had no local name, is properly called the General Presbytery and was independent of any foreign ecclesiastical body. Its growth was gradual, it perfected its organization as occasion required, and it succeeded nobly in its aim of preserving the Presbyterian Church and propagating the Gospel.

Makemie, still anxious about the welfare of the Church, resolved to travel to New England in January 1707, to secure a much needed supply of ministers to preach the word of life to the rapidly increasing population. Accompanied by Hampton, he landed at New York and was subjected to the severest persecution of his life and gained one of the greatest victories for religious freedom. Governor Cornbury, the cousin of Queen Anne, dissolute, imperious, and with an itching palm, was engaged in a struggle to crush all dissenters. He invited Makemie to dine with him, but Makemie provoked his intolerance by not asking a license to preach. He forbade Makemie to preach in the Dutch church, but the undaunted minister preached in a private house, the doors and windows being open so that the service might be public. During the following week Makemie joined Hampton in Long Island, where both were arrested by the sheriff acting under a warrant from Cornbury. The trial before the Governor was one of the most dramatic scenes and is worthy of being read as it is reported in our histories. Cornbury took the ground that he had private instructions and, notwithstanding the act of Toleration, the ministers had no right to preach without his special license.

Gillett gives the following account of the scene: "Makemie referred him to the Toleration Act of King William in 1689, asserting that it was not a limited or local act, and he also adduced his certificates of license from courts of record in Maryland and Virginia. Worsted in the argument, Cornbury appealed to the act of Parliament directed, as he said, against *strolling preachers*, and told Makemie and Hampton that they were such. 'There is not one word, my

lord,' said Makemie, 'mentioned in any part of the law, against *travelling* or *strolling* preachers.' To this the Governor could only reply, 'You shall not spread your pernicious doctrines here.' Makemie told him that the doctrines he taught were found in 'our confession of faith,' and challenged all the clergy of New York to show anything false or pernicious in them, adding that he could make it appear that they were agreeable to the established doctrines of the Church of England. 'But these Articles,' replied the Governor, 'you have not signed.' 'As to the *Articles of Religion*,' said Makemie, 'I have a copy in my pocket, and am ready at all times to sign, *with those exceptions specified in the law*.'

"Upon this, the Governor charged him with preaching in a private house. Makemie replied that his lordship had denied him permission to preach in the Dutch church, and hence he had been necessitated to do as he had done; but he had preached '*in as public a manner as possible, with open doors*'.

"Again Cornbury fell back upon his instructions, declaring none should preach without his license. Makemie replied that the law, and not his instructions, was the rule for him. He could not be guided by what he had never seen and perhaps never should see. 'Promulgation,' said he, 'is the life of the law.' The Governor then demanded that they should give bonds and security for good behavior and not to preach any more under his government. 'For our behavior,' said Makemie, 'though we endeavor to live always so as to keep a conscience void of offense towards God and man, we are willing to give it; but to give bond and security to preach no more under your Excellency's government, if invited and desired by any people, *we neither can nor dare do*.' 'Then you must go to jail,' said the Governor.

"The copy of their commitment was made out. It was illegal in several respects. It was granted and signed by the Governor, and not by any sworn officers appointed and authorized by law. The queen's name or authority was not mentioned in it. No crime was alleged as a ground of commitment, and the direction to the sheriff to keep them safely

was not, ‘until they are delivered by due course of law,’ but, ‘until further orders.’ For six weeks they lay in prison. At length to the Chief Justice, Roger Mompesson, they made application, and they were released on bail, having to pay heavy costs.

“The case was now brought before the grand jury, and a true bill found against Makemie; for though Hampton was equally an offender, he was dropped from the indictment. The trial came on upon the 4th of June. Makemie had the assistance of four of the ablest lawyers in New York. The iniquity of the prosecution was abundantly shown, and after his attorneys had concluded their arguments, Makemie arose and spoke in his own defense. With great force of argument he vindicated himself from every charge, and showed himself more than a match for the prosecuting attorney. He showed great familiarity with the English laws bearing upon the subject of toleration, and effectually set aside the authority of the Governor’s instructions as a rule of law. The jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*, and solemnly declared that they believed the defendant innocent of any violation of law. Yet in spite of the verdict, and his own plea for moderate charges, the bill of costs which he was forced to pay amounted to more than eighty-three pounds.

“Even after this Makemie was not left unmolested. He narrowly escaped a second prosecution, based, if possible, on even weaker grounds than the first. A strange intolerance pursued him as a chief offender, but the object was to obstruct the preaching of all Presbyterian ministers. The Dutch and other dissenters neither asked nor would receive a license; yet they were not disturbed. But any attempt of Presbyterian ministers to extend their Church was seriously obstructed.” (Gillett, vol. I., pp. 13-16.)

It must be said in justice to the Episcopalian laity of New York, who composed only a tenth of the population, that, as a rule, they were largely indifferent to the presence of dissenters; in this regard being actuated by a more tolerant spirit than the Cavaliers of Virginia.

Cornbury was recalled in disgrace after the Colonists had complained by petition concerning his unjust conduct and

unworthy character. This persecution had the excellent effect of cementing the union which existed between the Presbyterians and Independents, to uphold the cause of religious freedom, and the number of their churches increased rapidly. Makemie visited Boston where he preached the New York sermon which was entitled "A Good Conversation." The sermon was printed and copies of it are still in existence, as well as of a remonstrance to Lord Cornbury against his attempting to deprive British subjects of their legal rights and privileges.

Makemie had only another year to live, and we are indebted to tradition and to his will, for any information about his last days. In his will dated March, 1708, he declares that he is aware of his approaching dissolution. The will was probated on August 4th, 1708, in the Court of Accomack County, so that he must have died not long before that date. In the account of executors filed with the will is a charge of £5 to Dr. Barrett for medical attendance, and there is a further charge of £12 to William Coman for his services as undertaker—both of whom it has been shown belonged to families living in that region. It must be inferred that Makemie died at Pocomoke, and according to the custom of the day was laid to rest in the family burial ground near the house.

Makemie in his will divided his property between his wife and two daughters, and a large, valuable property it was. Mrs. Makemie was a rich widow, and as such well-endowed ladies were in great request in those days she was won in marriage by James Kemp, a friend of her husband's, within less than a year after Makemie's death. She survived Mr. Kemp, and the last mention of her occurs in the recording of a survey of land in 1728, when she was sixty years old. Makemie's elder daughter, Elizabeth, died in the same year as her father. His younger daughter, Anne, was married in succession to men named Blair, King, and Holden. She survived her three husbands and during the times of the Revolution was an ardent and enthusiastic patriot. She gave presents of twenty-five acres of land to at least two men for voting "in favor of wise and discreet men who

have proved themselves real friends of American Independence." She died at an extreme old age, sometime between November 15th, 1787, and January 29th, 1788, and as she left no children, the direct line of Makemie became extinct.

Dr. McCook has identified the private burying ground of the Makemie estate, and the evidence which he has collected renders it morally certain that it is the last resting place of Makemie's body. The sacred spot has been desecrated for many years by being occupied by a stable and a stable yard. Dr. McCook has purchased the farm containing the cemetery, and is in treaty for the sale of all the land except three acres in which the cemetery stands. He is appealing to Scotch-Irishmen as well as to Presbyterians for \$6000 to erect a simple granite monument and provide means for its perpetual care.* The following letter has been received from a prominent Episcopalian who was present at the lecture given by Dr. John Watson, ("Ian McLaren") in aid of the Makemie Memorial Fund.

"I was interested in hearing about Francis Makemie. I think the plan for restoring his grave an admirable one and the sooner it is done the better. Perhaps you will forward the enclosed check as our contribution toward this end. When I think of all that the Presbyterian Church has been to the United States and of what it stands for to-day, I am one of those outsiders who feel grateful for it all, and I should like to associate myself with those who are honoring the name of its founder."

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH.

This letter from the Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese exhibits a broad-minded spirit which is a notable contrast to the attitude of Episcopal governors and clergymen towards Makemie and his co-presbyters.

* Since this speech was delivered Dr. McCook has succeeded in raising much of the money required, the farm has been sold, the Makemie cemetery has been dedicated and active preparations are being made to erect the monument.

Makemie is worthy of the proposed monument to mark his grave. He possessed the statesmanship which discerned the need of the times and established for his Church an organization which has secured it its present lofty position and religious influence. While successful in business and promoting with clear vision the education and outward welfare of the Colonists, he was above all things a faithful minister of the Gospel; and by his sufferings and triumphant resistance of the tyranny of despotic civil magistrates and intolerant ecclesiasties he helped to win and place on an immovable basis that religious freedom which is the best ally of political liberty and social progress. (Applause.)

The President:—

Just supplementing what Dr. Munro has said, I want to read but a clause or two from the letter of Dr. McCook, who was apprehensive that the matter might be brought before the Society prior to the banquet and the speeches which were to follow:—

“I respectfully suggest and request that an appropriation be made from our surplus funds for the proposed memorial and monument to FRANCIS MAKEMIE, one of the most eminent of the Ulster Scots who figured in our Colonial History. He is recognized as the Chief Founder of the organized Presbyterian Church in America, into whose Communion such a vast majority of Colonial Scotch-Irishmen were enrolled. He was a citizen of broad and wise spirit and practical public actions and councils, and, as is well known by his famous appeal before Lord Cornbury in New York, he was one of the earliest and most eloquent advocates of and sufferers for Religious Liberty in our Colonies. The New England Society has reared a costly monument to the Colonial Pilgrim.” Makemie was a friend and correspondent of the great leaders of the New England Puritans, Increase and Cotton Mather, and he as well deserves a monument.”

It is proper, if the Society see fit, that we should take some action upon this at this time.

Mr. John McIlhenny:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—After hearing the address of Dr. Munro, which has enlightened us all on this subject, and at the late hour in the evening, I do not propose to make any remarks of my own, but I wish to put this Society upon record as appreciating the services of that great man, who did so much for civil and religious liberty at the dawning in this country, and who fought such a splendid battle for it. He is entitled to the recognition and gratitude of every man in this country, no matter what faith he believes in, and, without taking your time any further, I would move, sir, that the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society contribute one hundred dollars from its treasury for the purpose of erecting this monument to Francis Makemie that Dr. McCook so much desires, and I think that it would be a fitting compliment to our splendid fellow-citizen, Dr. McCook, to aid him in this great enterprise.

Hon. John Stewart:—

I want to suggest an amendment, that the amount be increased to two hundred dollars, as I understand from the report of the Treasurer the funds will admit of that.

Mr. John McIlhenny:—

I accept the amendment.

The motion, as amended, was seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. William Righter Fisher:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I will only consume a few moments of the time of the meeting. Since our last annual meeting a very prominent member of this Society has died—President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. To many of us he was not only known as a great president of a great railroad system, but as a man of great public spirit, who took a profound personal interest in those things which tended to promote the public welfare of the community in which he lived and in all the things with which he was associated.

I move that the President appoint an appropriate committee to draft a minute commemorative of A. J. Cassatt.

The motion, being seconded, was carried unanimously.

The President:—

Gentlemen, I have nothing to do now, having pronounced my salutatory, but to pronounce the valedictory. These honors are fleeting, as most honors are that you obtain under a democratic form of government. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness to me and for the interest you have taken in this occasion, and I now have the great pleasure of introducing to you as your next President, the Rev. Dr. Marcus A. Brownson, a most worthy successor to even the worthiest of his predecessors. (Applause.)

Rev. Marcus A. Brownson:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, particularly the faithful who, with Scotch tenacity and Irish enthusiasm, have held on to the end, I wish to express my profound gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon me by electing me President of this body. On the spur of the moment I say I thank you. I shall hold on to the position and con over it for a year, and a year hence will tell you what I think of it in detail and in language more becoming. I can only promise to make an honest attempt to fill with dignity and with diligence the position in which your good favor has placed me, and I wish for the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society a year of prosperity. (Applause.)

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

In Memoriam.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT.

The death of Alexander Johnston Cassatt, which occurred in the city of Philadelphia on December 28th, 1906, is an event of such grave import not only to this Society, but to the city, State, and the country that the lack of a minute of it in this report would be an unjustifiable omission. The qualities which were the component parts of the character of Mr. Cassatt were so broad, so many-sided, and so significant as to enrich the worth and enhance the usefulness of any organization which was fortunate enough to claim his membership and enlist his co-operation. He was a part of this Association by right of birth, and the splendid heritage of a sturdy ancestry, coupled with his personal virtues of mind and heart and the genius of his brain, made his membership most notable and his loss deplorable.

Mr. Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., December 8th, 1839. His father, Robert S. Cassatt, was for a number of years closely identified with the financial and industrial interests of Western Pennsylvania, and was the first mayor of Allegheny City.

After the usual course in the schools, the lad accompanied his father and the family to Europe, where his studies were continued and the young student secured not only a liberal education in foreign languages, but received the advantage of a higher course of study in the University of Darmstadt. Returning to his native land, he was graduated as a civil engineer from Rensselaer Polytechnic College at Troy, N. Y., in 1859, and immediately took up the active work of his life in the construction corps of a railroad in the field. In 1861 he was appointed a rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from that moment on no year elapsed that did not find him advanced in practical knowledge, experience, and rank. Step by step he progressed through every position, carrying to each new post a mastery of the one relinquished, until after nineteen years of a service distinguished by the most

brilliant work, he attained the post next in rank to the head of the great corporation. Then, at the zenith of his fame and success as a railroad executive, he voluntarily retired from corporate responsibilities to follow the behests of his own inclination, to travel, to enjoy a well-earned ease, to ornament society and to contribute to civic life the benefits of his knowledge, experience, and fortune.

Seventeen years were thus passed when, in June, 1899, the call came to him to take the headship of the great corporation in the development of which he had been such an important instrument, and with the affairs of which he had kept in such close touch throughout his retirement, that he stepped into its highest office supremely equipped to guide it through a perilous situation, and after seven years, to leave it, even with his work unfinished, in the highest state of efficiency, greater in extent, richer in resources, and more powerful in influence than at any period in its history.

The achievement of Mr. Cassatt in those seven short but active years was marvelous. He found railroad conditions not only inert in a constructive sense, but beset with competitive hostilities and undermined by the insidious enemies of corporate integrity—rate-cutting and secret rebates. With unerring foresight he saw an immediate future of unexampled prosperity and uncommon activity for which the railroads of the country were utterly unprepared, and with which they could not cope under existing conditions. Upon his very assumption of office he set his face resolutely against the forces inimical to progress and by his forceful personality ranged his rival contemporaries in the same line of action.

With the aid and co-operation of his most powerful competitors he enunciated and made effective the community of interest plan, which not only accomplished its purpose of relieving the railroads of their encompassing evils, but, by the insurance of certain and increased revenues and the consequent enhancement of corporate credit, gave life and being to an era of railroad expansion and betterment hitherto unexampled in the history of the world.

With the national phase of the railroad situation fixed on lines in harmony with his own, Mr. Cassatt applied himself

to upbuilding and expanding the facilities of the great property whose destinies he guided. The comprehensiveness with which his plans were formed, the vigor which he infused into their execution, and the resulting benefits to city, State, and country are matters of current history too palpable for extended remark. Unfortunately he was called from labor to eternal rest in the very midst of his constructive activity, but his plans were so securely laid, his projects so firmly buttressed in prophetic judgment that they cannot fail of final perfection in the hands of his trained and trusted successors, to his everlasting credit and honor.

When the surge of public sentiment crystallized into legislative action involving the government regulation of railroads, no railroad executive was readier to respond to the quest of advice from the governing powers, and none brought to the solution of the question more intimate knowledge, broader views, nor more patriotic devotion to the rights of the people, as well as the railroad interests which they owned and with the equitable protection of which their prosperity is inseparably linked.

In private life unobtrusive, gracious, gentle, modest almost to the point of shyness; in public life broad in view, far-seeing, able, patriotic; in his life-work the peer of any of his contemporaries, past or present, the salient features of his great and striking personality may well be epitomized in that expressive phrase which combines the virtues of gentleness and courage—*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. McKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 1st, 1907.

1906.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$532 13	
Membership dues.....	384 00	
Seventeenth Annual Dinner subscriptions and payments.....	795 75	
Interest on deposits.....	14 03	
		<hr/> \$1725 91 <hr/>

CR.		
James Brown, carving spoon.....	\$42 50	
Postage and miscellaneous expenses, including Murphy-Parker bill for leather backing on engrossed resolutions.....	24 00	
Speaker's traveling expenses.....	26 00	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Seventeenth Annual Report.....	196 21	
George H. Buchanan & Co., printing.....	4 85	
Stenographer, Seventeenth Annual Dinner.....	25 00	
Wm. H. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations.....	14 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—160 covers at \$3.50..	560 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—music, decorations, cigars and wines.....	171 00	
Dreka Co., menus and dinner cards.....	40 00	
Dinner subscription returned.....	5 00	
Kimmig Studio—engrossing resolution in regard to Dr. MacIntosh.....	10 00	
C. L. Maisch—engrossing resolution in regard to Judge Henderson.....	10 00	
Clerk's services.....	20 00	
		<hr/> \$1148 56 <hr/>
Balance in bank February 1st, 1907.....	577 35	
		<hr/> \$1725 91 <hr/>

CHARLES L. McKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$577.35 to the credit of the Society in bank February 1st, 1907.

WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
JOHN SCOTT, JR.,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be deter-

mined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- WILLIAM ALEXANDER Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
W. J. ARMSTRONG 3709 Baring St.
LOUIS H. AYRES 220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- D. G. BAIRD 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE Carlisle, Pa.
R. T. BLACK Scranton, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D. . . 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN 815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D. 215 South Seventeenth St., Phila.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
- A. A. CAIRNS, M. D. 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER 5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR. 1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third
below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON . . . U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL . . . Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON Ardmore, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON 205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER Doylestown, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS 1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D.
(Honorary) Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
JOHN H. CHESNUT 1524 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D. (Honorary)	Chambersburg, Pa.
GEO. W. CREIGHTON	Altoona, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M. D.	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN DALZELL	House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
H. C. DEAVER, M. D.	1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D.	1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HENRY T. DECHERT	West End Trust Building, Phila.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN	400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
PROF. W. P. DICK	West Chester, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
DR. JAMES L. DIVEN	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON	Manhattan Life Building, Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.
J. S. DONALDSON	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DORNAN	Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN	37 South Water Street, Philadelphia.
PETER S. DUNCAN	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
THOMAS P. DYER	228 Apsley St., Germantown, Phila.
DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D.	1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
IRWIN CAMERON ELDER	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. T. B. ELDER	Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN	1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL EVANS	Columbia, Pa.
HON. NATHANIEL EWING	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
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DR. RANDOLPH FARIES	2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON	Germantown, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M. D.	116 West York St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM M. FIELD	1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER	500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER	Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
D. FLEMING	325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING	32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
W. H. FRANCIS	Beach and Vienna Sts., Philadelphia.
HUGH R. FULTON	Lancaster, Pa.

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 COL. JAMES R. GILMORE Chambersburg, Pa.
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 WILLIAM B. GIVEN 224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. GLASGOW Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
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 ALBERT GRAFF 609 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
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- FRANCIS MAGEE 1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
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- MAJOR LOUIS J. MAGILL Mills Building, Washington, D. C.

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| THEODORE C. PATTERSON | 715 Walnut St., Philadelphia. |
| THOMAS PATTERSON | Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. |
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| JAMES POLLOCK | 2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia. |
| A. NEVIN POMEROY | Chambersburg, Pa. |
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| HON. WM. W. PORTER | 2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia. |
| HON. WILLIAM POTTER | Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila. |
| HON. WM. P. POTTER | Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City Hall. |
| SAMUEL REA | Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia. |
| GEORGE RICE | Pottstown, Pa. |
| H. A. RIDDLE | Chambersburg, Pa. |

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E. J. STACKPOLE	Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN B. STAUFFER	1833 North Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
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REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D. D.	
J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON . . .	14 North Front St., Philadelphia.
J. E. STERRETT	704 Penn Mutual Building, Phila.
GEORGE STEVENSON	1921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR. . .	Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
ALEXANDER STEWART	Scotland, Franklin County, Pa.
GEORGE H. STEWART	Shippensburg, Pa.
HON. JOHN STEWART	Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
REV. GEORGE B. STEWART, D. D.	Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
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WILLIAM C. STOEVER	727 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JAMES A. STRANAHAN .	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. EDWIN S. STUART	P. O. Box 454, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL C. STUART	1704 North Forty-second St., Philadelphia.

- WILLIAM THOMPSON 230 South Thirty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM THOMSON, M. D. 1426 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
M. HAMPTON TODD 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
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RICHARD H. WALLACE 512 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
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D. WALKER WOODS Lewistown, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH M. WOODS Lewistown, Pa.
RICHARD W. WOODS Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN W. WOODSIDE 2107 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
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ROBERT A. WRIGHT 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS T. WRIGHT (Honorary) Nashville, Tenn.
- HON. HARMAN YERKES . . . Doylestown, Pa.

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JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
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H. P. LAIRD.....	Greensburg, Pa.
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THOMAS MACKELLAR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN B. SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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HON. RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

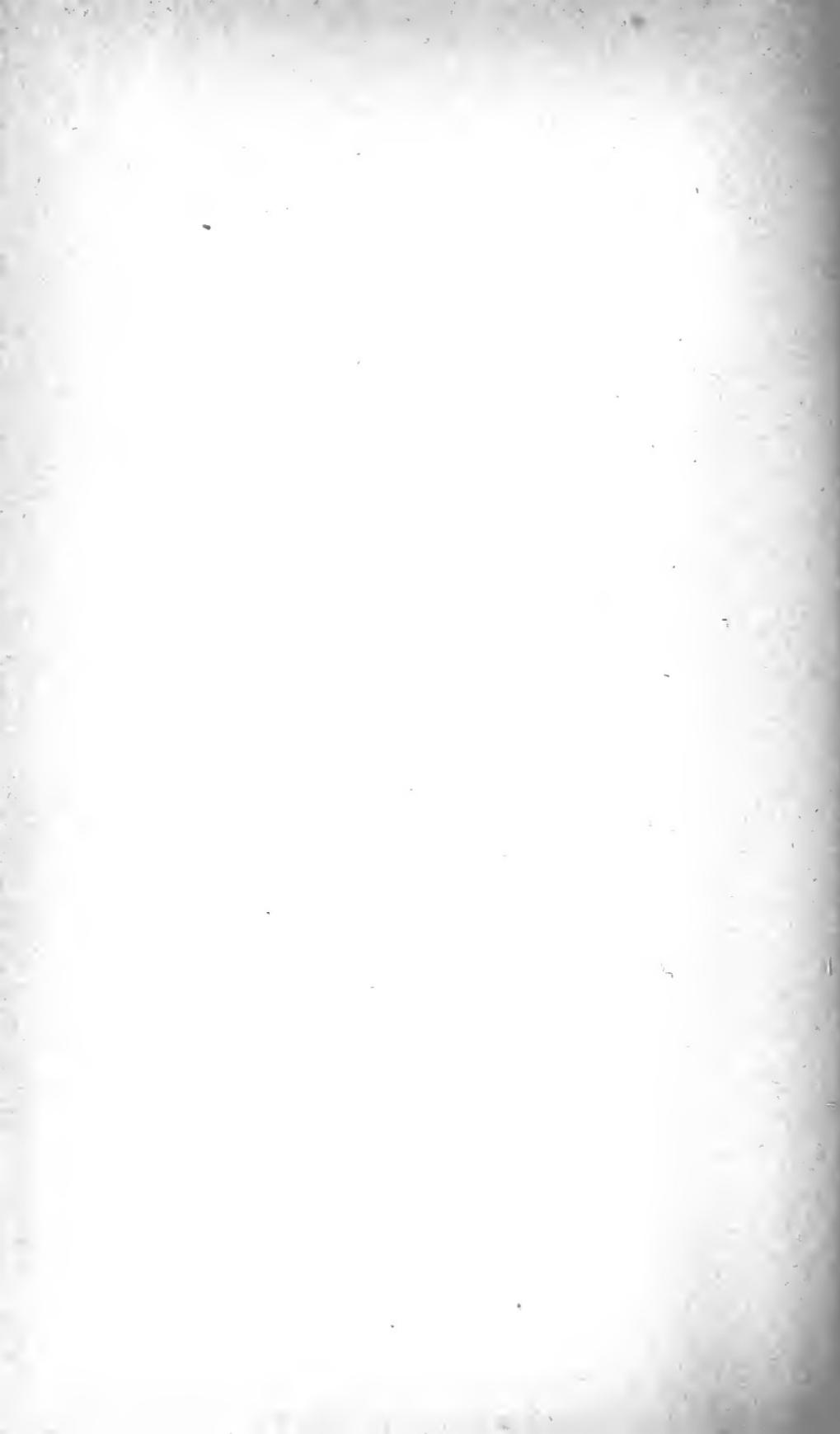
FEBRUARY 21st, 1908.

PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

1908



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MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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HON. JOHN STEWART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

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MR. BAYARD HENRY,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. JAMES POLLOCK,	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENTS:

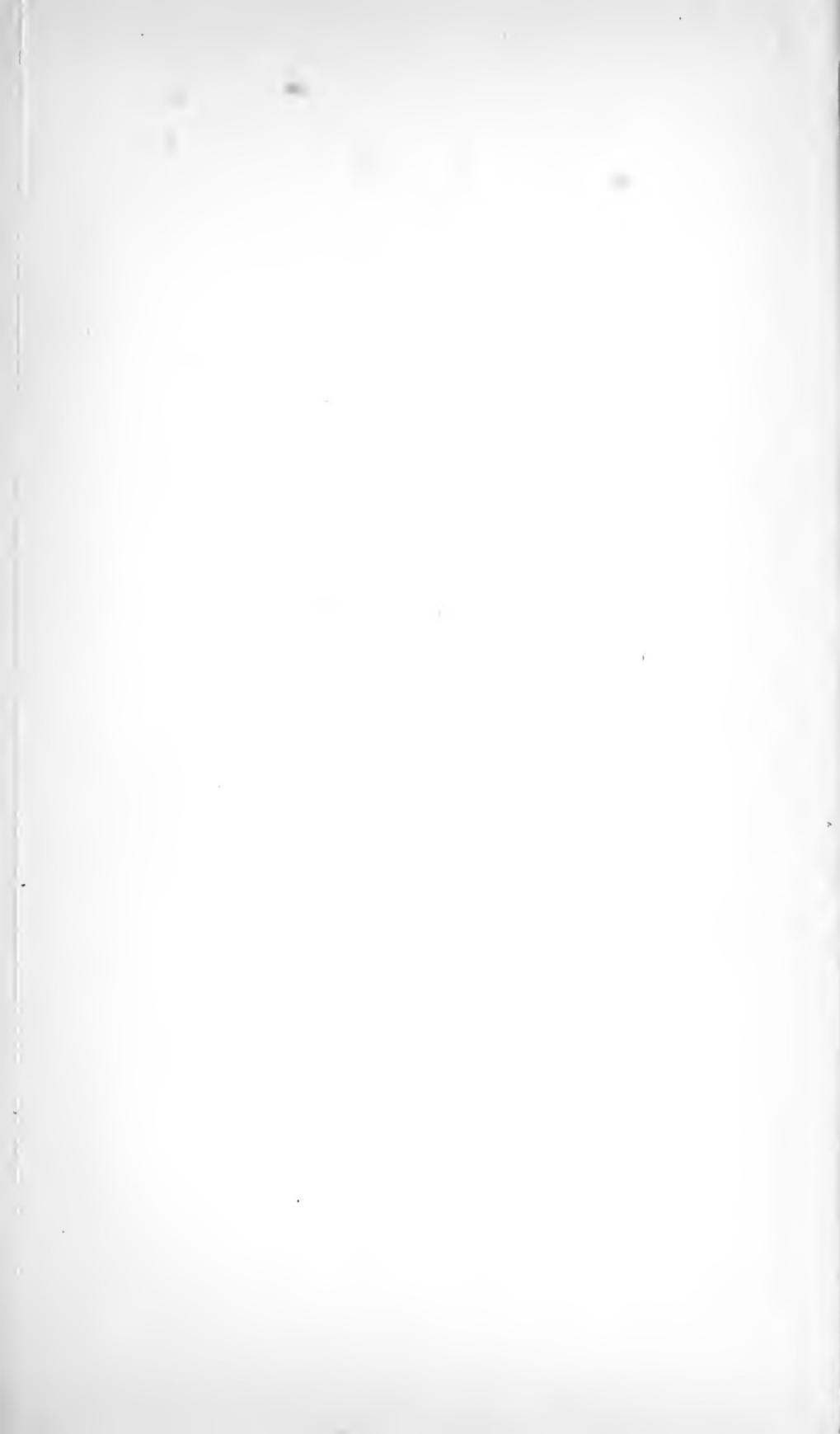
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	REV. THOMAS B. LAIRD, D.D.,
	MR. JOHN P. GREEN.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

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MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.

FINANCE:

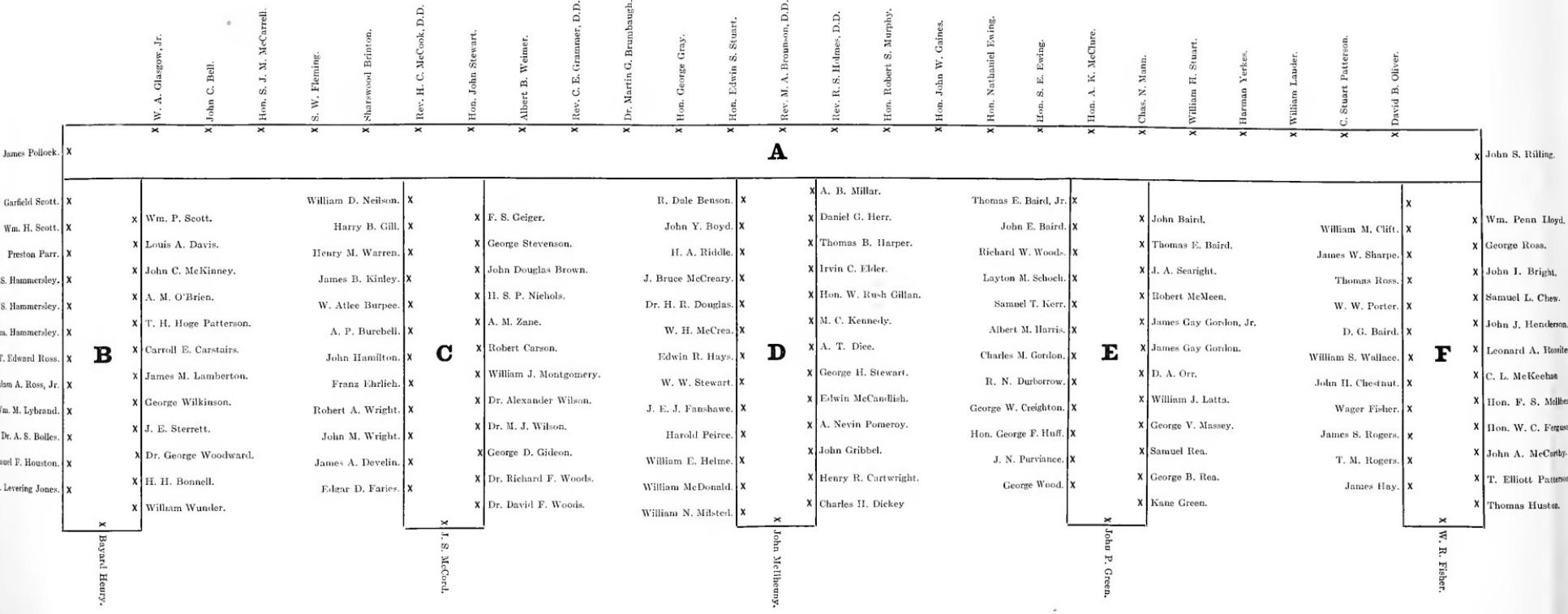
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PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 21st, 1908.



NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Nineteenth Annual Meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on Friday, February 21st, 1908, at 7 P. M., the President, Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., in the chair.

Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook reported that the movement to erect a monument to Francis Makemie had been successfully completed and that the monument would be dedicated on May 14th, 1908. For an account and picture of this monument see Appendix "B," page 73.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending February 1st, 1908, was presented and approved. (See Appendix C, page 77.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, HON. HARMAN YERKES.

First Vice-President, HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

Second Vice-President, HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. JOHN McILHENNY,	REV. THOS. B. LAIRD, D. D.,
HON. A. K. MCCLURE,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D. D.,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D.	

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Carl E. Grammer, S. T. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., the President of the Society, said:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—It is my high honor and pleasant privilege to preside at this nineteenth annual meeting of our noble organization and at the nineteenth annual banquet of our society; and this honor and this privilege ought to awaken within the breast of any man a feeling of pride that is somewhat pardonable. Certain is it that this is my attitude of mind and my feeling of heart, to-night. I thank you for your gracious consideration and for this expression of your confidence, in calling me to this high office; and now I call upon you for your enthusiastic support, in an abundant entrance into the spirit of this occasion, by giving due heed to the wisdom—"the feast of reason"—which will be spread out before you, by the distinguished gentlemen who will address you; and by giving due applause to the wit which is sure to find mirth-provoking voices (applause), as it flows from their *souls* to ours. These occasions are worth while. They justify themselves. They have accomplished much toward the removal of a reproach which has rested upon our renowned race. Before the era of the Scotch-Irish Congress in America, and the era of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society banquets, no poet had arisen from among us to sing our "arms" and our "men," nor had any historian appeared among our own people to write the "plain, unvarnished," perhaps varnished, tale of the unprecedented heroism, in war, of our sturdy stock in this land, or of the achievements of men of our blood along the paths of peace. It had been left for Froude, for Fiske, and for Bancroft and other great historians, to tell of the sturdy virtues and heroic deeds of the Scotch-Irish race. But in these later and better days we have been growing our own annalists, our own novelists, and even our own poets. Our men of our heroic age were too busy in making history to record the part which they

themselves were playing in it; but their descendants, stirred and stimulated by occasions such as this, have undertaken the just and the worthy task of telling us who our forefathers were and who we are, and so justifying our right to be. Signs are not wanting that the muse of poetry is now among us, and that graceful and glowing verse will yet celebrate, with all its sweet charm, the heroic virtues of our forebears, and their noble achievements already written in stately prose. You will remember that, two years ago, at this banqueting board, the most versatile Scotch-Irishman of us all, equally at home in history and heraldry (civil and ecclesiastical), under the flag of his country on the battlefield, and beneath the cross of peace in the pulpit, among the bugs of the field and amidst the subtleties of human thought, broke out into a song of King's Mountain which held us spellbound (applause), and if I mistake not, and for aught I know, there will be another outburst of this same fountain of poesy here to-night.

I repeat it. These occasions justify themselves. We are, and of right ought to be, the eulogists of our own noble race.

It is a noble race we represent. "Scotch, and therefore sane," is a phrase which lately dropped from the pen of a distinguished son of Scotia. I take the liberty of adding "Irish, and therefore sensitive;" and of defining the Scotch-Irishman as a man sane and sensitive, or, in other words, a man of head and a man of heart (applause), and if I mistake not, there is need for the Scotch-Irishman to-day. Emphasis is being placed, in our time, upon the virtue of sanity (laughter), and there is a call for leaders among men who have wisdom enough to solve the complicated problems of our complex life, by destroying what is distinctively pernicious and evil, while preserving that which is distinctively good and to be approved. There is need of sensitiveness also, that virtue which our Scotch forebears took on when they migrated to the north of Ireland. For, although strict orthodoxy upon this racial question, with no taint of the "liberalism" which fails to make any close distinction, or of the "higher criticism" which destroys all our preconceived notions with reference to our people—although untainted orthodoxy insists that the Scotch emigrants to the north of Ireland never intermarried with the native Irish,

but remained a Scotch people, and do until this day; yet I think we must all acknowledge that, alongside the big sane brain of our ancestors there was an enlargement of heart in Ireland, the land of sentiment, and the Scotchman was improved by his emigration, and, coming to this new land, he expanded with the expansion of the country in both brain and heart, and we humbly believe that the Scotch-Irishman has reached his highest development here. (Applause.) Look about you. (Laughter.) You will find the Scotch-Irishman to the fore always. We have in this State of ours, where some wrongs are yet to be righted, I understand (laughter), a Scotch-Irish Governor (applause); a Scotch-Irish Lieutenant-Governor (applause); a Scotch-Irish Attorney-General (applause); a Scotch-Irish Railroad Commission (laughter and applause); a goodly sprinkling of Scotch-Irishmen throughout the entire official life of the State, and a large Scotch-Irish vote in all the counties thereof; and, with such sanity and with the sensitiveness that retains, in reverence, the highest ideals of our race, particularly that reverence for law whose "home is the bosom of God" and whose glory is that "the very least feel its protecting power, while the greatest are not exempt from its control" (applause)—with the sanity and the sensitiveness of the Scotch-Irish race to the fore, in Pennsylvania, may we not hope for brighter and for better days in the good old Commonwealth?

The Scotch-Irishman knows what he is about. From a boy, he knows that. I feel sure it was a Scotch-Irish boy who asked his father for a half-dollar, that he might give it to a man at the foot of the village street, who was there taking in money, and, when the father, pleased with the boy's benevolent turn of mind, asked him who the man was, replied: "Why, he is standing at the door of the circus tent." (Laughter.) The Scotch-Irishman always knows what he is about. Mr. Carnegie, we are told, received a letter some time ago, entreating his financial assistance, and the letter ran thus: "Dear Mr. Carnegie: Please send me a dollar. I wish to buy a hymn book. P. S. Be sure and send a dollar and not the hymn book." (Laughter.) That was a Scotch-Irish petitioner, surely.

A Scotch-Irish minister was in a great predicament. He was about to mount the pulpit stairs to deliver his weekly sermon, when he discovered, to his dismay, that his manuscript was missing. It was a mile away, in the manse, and he could not preach without it. This was a poser for the preacher, but he was equal to the occasion. He set the people to singing the 119th psalm (laughter), which, as you seem to know, is terrifically long, and, after the congregation had begun to sing, away galloped the minister to the manse and back again, as quickly as horse's hoofs could bring him, and, entering the church, with some trepidation he quietly asked the clerk how the congregation was getting on with the singing. "Well, sir," said the clerk, "they have reached the 87th verse, and now they are cheepin' like wee mice."

(Laughter.)

Gentlemen, sane and sensitive, let this occasion which has brought us "home" to break bread together and to rejoice in this pleasant fellowship and in recollections of the folk-lore and the tales and traditions of our forebears, be to us an inspiration as well as a pleasure. With the principles of our godly fathers and mothers fixed in our minds, let us press on to complete what they so triumphantly began, and let us remember Earl Russell's line, which he quoted to men of his day who were boasting of their goodly heritage, as appropriate perhaps in the way of a sentiment for to-night:—

"They who on noble ancestry enlarge,
Proclaim their debt instead of their discharge."

(Applause.)

Gentlemen, we are favored this evening, and this occasion is graced, by the presence of a distinguished jurist, whose personal character has endeared him to all who have the privilege of his acquaintance, and whose conspicuous public services, in the Senate of the United States, as plenipotentiary of our government in the commission which sat at Paris to determine the conditions of peace after the Spanish-American War between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain, as an arbitrator in the section of our State where mining difficulties had prevailed and where his

ripe judgment and unimpeachable sense of justice were brought to bear upon the settlement of a most difficult question, and, particularly, whose public services on the bench of the federal court have endeared him to the hearts of many people of this land and have awakened, among all men who know of his services, a high regard. It is my privilege to-night to present to you the Honorable George Gray, of Delaware, Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. (Applause.)

HON. GEORGE GRAY:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—When my friend Judge Yerkes broached to me the idea that there was to be a Scotch-Irish banquet in this city some weeks ago, and that they were gracious enough to ask for my presence, he told me, “It is a very informal affair. You will not be required to speak unless you want to.” So he has put me in the position of wanting to speak, but he did not tell me that I should have to deprecate the compliments of your chairman, so undeserved and so beyond anything that I have a right to expect. I cannot live up, Mr. Chairman, to all that you have said, either in speech or in conduct.

I wonder how many banquets like this would be able to respond as heartily as this one did, with apparently an evident understanding as to what the 119th psalm was. (Laughter and applause.) I know that most of those who claim Scotch-Irish descent understand it, but I was very much struck with the hearty appreciation of the story told by your chairman, which I doubt very much would have received a like appreciation from any like number of men of any other faith or lineage. (Applause.) I was reminded, as your chairman was speaking, of a story of a Scotch-Irishman in the Valley of Virginia, a fine old Virginia colonel, who had led the life of a Virginia colonel. (Laughter.) He was fond of horse racing and cards, but nevertheless he had been brought up in the faith, and when he was over sixty, becoming ill, he sent for the rector of the Episcopal Church to come and see him, and he came and, being a gentleman, as such men in his calling are apt to be, he said, “Colonel, I am very glad to respond to your call. I was a little sur-

prised, knowing that you had been brought up in a different faith, but I hope I may be of service to you." "Well," said he, "Doctor, it is true I was brought up, as you know, a Presbyterian, but I have been leading rather an Episcopalian sort of life." (Laughter.) I suppose that story will not offend any of my Episcopalian brethren (laughter), for I am very sure that the Colonel received great consolation from the gentleman who called upon him.

It is pleasant to be here and to look over this great assembly of brainy men, sane men, and sensitive men, who contribute so largely to the well being of the commonwealth of which they are citizens. It seems as if we were a little safer when we get together men, may I say, of our blood and lineage, for I have the satisfaction of claiming, on one side at least, to be of your people and of your ancestry. (Applause.)

The County Antrim in Ireland did a great deal for this country when, in the middle of the century before the last, it started that stream of immigration over here, which flowed down through the hills of Pennsylvania and the valleys of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and East Tennessee, and peopled them with the sturdy, courageous men and women who, as pioneers in the wilderness, built up so many of the glorious communities that now are the strength and pride of the American people. (Applause.) We owe much to them, as you all know, and it is not for me to recount the history and the achievements and the triumphs of your race in this country, and how they have participated in every struggle for freedom and liberty regulated by law, and for that individual independence that has made this country what it is. You hear your own praises often enough (laughter), but you will pardon me if, in a somewhat desultory fashion and very briefly, I speak to you this evening of matters of present interest and of matters which come home to the heart of every Scotch-Irishman, as they do come home to the heart of every true American over this broad land of ours.

If my thought and what I say to-night are colored, like the dyer's hand, with what it works in, you will pardon me, but I cannot refrain from reminding you that we have not

only a country and a government to reform, but, as our President said the other day, you have a country to save as well as a country to reform (applause), and it is worth saving. The institutions of this country are worth the price that was paid for them. It is worth something to know that they mean to us what they meant to our forefathers. They mean the guarantee of individual liberty to work out our own salvation in our own way, accountable to the God over us all, and untrammeled except by those restraints that are put upon every free man, not to interfere with the like freedom of his brother and his neighbor. (Applause.) We are not a country of malefactors, wealthy or poor. (Applause.) I do not believe that the people of this country are a lawless people. I know they are not, and you know they are not. If they know the law they will obey it—I mean the mass of them—and those who do not will receive not only the punishment denounced by law, but they will receive the opprobrium of good men everywhere, of our race and of every other race. The man who violates the laws of a free country puts himself in a position where every honest man is his enemy. Therefore, when the laws are known and understood, we need have little fear but that they will be obeyed, and I have no fear that we are to have any serious stop or let-up in our advancing civilization by reason of the lack of any of those personal qualities which are essential to a law-abiding community.

Our institutions, I said, are worth preserving. Our dual form of government is worth preserving. We do not, unless I mistake the character of the American people, believe in absolutism anywhere. We do not believe in placing untrammeled power anywhere. We believe in that local self-government which the happy accident of our history has made our birthright. Our colonies grew into separate States, each endowed with a sovereignty which is only qualified by the formation of a general government, to which enumerated powers have been delegated. Owing to this happy beginning, there has been an opportunity for the realization of a local self-government, which theretofore and in other lands has only been the dream of political philosophers. In other civilized countries its attainment

has been attempted by a distribution of powers by a central government down through and among communities which were the creations of that government and were dependent upon it for their existence, while here it has, like all enduring institutions, been the natural product of time and circumstance. The right of local self-government is inherent in the sovereignty of each State, and depends upon no power extraneous to itself, and looks to no great central authority, except for its guaranteed protection. The States one and all—the smallest as well as the greatest, the newest as well as the oldest—stand on the firm ground of their equal sovereignty and equally share the rights of the charter members of the great corporation of American Liberty.

Your distinguished and honored Governor is the head of a sovereign State, and has no authority or power other than that derived from the expressed will of the freemen of this great commonwealth. He is not the Governor of a province, the appointee of the federal government at Washington. This dual government is, as I have said, our birthright, and from it such tremendous and beneficent results have flowed that we are driven to believe that neither chance nor accident, but the guiding hand of a Divine Power, has shaped our destiny and controlled our ends. We are proud of our citizenship in the States to which we severally belong. It is there we learn the first lessons of civic duty and are taught the first principles of that liberty which subordination to self-imposed law can alone make perfect. Good citizenship of the State creates and fosters good citizenship of the United States, and there is a competition among the States in all that makes for the advancement of civilization and the betterment of the condition of humanity. Owing to this competition, comparative jurisprudence has had a development here that it has had nowhere else in the civilized world. One State may take a forward and tentative step for the betterment of social conditions, while all the other States stand by and watch the result of what may be an experiment. With the advancing education and intelligence of the people, experiments in government have thus been enabled to be localized. The tentative step

sometimes proves a desirable advance step, which may thus safely be taken by other communities, without shock or disturbance of public feeling or existing institutions. A certain healthy rivalry and competition between the States have resulted, and have done much for the common advancement of all. Wyoming and Colorado are trying the experiment of woman suffrage, and the results are watched by the people of all the States. Whether this system shall generally obtain, will depend upon the comparison of advantages and disadvantages that flow from it, as found by actual experience.

A wholesome State pride is not inimical to the union of the States, nor does it detract from loyalty to the general government in the exercise of its just powers. On the contrary, as we all remember, that self-respect and pride in State citizenship was a potent factor in rallying the military force of the nation to the defense of its government in the Civil War, and there was a keen and loyal competition among the States in furnishing their regiments at the call of the federal government in that war, as well as in the late war with Spain, each proudly bearing the designation of the State. It is thus that the people comprising the community of each separate State have learned to feel and believe that their civic well being, their enjoyment of the largest measure of individual liberty consistent with public order and the like liberty of others, and their protection in the rights of person and of property, depended upon themselves—upon the wisdom, virtue, and self-restraint they could bring to the exercise of their duty as citizens of a free State. Their capacity for self-government will be tested by their ability to recognize the wisdom and to appreciate the importance of those limitations which, while they are limitations on their own power, will preserve their liberties in the future as they have done in the past.

The powers confided to the general government are large and beneficent, and, within their proper sphere, controlling and paramount. The growth of wealth and population, and the increasing activities of modern life, have created a wider range for the exercise of the powers delegated by the

Constitution to the general government, and have been extended to new objects of federal control. Under the commerce clause of the Constitution, there is no difficulty in controlling all the great instrumentalities of interstate and foreign commerce. The corporations engaged in interstate commerce may be controlled as easily as individuals engaged in a like pursuit. We have no need of larger powers. The general government is strong enough for all the purposes for which it was created. What we chiefly need to guard against is the extension of its powers in directions and to objects never intended for their exercise. We should oppose at all times and everywhere the beginnings of encroachment by centralized power upon the reserved rights of the States and the local self-government guaranteed by those rights. We do not wish to close the door through which the powers of the federal government may legitimately enter for the control of commerce, but it behooves us, as good citizens, to guard against the entry through that door of those forces of centralization which, under the mere pretense of regulating interstate commerce, are seeking participation in the internal affairs of the States. There are some advantages, we may admit, in a highly centralized and absolute government, and we may appreciate the thoroughness and directness with which such governments may accomplish their ends, but we must forego such incidental advantages for the sake of the blessings of freedom and the institutions of local self-government. We must pay the price of the liberty we enjoy.

These things are all the more necessary to be considered in times of stress and excitement than in those of comparative peace and quietude.

I do not know that I ought to say anything more. You have very kindly listened to these unprepared and desultory remarks, and I ought not to detain you from those who are to follow me, but I wish to say before I close that we all must feel that we are living in a changing epoch.

Problems have ripened, or are ripening to-day for us, that have never been ready for solution before. Every generation had its own peculiar problems. We had the

formative period of our government. We had crises of different kinds. We had the contests between the strict constructionists and liberal constructionists of the Constitution, but under the wise formative decisions of the great central tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States, there is very little ground left for difference of opinion as to what this government is and what is the genius of its structure. Then we come to the great Civil War, the contest that could not be submitted to arbitration, but had to be fought out in the bloody arbitrament of the sword, and when that passed we went through the period of reconstruction with all its problems, so serious, so fraught with danger, not only to the States which had seceded and were restored to the Union, but to the whole country, and my friend from Tennessee can tell you better than I the dangers and the perils of that distressing period. We have come through economic crises, and now we come to the present time when social questions are pressing to the front. They challenge our serious and our most patriotic consideration. How shall they be most wisely solved? The great industries of the country have grown so enormously, the wealth of the country, collective and individual, has increased to such enormous proportions that it seems as if we were confronted with dangers from the very colossal nature of the prosperity that has been the result of the remarkable development of the national resources of a continent not yet fully occupied, and whose wealth has not been yet fully exploited. We have invited from foreign lands a stream of immigration that awakens fears in the breasts of many lest we shall be overwhelmed with alien races who do not speak our language and who do not think our thoughts and who are strangers to this complex government of ours, which seems to us so beautiful in its symmetry, this dual government of ours. They do not understand its genius or its structure, and may not be able to appreciate the blessings that have flown and will flow from it if it is preserved. It may be that we have grown too fast. It may be that this incoming tide that crosses the ocean on our eastern coast, to speak nothing of a still more menacing threat upon the west, is coming too fast.

The great steamship companies of our country and of the old world, for their own gain, are distributing their advertisements all over the great centres of population in the old world, and bringing here a mass of people who, if they come too fast, we may not be able to properly assimilate. I do not know. Sometimes I feel it is true we might be happier and safer if we made a slower rate of progress, if we were content with smaller gains, if we did not depend too much on the exploitation which needs these incoming hordes, and trusted, as our catechism says, to the ordinary processes of generation for the increase of our population. I do not know, but it seems to me that it is a matter that deserves consideration, and it may be that it deserves and will receive some sort of defensive provision and some sort of legislation that may check what is abnormal about it and bring it down to its natural proportions. We do not need that we should build up the fortunes of the few who are inviting this incoming tide, to stimulate almost to frenzy the dollar-getting propensities of our race, and then after arriving at a culmination, so to speak, periodically, sink down into a depression which is full of danger and fraught with menace to the very existence of society, and certainly to its peace and its order. We could get along, I am sure, with less of government aid, with less of government stimulus to the money-getting and the money-accumulating of our time. (Applause.) Whether we call it protection or subsidy, we do not need in this broad land of ours, with all its natural resources that an abundant providence has spread out before us, the artificial stimulus that legislation has been supplying. However good the intention may have been, we no longer need that stimulus, because it begets dangers that were not thought of or dreamed of by those who inaugurated or advocated the policies to which I refer. (Applause.) No, I believe that the country is sufficiently protected now, and some of its evils come—God save the mark—from an overweening prosperity. I do not believe that the many are dishonest. As I said before, I believe that the great mass of my countrymen are honest and law-abiding citizens of their several States and of the great republic of the United

States, and that when they know the law they will obey it in the main, and when they do not obey it they will receive the punishment that they deserve, with the applause and approbation of all good citizens, and that is all there is about law at any rate. There is no necessity for excitement. There is no necessity for hysteria, no necessity for proclaiming that there are these great dangers of lawless people to overwhelm this country with the maleficent influences that come from men who do not feel the responsibility that good citizenship should always make men feel.

In order that we may understand, in order that we may appreciate what this government of ours is, and what these institutions are that have lasted for one hundred and twenty-five years or more, what they have done for this country, let us cherish that scheme of government made by the Constitution of the United States. It was good enough for our fathers. Under its benign influence and under the government it has created, we have advanced as no other people have ever advanced, and there is no reason why we should deem it inadequate for the future. A government so strong that it can put its hand out and control the greatest corporation that ever existed in the world's history is strong enough without seeking to add to its powers. (Applause.) We do not need to. The powers of the general government have been adequate to the new occasions that have arisen. That great "commerce clause," as it is called, of the Constitution, the great open door through which these powers have been summoned and will be summoned in the future, surely should be wide enough to gratify every man who seeks or who admires a strong central government, and we do not need, either by construction of the Constitution or by legislation, to increase those powers. The institutions of the country as they exist, our dual form of government, State and national, are adequate for the future problems with which we will be confronted, as they have been in the past. It is just as easy to control a corporation engaged in interstate commerce as it is to control an individual. A man who carries truck across from New Jersey to the Philadelphia market is engaged in interstate commerce, and whether it be a corporation or a

huckster, it or he can be controlled under the commerce clause of the Constitution, and we need have no fear that they will not be controlled when the American people awake to the necessity of that control. But do not, I implore you, let us lose sight of individual liberty, and the local self-government that fosters it. Let us leave something to individual initiation, and not look to Washington for a remedy for every grievance, real or imaginary, or seek to create a centralization and paternalism in the federal government that will destroy the fabric our fathers have constructed. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—The Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania are proud of their achievements along many lines of civilization and progress, but, perhaps, for no one phase of the public development do our people cherish a loftier pride than for the educational services rendered by our race. We have with us, to-night, a gentleman who has served the University of Pennsylvania,—an idol among his students; and who is now the superintendent of public schools in the City of Philadelphia. Our city has never had a more intelligent or more competent head of its public school system, and I know that you will receive with gladness this gentleman who is now to speak to us. I may say that his presence here to-night is illustrative of one of the fundamental beliefs of the Scotch-Irish people, namely, “the perseverance of the saints,” for, to my personal knowledge, this is the third time that a committee of the Scotch-Irish Society has been most diligent, painstaking and persistent in trying to secure the services of Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh. He is here, and we welcome him heartily. (Applause.)

MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH, LL.D.:—

GENTLEMEN:—I feel, in response to that introduction, pretty much as the darkey did who was accosted on the street by a man who said to him, “Sambo, can you change for me a twenty dollar bill?” He said, “Lord, Boss, I never saw that much money, but I thank you for the com-

pliment." (Laughter.) As I sat here in this brilliant array of gentlemen, I was impressed once again with the peculiar situation confronting me. I am not the governor of this commonwealth, I am not a judge on the United States bench, I am not a great minister of the church. I am just an ordinary public school teacher, belonging to that mighty army of people who in a quiet and unobtrusive way everywhere in this mighty republic are making for our country its governors and judges and ministers. (Applause.) These all shine by reflected light. (Laughter.) They bear the mark and the impress and the polish of the faithful school teacher somewhere in this republic of ours. In this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, perhaps as nowhere else in the Union, from the beginning we had fortunate conditions. To start with, the grandest man that crossed the Atlantic Ocean in Colonial days, grand as a man, as a statesman, as a leader, as a patriot, was the founder of this Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, William Penn. (Applause.) Because of his broad catholicity and his vision of the type of life that we have come to prize, Pennsylvania from the beginning became the home of all sorts of people, particularly of three large groups of people, the Quakers, the Pennsylvania Germans, maliciously called the Pennsylvania Dutch (laughter), and the Scotch-Irish. For myself, I belong to that slow, deliberate Pennsylvania group of our people. If I were not a Pennsylvania German I would want to be another one. (Laughter.) I have no use or sympathy for any man who is ashamed of his ancestry in America (applause), and I am glad that mine smacks of schmierkäse and sauerkraut back to the Rhine Valley. (Laughter.)

Just for a minute let us study the situation in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. If you were to take a string and tie one end of it to William Penn on our beautiful, modern, delightful city hall, and, extending the string to twenty-five miles, describe a circumference through Pennsylvania, you would enclose in that zone substantially the home of the Colonial Quaker, busy in his capital with trade with the mother country, and in the development of incipient

industries, which now seem no longer to be incipient. If you were to extend the string to double that length and describe a second circumference, in that second zone beyond the Quaker, and between the twenty-five and the fifty mile belt, you would enclose substantially the home of the Colonial Pennsylvania German. Now if you were again to extend the string to one hundred miles and describe a third circumference, in that outer zone you would find substantially the home of the Scotch-Irish. You have heard it said, and said with pride, that not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by the Indians. How could it be with fifty miles of aggressive Scotch-Irish (laughter), and twenty-five miles of solid stolid Dutch between the Quaker proprietor and the Indians yonder in the mountains? (Laughter.) In the Colonial times the German, for reasons which I have not time to enumerate, was very fond of his Quaker neighbor, to the east. Together they organized the Colonial Legislature. Together they controlled the destinies of the colony, leaving the poor frontiersman to fight his battles unaided and alone, and to fight out with the Indians on the mountains of Pennsylvania the security of American civilization for his children, but when the Revolutionary War came on and the Quaker retreated from his aggressive control of the government, it was the Scotch-Irish, backed by a large number of the Pennsylvania Germans, that leaped to the front, won the revolutionary struggle, and organized the government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and to this day the Scotch-Irish have run Pennsylvania with Dutch aid. (Applause.) Once in a while we give a German a little chance to become something in the State, but substantially, as your presiding officer has proudly enumerated, it is a Scotch-Irish government, and we are proud of that fact, and I suppose we might as well be proud of it, because that is the way it will be, proud or not proud. (Laughter.) Yes, you have got to make the best you can of a bad job! Have you ever wondered how this Scotch-Irish frontiersman found himself in the valleys between the Blue and the Alleghanies? You will remember that at one time there was a dispute here as to who owned a certain belt of territory lying north of the

Maryland Proprietary and south of the Pennsylvania Proprietary. You know that line was finally surveyed, but long before the survey there was only one group of people that had the courage to enter upon that disputed belt of territory and, pushing westward upon it, flank the Quaker and the German and possess the frontier of Colonial Pennsylvania. That was the Scotch-Irishman. His trail, starting at the Log College, can be traced by his institutions of learning all the way to the frontier, for two things must be said always to the credit of the pioneer Scotch-Irishman on the frontier of Pennsylvania. Wherever he fought the Indians, erected his cabin, and founded his home, he built there his church and his school (applause), and carried with him in the very forefront of our American activities education and religion, and when Washington invested the British army at Boston, the first troops to march to his relief were Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish and Germans from the town of York, in Pennsylvania. Marching under Captain Henry Miller, through the dead of winter, all the way to Boston, the Pennsylvania frontiersmen tightened the grip upon the British army and literally drove it to Halifax.

There are one or two things that I happen to know about you Scotch-Irish (laughter), because I was brought up in your midst in the heart of Pennsylvania, and I want to tell you just a few of those things. It is not generally known that the first literary magazine published in America west of the Susquehanna River was published by the Scotch-Irish in the town of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1810. It is not generally known that only a little east from there lived a man on the frontier, acting as the agent of the British Government, who next to the Pennsylvania Germans (this man being a Scotch-Irishman and therefore next to the Pennsylvania German) was the ablest interpreter to the Indians in all North America, and when the Albany Convention was called by Franklin in 1754 it was Conrad Wiser, a Pennsylvania German from Berks County, and George Groghan, a Scotch-Irishman from Huntingdon County, that acted, with Andrew Montour, as interpreters in that mighty convention that led the way for the first and second congresses here in the City of Philadelphia. (Applause.)

Your chairman has referred to the essential headiness and heartiness of your people. My observation leads me to add another trait. You are the scrappiest lot in Pennsylvania. (Laughter.) You like a fight. You hunted for it in those Colonial days and got it good and hard here and there on the frontier, but don't you think that the measure of the prowess of a people is the measure of their power of initiative? Everything that made for the essential development of this colony and commonwealth was headed in a most effective and aggressive way by this same dominant Scotch-Irish pioneer. It was he, somewhere in the group, that broke away from the traditions and set the standards for the new things that had to be.

There is another thing that I have noticed about the Scotch-Irish up in Pennsylvania. I do not know much about them here in Philadelphia. We are such a cosmopolitan lot here that nobody knows which is the other until you find them out at a dinner like this, but up there in the State I have noticed this thing, and I speak of it with a very great deal of satisfaction, that Pennsylvania has no warmer, stauncher, or more aggressive supporters of her mighty educational system than the Scotch-Irish people. (Applause.) That is the truth of history, and it is a far reaching thing to remember when you call to mind the fact that your democracy, State and national, that your governmental institutions that you have heard so boldly and so discriminattingly defined here in your presence to-night, depend entirely upon the common knowledge which the common masses of our people possess, and your little red schoolhouses on your hilltops and in your valleys are the very foundations of your democracy and the teachers of your republic (applause), and the man who stands by the side of the public school and gives to it his sympathy and his resources is the highest type of patriot that we breed in this republic to-day wherever he lives. (Applause.) So I wanted to-night to come here and pay my tribute of reverence and regard to a people who have been consistently and steadily the friends of the public schools of Pennsylvania. More than that, as early as 1726, over at the Old

Log College on the Neshaminy, Rev. William Tennent began a series of educational activities, the history of which is without parallel in this great country of ours. For along that line on the southern border of Pennsylvania the pupils of William Tennent established three distinct and separate schools of divinity to train frontiersmen to preach the gospel to their brethren. There was, first of all, what is known as the School of the Prophets in Chester County, founded in 1741, by Rev. Samuel Blair. In this school there was trained for the presidency of Princeton University, Rev. Samuel Davies, also to the church the Rev. John Rodgers, Rev. Alexander Cumming, James Finley, and Hugh Henry. A brother of Rev. Samuel Blair, John Blair, was vice-president of Princeton University, and here in this little Chester County school was also educated Dr. Samuel Finley, afterward president of Princeton College, and who himself established three years later a second of these great schools along the frontier to the south at Nottingham in Chester County, and from this school went Governor Martin, of North Carolina, also Dr. Benjamin Rush, his brother Judge Rush, Ebenezer Hazard, Esq., Rev. James Waddel, D.D., the eloquent blind preacher of Virginia, made immortal by William Wirt, also Colonel John Bayard, and Governor Henry, of Maryland. This man Finley, out in the woods of Chester County, had conferred on him by the University of Glasgow the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was the first time in the history of the world that an American educated minister received that degree from any European institution of learning.

The third of these schools was on Pequa Creek, in Lancaster County, founded in 1750 by Rev. Robert Smith, who was also a graduate of Tenant's school at the Log College. His son, Samuel S. Smith, D.D., was president of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, afterward president of Princeton University. Another son, Rev. John Blair Smith, became president of Hampden Sidney College, and was the first president of Union College at Schenectady in New York. The third son, William, his father declared was the equal of either of them in preaching the gospel to the comfort

of the common people. I mention these names, familiar as they are to Scotch-Irish people, to point a second thought concerning the educational interests of these people. They stood for the integrity of an educated leadership in their church from the beginning, and that has been of far reaching consequence here in our American civilization, for it would be unfortunate indeed and sad would be the hour for our people when we should lower the standard of intelligence that directs the thought along religious educational lines for the masses of our people, and it is of immense value to us that from the beginning these Scotch-Irish people had the courage to stand, often with empty pulpits, until they secured a man of the right intellectual and religious fibre and spirit to teach effectively the message of the Master to the frontiersmen in the wilderness. (Applause.) It was also this high standard of effective leadership that brought first to our American soil the recognition of European scholars. It was their work that answered in the most effective way the slur of one of England's lords of trade, who said, "Let the Colonists raise tobacco," by proving to the lords of trade that here in the wilderness, as yonder in the cultured capital, we were raising not only tobacco, but men, able, chivalrous, and courageous, fighting the battles of humanity and laying broad and deep the principles of a civilization which later on was organized into this mighty government of ours. (Applause.)

The lesson for you and for me, as I see it, is that we shall keep those standards and that devotion intact, that we shall make our public school system absolutely the finest institution in all our civilization, looking to it as the very nursery and cradle and hope of our democracy, and that we shall breed always in our higher institutions of learning men of a pre-eminent type of scholarship, who shall stand in the pulpit and public places and lead the people not only to understand, but also to love both their country and their country's God. (Applause.)

HON. BAYARD HENRY:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been requested by the Committee of Arrangements to present this token to you—a Scotch-Irish

spoon. As you know, it is very difficult for the Scotch-Irishman to give up anything he has laid his hands on, but it is easier to give it to another Scotch-Irishman than to anyone else.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Councilman Henry, I desire to express my appreciation of this token. I receive it with gratitude and I thank you, with all my heart, for the spoon and for your graceful presentation of it.

HON. BAYARD HENRY:—

I was warned by the Committee to make no speech.

THE PRESIDENT:—

A Scotch-Irishman always takes a hint from another Scotch-Irishman graciously, and I will make no speech in reply. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, the sunny South contributed, from its Scotch-Irish element, towards the making of our great republic, the Mecklenburg Declaration, and the South has sent to us to-night a gentleman whose voice and message I am sure you will be glad to hear, the Honorable John Wesley Gaines, who represents, in the National House of Representatives, the Sixth Congressional District of the State of Tennessee. He has left the national capital to spend the eve of Washington's Birthday with us, and we give him a glad welcome. (Applause.)

HON. JOHN WESLEY GAINES:—

MR. TOASTMASTER, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—To be your guest is a great honor, which I appreciate, but to be at the same time invited to respond to the toast, "The Mecklenburg Declaration," is a distinction which I fear I do not merit. I have not had the opportunity to bestow upon it the careful study it deserves, my main excuse being, gentlemen, that I have been facing a Cannon since the first Monday in last December (laughter), and I gladly change positions, even to face Scotch-Irish,

whose forefathers shed first blood for American Independence, at the Alamance, one hundred and thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Toastmaster, I came here thinking that it was not your desire that I give an extended history of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but since reaching the Chamber, I have been otherwise advised.

To the student of history, such a research is most interesting; to the lover of the antique, it is most enjoyable; to the public speaker, it is a fruitful source of discourse, but to the plain liberty-loving American citizen, it is all these and more, for it rekindles the fires of patriotism, and especially in the heart of the Scotch-Irishman, who wrote and proclaimed the first Declaration of Independence on American soil.

That such a Declaration was framed and proclaimed "May, 1775," is admitted, but its birthday and genuineness are disputed. One school contends that it was considered throughout May 19th, 1775, and until two o'clock A. M. May 20th; that then and there it was signed by all of the committee and publicly read about mid-day of May 20th, 1775, at the Court House in Charlotte, North Carolina. The other school denies that it was issued on either of these days and contends that the only or real Declaration was framed and promulgated in Charlotte, May 31st, 1775. In brief, both schools agree that the Mecklenburgh Declaration was issued and proclaimed "May, 1775."

Regardless of the day, "The Mecklenburgh Declaration" antedates, by more than thirteen months, the Declaration of Independence of July 4th, 1776.

The friends of the May 31st document contend that the May 19th-20th document is not genuine, mainly because, as they say, there is no "contemporaneous" record of it, while the May 31st document was printed in several newspapers in the Summer of 1775. It is claimed the May 20th document and the proceedings of the meeting of that date were accidentally burned, in 1800, along with the house of John McKnitt Alexander, who was secretary of the meeting and signer of the May 20th document.

The May 20th document literally declares the independence

of the people of Mecklenburg. The May 31st document may not in so many words, *but does in effect*, I think, and, if it is the document to which the then Royal Governor, Martin, alludes in his several official letters in 1775, he clearly so treated it.

The Declaration of May 20th, in part, reads thus:—

“I. *Resolved*, That whosoever, directly or indirectly, abets or in any way, form or manner countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and to the rights of man;

“II. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connections with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

“III. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of a right ought to be, a sovereign, and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

“IV. *Resolved*, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain can not be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges, or immunities against us.

“V. . *Resolved*, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of county until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

“VI. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.”

This instrument is a clean-cut Declaration of Independence, creating also a rude system of Government, to continue "until a more general and better organized system of Government be established," and hence, perhaps, as some contend, the elaborate resolutions of May 31st, establishing a "System of Government."

In a few days after May the 20th, 1775, Captain Jack was duly authorized and was sent to Philadelphia to deliver, and did deliver, copies of this instrument to the three North Carolina members of the Continental Congress and its President, but he was informed that these proceedings were "premature," and Jack so reported.

Why premature? Because at this time this Congress was considering the question of reconciliation and not independence, as shown by the second petition to the King, then being prepared by Congress. This petition, dated July 8th, 1775, in part reads:—

"Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history in which you have not been equally seditious. *We are accused of aiming at Independence; but how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of your Ministers, not by our action.*"

While the Congress was asking for a *reconciliation* and not independence, the Mecklenburgers assumed the right of self-government and declared their independence.

The Philadelphia press, by request or otherwise, omitted in June, 1775, to publish either resolution. The journals of Congress are silent as to the *presentation* or the *existence* of either of these documents. Congress as a body, it seems, officially ignored the document or documents Jack presented. Congress, while seeking peace and not independence, thought it wise to thus act.

That you may compare the two documents and form your own conclusions at will, having submitted the May 20th document, I now submit a few of the resolves of May 31st, as follows:—

"I. That all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the Crown to be exercised by these Colonies, are null and void, and the Constitution of each particular Colony wholly suspended.

"II. That the Provincial Congress of each Province, under the direction of the Great Continental Congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies.

"III. As all former laws are now suspended in this Province, and the Congress has not yet provided others, we judge it necessary for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the Internal Government of this country, until laws shall be provided for us by the Congress.

"IV. That the inhabitants of this County do meet on a certain day appointed by the Committee, and having formed themselves into nine companies (to wit: eight for the county and one for the town), do choose a colonel and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of the choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain, and former constitution of this province."

Resolves V. to XV., both inclusive, created and established courts and offices, tax laws and other regulations. In brief, the machinery with which to run the Government.

Resolve XIV. Provided:—

"That all of these officers hold their commissions during the pleasure of their several constituents."

Here are the other five resolves:—

"XVI. That whatever person shall hereafter receive a commission from the crown, or attempt to exercise any such commission heretofore received, shall be deemed an enemy to his country; and upon confirmation being made to the captain of the company in which he resides, the said company shall cause him to be apprehended and conveyed before two select men, who, upon proof of the fact, shall commit said offender to safe custody, until the next sitting of the Committee, who shall deal with him as prudence may direct.

"XVII. That any person refusing to yield obedience to the above rules shall be considered equally criminal, and

liable to the same punishment, as the offenders above last mentioned.

“XVIII. That these Resolves be in full force and virtue until instructions from the Provincial Congress regulating their jurisprudence of the province shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America.

“XIX. That the eight militia companies in this county provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements, and hold themselves in readiness to execute the commands and directions of the General Congress of this province and this Committee.

“XX. That the Committee appoint Col. Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kennedy to purchase 300 pounds of powder, 600 pounds of lead, 1000 flints for the use of the militia of this county, and deposit the same in such place as the Committee may hereafter direct.

“Signed by order of the Committee,

“Eph Brevard,

“Clerk of the Committee.”

This instrument was printed in the *South Carolina Gazette and Journal*, June 13th, 1775.

By one school it is claimed this document is only *in effect* a Declaration of Independence, while it is perfectly clear that the document of May 20th literally declares “Independence.” It is unquestionable that as early as June, 1775, a copy of one or the other of these documents, in newspaper form, fell into the hands of the Royal Governor Martin, and that he transmitted the same, with official letters, to the English Government. These letters are quoted by the friends of both documents in proof of their genuineness, meaning, and effect. Whether Governor Martin’s letters refer to the one or the other, or the two combined, his letters show that he had lost control of this colony; that the people had “explicitly” renounced “obedience to His Majesty’s Government, and all lawfull authority whatsoever;” that the people “had usurped the undoubted prerogative of the crown;” that the people had done so to “overturn the Constitution and its just prerogative,” and, as a matter of fact, the people had driven him from the face of the earth and he

had taken refuge on board his ship, the "Cruiser," as his letter shows.

It is equally certain, regardless of which document Martin had before him when he thus wrote, that he regarded it, if not in fact, certainly in effect, a Declaration of Independence.

On June 25th, 1775, he wrote thus:—

"The Seditious Combinations that have been formed and are still forming in several parts of this Colony and the violent measures they pursue in compelling His Majesty's Subjects by various kinds of intimidations to subscribe Associations inconsistent with their Duty and allegiance to their Sovereign,

"The obliging people to frequent meetings in Arms, by the usurped Authority of Committees, the recent Assemblage of a Body of armed Men, in the town of Wilmington for the purpose of awing His Majesty's Local Subjects there into submission to the dictates of an illegal and tyrannical tribunal erected thereunder that name, and the late most treasonable publication of a committee in the County of Mecklenburg explicitly renouncing obedience to His Majest's Government and all lawfull authority *whatsoever*, are such audacious and dangerous proceedings, and so directly tending to the *dissolution* of the Constitution of this Province, that I have thought it indispensably my duty to advise with you on the measures proper to be taken for the maintenance of His Majesty's Government and the Constitution of this Country, thus flagrantly insulted and violated."

From aboard his ship, "Cruiser," on August 18th, 1775, he wrote thus:—

"All of them (loyal subjects who sought him on board his sloop) who have come down here to consult me about their safety, have been intercepted, coming, or going, and searched, detained, abused, and stript of many Papers they have had about them, except a Messenger from a considerable Body of Germans, settled in the County of Mecklenburgh, who brought me a loyal Declaration against the Very *extraordinary* and *traitorous* resolve of a committee of that county, of which I have the honor to transmit a copy to your Lordship with my last despatches."

Governor Martin's council on board this sloop, June 16th, 1775, held a meeting. Its journal read thus:—

"The Governor having informed the Board that he had received advices that the People of the County of Bladen, were pursuing the Example of the People of Mecklenburgh, whose treasonable proceedings he had communicated to the Council at the last meeting (June 25) desired the advice of the Council on the measures expedient to be taken to counteract such unwarrantable and dangerous extravagancies and to check and prevent the growth of that spirit of disorder which at this time unhappily prevails in a great part of the province and especially in the County of Mecklenburgh and the Counties on the Sea Coasts, particularly evinced by the meetings which have been held among the People for the choice of Military Officers by which they have usurped the undoubted Prerogative of the Crown, and the frequent Assemblies of the People in Arms by the invitation of officers so illegally constituted

* * * James Hassell (a member of the Council) is of the opinion that his Excellency should take every lawful measure in his power to suppress the unnatural Rebellion now fomenting in Mecklenburgh and other parts of the Province in order to overturn the Constitution and His just prerogative."

I do not find that the genuineness of the Mecklenburg Declaration, whether it be the May 20th or May 31st document, was questioned before 1819, when Mr. Jefferson wrote John Adams, in part, thus:—

"I must not be understood as suggesting any doubtfulness as to the State of North Carolina. No state was more fixed or forward. Nor do I affirm positively that this paper is a fabrication because the proof of the negative can only be presumptive. But I shall not believe it such until positive and solemn proof of its authenticity shall be pronounced."

Mr. Adams had sent him a newspaper containing the "Davie Copy" of the May 20th document. Since Jefferson's letter the friends of both these documents have "dug up" much evidence tending to support the genuineness of each, while those who deny the May 20th document admit the May 31st document is genuine and, in effect, a Declaration of Independence. Had Mr. Jefferson seen the evidence that is now in known existence, we cannot believe he would have written this letter.

The latest discovery of evidence occurred in 1904. Mr.

O. J. Lehman, of Bethania, N. C., found in the archives of the Moravian Church, Bethania, in said State, pamphlet form, in script, the evidence in question. This church with great care has recorded important events of each year from 1755 to the present time.

In concluding the record for the year 1775 this language was written:—

“I cannot leave unmentioned at the end of the 1775th year that already in the summer of this year, that is, in May, June or July, the County of Mecklenburgh declared itself *free* and *independent* of England, *and* made such arrangements of their administration of the law among themselves, as later the Continental Congress made for all. This Congress, however, considered these proceedings “*premature*.”

The recorder of this event shows he had no doubt about “*Independence*” *in fact* being declared or the *other* statements he wrote, nor can we presume the church officers would have permitted a false statement to be enrolled in this place of worship.

Dissect this record “over thirty years of age,” and therefore, a “self-proving” or “ancient” document, and at a glance we see:

1. That Independence was in fact declared, and in May, June, or July, 1775;
2. And it would seem, after this action, the people arranged for the “administration of the law,” which tends to prove the adoption of a later document, probably the May 31st instrument, as some contend;
3. That “later,” Congress adopted similar machinery for “all colonies;”
4. That the proceedings of the Mecklenburgers were “*premature*,” thus corroborating Captain Jack’s report, and supports the contention that he did deliver copies of this declaration to members of this Congress.

In a letter published in the *North Carolina Observer* April 15th, 1906, Miss Adelaide L. Fries, of Salem, N. C., in a lucid and logical way, proves the authorship of this church record. She, in part, says:—

"As merchant, financier, politician, as a sturdy conscientious man, Traugott Bagg ranks among the first in this Colony."

And concludes her letter thus:—

"Summing up the evidence, therefore, it may be definitely stated that this statement was written in Salem by Traugott Bagg about 1873."

Mr. William H. Hoyte, in his recent and very able and interesting book (in opposition to the May 20th document and in favor of the May 31st document), says Mr. Bagg was, "a merchant and man of affairs in the town during the Revolutionary War."

Judge Martin, who settled in North Carolina in 1782, in his history of that State, had access, he says, to the Moravian records, in gathering data for his book, the manuscript of which he prepared between 1791 and 1809. Martin says:—

"During the several journeys, which he afterwards made to several parts of the country, he received considerable information from several individuals.

"The gentleman in possession of the records of the Quaker meetings, in Perquimans, Pasquotank Counties, and the head of a *Unitas Fratum of Moravian brethren*, cheerfully yielded their assistance."

Judge Martin in 1791 was employed by the State to digest the statutes thereof and examined them from the Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence. In 1803 he was employed by the Legislature to revise the Acts of the Assembly passed during the Proprietary, Royal and State Governments, which works suggested writing this history.

Dr. Graham, in showing that Martin had ample opportunity to obtain the facts states that in preparation of his several books and executing his official obligations, Martin was about the State capitol and came in contact "with William Polk, George Graham, and Joseph Graham, who witnessed the adoption" of this document, and he (Martin) became personally acquainted with James Harris and Robert Irwin, two of the delegates who signed the resolutions, who "were members of the legislature from Mecklenburgh County from 1791 to 1803, the time that Mr. Martin was serving his State and collecting material for his book."

In 1809 President Madison appointed Martin to a judgeship in Mississippi, whither he went that year, and later was transferred to New Orleans, where, in 1829, he printed his book from manuscript *prepared between 1791 and 1809*.

Martin substantially states that the Mecklenburgh Declaration was prepared May 19th and 20th, 1775, and promulgated on the latter date. This Moravian church record does not give the *date*, Martin *does*, and *each* states that Independence, in fact, was declared. Martin's history shows that he was familiar with the history of the Moravian church records.

Permit me to quote a few lines from Judge Martin:—

"In the month of March and April, 1775, the leading men in the County of Mecklenburgh held meetings to ascertain the sense of the people, and to confine them in their oppositions to the claims of Parliament, to impose taxes, and regulate the internal policy of the Colonies. At one of these meetings, when it was ascertained that the people were prepared to meet their wishes, it was agreed that Thomas Polk, then Colonel Commandant of the County, should issue an order directed to each Captain of Militia, requesting him to call a Company Meeting to elect two delegates from his Company to meet in General Committee, at Charlotte, on the 19th of May; giving to the delegates ample power to adopt such measures as to them should seem best calculated to promote the common cause of defending the rights of the Colonies, and aiding their brethren in Massachusetts. Colonel Polk issued the order, and the delegates were elected. They met in Charlotte on the day appointed.

"* * * On the day on which the Committee met, the first intelligence of the action at Lexington, in Massachusetts, on the 19th of April, was received in Charlotte. This intelligence produced the most decisive effect."

Mr. Hoyte, in a foot-note, says:—

"Rev. Francis L. Hawkes, [who] had richer and more valuable material than any other North Carolina Historian."

Many years ago in a very learned lecture on this subject, delivered in New York, Dr. Hawkes, in part, said:—

"But there is one fact incidentally mentioned in the story of the 19th and 20th of May, which with a knowledge of the localities, becomes very strong *confirmatory* testimony. You

remember that on the day of meeting, the express arrived (at Charlotte) with news of Lexington and Concord. Now, if anyone will take the trouble to turn to the 584th page of the Second volume of Mr. Lossing's interesting, useful and patriotic field book of the revolution, he will find there a letter from Richard Caswell, one of the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress, an attentive examination of which will show that Governor Caswell, on Sunday, the first of May, 1775, met at Petersburg, in Virginia, the express from Massachusetts, bringing the news of the Battle of Lexington.

"We may well believe that the brave men of New England lost no time in communicating to the Sister Colonies that war had begun. The Battle, near Boston, occurred on the 19th of April 1775. We will suppose they sent off tidings on the 20th of April; you must bear in mind that those were not the days of railroads, steamboats, or public conveyances; so you will not be surprised that a horseback traveler, making all the speed he could, had occupied ten or eleven days in reaching Petersburg. His journey southward would next take him to Halifax, in North Carolina, for thither led, then, the only mail route. This would occupy him on horseback, probably six days, which would bring him to the 7th of May.

"He had then to diverge westward from Halifax to Charlotte, a distance of some hundreds of miles, over a country with bad roads and difficult of travel, even now. It would take him, in the then state of that country, about twenty days diligent riding to reach Charlotte, and this would bring him to the 19th of May. He could not, at any rate, without criminal loitering—and that too, when he carried an express—have prolonged his journey from Halifax to Charlotte to twenty-three days, never reaching it until the 30th of May; and yet the testimony shows that he arrived on the day independence was declared, and that his arrival quickened the declaration.

"It must then have been made on the 20th; and this is, to my mind, at least, conclusively proved by the fact that the document *that* day does distinctly refer, in express terms, to the slaughter of our Northern brethren, near Boston, on the 15th of April (a fact which roused the Carolinians almost to frenzy), while that of the 30th is *perfectly silent concerning Lexington*—not a syllable in it of this most exciting event."

It is not at all improbable that this express reached Lexington on April 19th, for it is a matter of record that it reached Annapolis, Md., April 26th, 1775, as shown from Eddie's letters from America, printed in London in 1792, letter XX. Eddie, an Englishman, was in America at the time and wrote home as follows:—

“ANNAPO利S, Wednesday even, April 26, 1775.

“About noon this day, arrived in express from Boston, which brought an account ‘that on the 19th instant, a detachment of the King’s troops, consisting of about a thousand men, fell in with a company of provincials, whom they attacked without any provocation, killed six, and wounded four; that on an alarm being given, the regulars were, in consequence, assaulted by a numerous body of the militia, who surrounded them; and it was supposed the conflict would be desperate and bloody.’”

It would have been indeed strange for the Mecklenburgers to have ignored the Lexington massacre—express no sympathy, at least, for on *April 7th, 1775*, in a letter addressed to the Governor, the Colonial Assembly said:—

“We take this opportunity, Sir, the first that has been given us, to express the warm attachment that we have to our sister colonies in general, and the heartfelt compassion we entertain for the deplorable state of the town of Boston, in particular.”

This assembly also declared,

“the fixed and determined resolution of this colony to unite with the other colonies in every effort to retain those just rights and liberties, which, as subjects to a British King, we possess, and which it is our absolute and indispensable duty to hand down to posterity unimpaired.”

The next day Governor Martin dissolved this Assembly, severely censuring these patriots for this sympathetic statement.

Right on top of these resolutions and stung by the edict of the Governor dissolving their Assembly, these patriots could not have done otherwise, we are forced to contend, than to have said, on May 19th, when they heard of this Lexington outrage, “Let us be independent.”

The subject, the date of the Mecklenburg Declaration, is very interesting.

I now refer to several bits of evidence found in Dr. Graham’s recent book in support of the May 20th document. John McKnitt Alexander, in whose house this May 20th document was burned, was a very old man when he died,

in 1817. His sons-in-law were the Rev. S. G. Caldwell, who barely escaped being killed at the Battle of the Alamance, the Rev. James Wallis, a noted speaker, and Francis G. Ramsey, father of Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, the historian. Caldwell was pastor for many years of Sugar Creek Church, and an officer in the Sugar Creek Academy, near by, where James Wallis, Jr., aged ten, a son of Dr. Wallis, delivered a valedictory speech. I ask you to note well his language. He in part said:—

“On May 19, 1775, a day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom, two delegates, duly authorized from each Militia Company in the County, met in Charlotte. After a cool and deliberate investigation of the causes and extent of our differences with Great Britain, and taking a review of probable results, pledging their aid in support of their rights and liberties, they solemnly entered into and published a full and determined Declaration of Independence, renouncing forever all allegiance, dependences or connection with Great Britain—dissolved all judicial and military establishments emanating from the British, and established others on principles corresponding with their Declaration, which went into immediate operation, all of which was transmitted to Congress by express, and probably expedited the General Declaration of Independence. May we ever act worthy of such predecessors.”

This speech was delivered in 1809, and was published in the *Raleigh Minerva* in 1810, nine years before the genuineness of the May 20th Declaration was challenged, and was republished in the *Catawba Journal*, in 1823, four years thereafter, being evidently remembered by someone who heard the boy's speech, or who had read the *Raleigh Minerva*.

My inquiry is, why did this boy pick out May 19th, 1775, and declare it a “day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom?” Why did he allude to that day at all, if it was not sacred to the heart of that people, the Scotch-Irishmen whom we honor here to-night, as does every genuine patriotic American citizen? (Applause.) Why did he speak of this Declaration, if it never existed? Who put these patriotic sentiments in the heart of this ten year old boy? Who wrote these strong words for this child? Grandfather

Alexander, or Dr. Caldwell, or Mr. Ramsey, his uncle, or his father, or some other patriotic person who then knew the undisputed facts? Who dare teach a child to publicly or privately make a false statement, and that, too, about a sacred subject, so near to the heart of this audience?

Judge Gray, you know that you, as a court, would permit Jimmie Wallis, if living, to testify to-morrow before you that his grandfather, his father, or his uncles, had told him that he was born on May 19th, if the fact was in question. Hearsay testimony is perfectly permissible to prove dates, marriages, births and deaths, and pedigrees. If the boy's date was wrong or his statement of facts incorrect, and on such a subject, why did not the patriots of that day correct him? And if not then, why not later in the *Minerva*, for the benefit of future generations, at all events? But we hear of no such correction. They could have at least informed the child that the date was May 31st, if in truth it was. The particular copy of the *Minerva* is still in existence, and this portion of this boy's speech was photographed a few years ago and reproduced in one of Harper's illustrated papers, which I read in the Congressional Library a few days ago.

Dr. Graham, evidently a kinsman of the Hon. William A. Graham, in his book quotes the language of certain "ancient" deeds recorded in Mecklenburg County, which I read as follows:—

"This indenture, made this the 13th of February, 1779, and in the fourth year of our independence. Page 15, Book 36, Robert Harris Register."

Take four from 1779, and you have 1775, just as young Wallis had it.

Here is another:—

"This indenture, made this 28th of January, in the fifth year of our independence, in the year of our Lord Christ 1780, Page 29, Book 1, William Alexander Register."

Take five from 1780, and you have 1775, just as the boy Wallis said the year was.

Here is still another:—

“This indenture made on the 19th day of May, and in the year of our Lord 1783, and the eighth year of our independence, Page 119, Book 2, John McKnitt Alexander, Register.”

Eight from 1783 leaves 1775, just as the boy Wallis said the year was. (Laughter and applause.)

These deeds are more than “thirty years of age” and existed long before the genuineness of this Declaration was first disputed in 1819. “They prove themselves.” The courts hold that:—

“Recitals in ancient deeds are always competent evidence, and are presumed to be true, unless the contrary can be made to appear.”

And the mere fact that the deed “has no date” is immaterial, and that it was not “in its proper place” only “goes to the question of its genuineness.”

Dr. Graham recites this pleasing pertinent history. Major John Davidson, one of the signers of this Declaration, had a son named Benjamin Wilson Davidson, and he called him “My Independence Boy,” because he was born on May 20th. This is vouched for by two very aged Davidsons. Col. Tom Polk, another signer of this Declaration, named his son “Thomas Independence,” because born on the Fourth of July. The tombstone in a North Carolina cemetery over the grave of “My Independence Boy” has the date of his birth inscribed on it thus: “May 20th, 1787.” Tombstones do not lie (laughter), and you, Judge Gray, adorning the Federal Bench as you do, you the great arbitrator of labor troubles, the juridical peacemaker of the United States, know that you would permit that inscription to be read in your court to prove the birthday of this boy. That rule of evidence is well settled.

It was quite natural for Major Davidson, the signer of this sacred document and a hero in our fight for independence, to thus fondly name his son and thus mark his grave. You have heard of the daughter being named “Maybelle,” be-

cause born on the first of May, the mother would tell you. My father was named "Jchn Wesley," and I have often been asked, and very naturally, if he was a Methodist. He certainly was. There is something, you see, in a name. Some names have not only a technical meaning, but a real historical application.

It is claimed that John McKnitt Alexander, who, as I have stated, had charge of this document, framed a copy of it from memory. Others claim, I believe, he had a *real copy*.

Mr. Hoyt states that Joseph Wallis, of Chapel Hill, Texas, son of the Rev. James Wallis, son-in-law of Alexander, in a letter published in the *National Intelligencer*, August 13th, 1857, said this:—

"That he (Wallis) remembered seeing his father stamp on Williamson's History of North Carolina, because it did not contain a carefully prepared document of the Declaration of John McKnitt Alexander." Williamson omitted to print in this book a number of important events connected with the history of North Carolina, notably the instructions to her delegates in Congress to concur in declaring for independence, which were given April 12th, 1776, being the first of all similar instructions.

And now, gentlemen, we come very near my own heart, inasmuch as I represent, in my humble way, the Hermitage District, in whose bosom lie the sacred ashes of Andrew Jackson, a Presbyterian, and it is contended with great force, a Scotch-Irishman. (Applause.)

In a speech by the Hon. W. A. Graham, in 1875, it is stated that two or three of his reliable acquaintances visited Jackson at the Hermitage, his home, and that this invincible and unconquered hero showed them a copy of this Declaration hanging in his house. Will anyone accuse Andrew Jackson of standing for or having hanging about his house a counterfeit of any kind? (Applause.) He was born near Mecklenburg County in 1767, was a Colonial soldier in that section of the country, was familiar with its history, and at the tender age of thirteen was captured and imprisoned. He attended school, studied law in North Carolina. I stop here to state

that his mother, after attending the stricken American prisoners at Charleston on her way home, sickened, died, and her grave was not only unknown to her son Andrew, but is unknown to-day. His two brothers were soldiers in the war for independence. Their graves are unknown, and the exact spot where his father's remains rest, in a graveyard, is unknown.

I shall not undertake to go further into this history, but shall content myself to refer you to Graham's and Hoyt's books on this subject.

I ask you now, in conclusion, was it not quite reasonable for the Mecklenburgers to first declare for independence? Had they not suffered long? Had they not been patient? Had not promises been broken that should have been kept? Were they not first to openly rebel against the Stamp Tax? Did not the Governor, to appease their wrath, "cook a whole beef," and with rich English viands spread it all before the assembled people? And did they not take the beef and throw it overboard and refuse to partake of the feast? This, Judge Gray, is the first successful attack I have ever heard of being made on the Beef Trust. Had not these people borne up under unjust taxes, official extravagance, and corrupt judges, who, when found guilty, were fined a penny and let go free? Were they not promised their just rights, and were they not ground in the dust? Had they forgotten the outrage perpetrated upon eight or ten of their fellow-citizens, heroes of the Alamance, that historic battle-field, in North Carolina, where the first gun was fired on American soil in defiance of taxation without representation? Had they forgotten the hanging of Pugh and his comrades captured in that battle? Had they forgotten the unjustifiable dissolution of their Assembly, forsooth, because they had expressed their sympathy for their Boston brethren, whom they had succored years before? Had they not reached the point of live or die?

Again, gentlemen, these Scotch-Irish, your ancestors, were then being oppressed by the same government that had invited them or their fathers to abide in Ireland and up-build that country. Did they not go? And becoming happy

and prosperous in Ireland, intermingling and intermarrying with the Irish, building and living in happy homes, could they forget that this same government began to oppress them in Ireland? Could they forget that they fled to America because of this oppression, that they might build up a country and a home, pursue their happiness and live in peace? And yet across the broad ocean, from this same government, came oppression, not only into the American Colonies generally, but into the very precincts of Mecklenburg, until finally these brave Scotch-Irish could stand the grinding heel of English tyranny no longer and declared, and first declared, that by the eternal they would not, and pledged their lives and fortunes to the task. Like true men who love home and country, all they are and should be, they never stopped, though at times disconcerted, until they and their sister colonies achieved that independence had been made their own, the liberties and privileges they transmitted to us and which we enjoy here to-night.

It is well for us, Mr. Toastmaster, to encourage local pride and revive these memories, and hence your State Scotch-Irish Society. It is always well for us to love our neighbors as ourselves. That is a divine injunction, which, if pursued, creates a healthy public sentiment which protects home, our local and national institutions. It is well for you to be here and demonstrate a just pride in the history of the Mecklenburg Declaration, regardless of whether it was dated May 20th or May 31st, 1775, for certainly there was one promulgated on one or the other of these dates, and there can be no question but that the heroism and the patriotism of the Scotch-Irish of this historic Colony sowed the seeds of Independence, that spread throughout the Colonies, and that this sowing brought forth the richest harvest.

You with all of us take a just pride in glorifying our American Institution and in paying tribute to others who so well wrought and established them, and this we all do, regardless of who first sowed the seed, or fought the first battle, or wrote the first Declaration, or framed the Constitution. They are all a rich heritage that should make our hearts swell with honest pride. This is our republic, that has established

in a mighty way the love of republican principles, not only between the two oceans, but throughout the world, wherever there is a spark of personal or national independence or a love of liberty and inalienable rights. There is a grandeur in our republic, enough for each and all of us. All races are living happily under its ægis, and we should all here to-night resolve to prove ourselves worthy of the blessings we have inherited, whether from Scotch or Irish, or Scotch-Irish, or English or what not, and transmit that heritage to our children, praying that they, too, may hand it down in all its purity and strength to every succeeding generation. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

Now a burst of song from Dr. McCook.

REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.:—

Did you ever hear anybody talk about a Quaker-Scotch-Irishman? It is not a Quaker-Scotch-Irishman I had really intended to read about to-night, but a Quaker-Scotch-Irish woman, Lydia Darrach by name, born in Ireland, but having settled in Philadelphia, as so many good Scotch people do. She lived down on Second Street in the Loxley House. The adjutant-general of Howe's army, then occupying this city, had lodgings in one of her rooms, and on a certain night she was asked by Andre—we all know Major Andre by reputation—to have her room ready for a private conference. Her curiosity was excited. She waited at the door, an unseemly act, of course, but she heard there words that indicated to her a secret purpose on the part of Howe's army to surprise Washington, then encamped at White Marsh, on Camp Hill, as it now is called—one of those scenes in Philadelphia that we, so prone to forget our locality and its history, know little about and ought to know a great deal. Washington was encamped there awaiting the attack of Howe. Howe sought to surprise Washington and failed in it because this good woman, Lydia Darrach, was next morning five miles away to Frankford Mills with a bag of flour, having passed through

the British guard, wanting to find some way of notifying the great commander. She met his aide upon the road and had a private conversation with him, and from this interview Washington was on his guard and so repelled the British troops. It is this old ballad which I had put into song, and which I propose to hand over to the secretary for printing.* Before we sit down, may I remind you that this is the 21st, and that we are very near the morning of the glorious 22d? Will you join me in pledging the memory of Washington?

(The company rose and drank the toast.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

The last speaker of the evening is the Reverend Doctor Richard S. Holmes. When I asked Doctor Holmes to come to this dinner and speak to us, he said to me that he was neither a Scotchman nor an Irishman; but I reminded him that he was the creator of a Scotch character, in a recently published book, entitled "The Maid of Honor," the opening scene of which is a wedding at Old St. David's Church, at Devon, and the closing of which carries us to the city of Pittsburgh. In this book appears this character which is of great interest to all Scotch-Irishmen. The typical Scotch elder has been graphically portrayed by "Ian MacLaren," and, more recently, by Robert E. Knowles, in "St. Cuthbert's," who defined him thus: "No mere Scotch kirkman was Archie M'Cormack, but a pre-historic Calvinist, a Presbyterian by the act of God and an elder from all eternity." But I venture to say that David Henderson will live in the minds of Scotch-Irishmen as quite equal to any fictitious representation of this type of humanity in modern times. If Doctor Holmes will present him to us, briefly, I am sure we will give him a cordial welcome.

REV. RICHARD S. HOLMES, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY:—The president said to me at the opening of this banquet to-night that he should make about such an introduction as he has

* See Appendix A, page 49.

made, and that then I might do as I was a mind to. I came here to-night feeling I had no business here at all, not being Scotch nor Irish nor Scotch-Irish, but after hearing Professor Brumbaugh, I find I have just as good a right to be here and may claim a logical and chronological place just now, coming from the outside, in Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania. We have had the Scotch-Irish and we have had the Pennsylvania Dutch, and now you are getting the Quaker. My father was a Quaker. My grandfather and my grandmother were Quakers. My great-grandfather on both the grandfather's and the grandmother's sides were Quaker preachers. Having said so much, I have a right to be here and in a logical place. I am going to put myself in another logical place. I thank you, gentlemen, very much for putting me under many obligations to you for a very delightful evening. Now I am going to put you under equal obligation to me by stopping right now. Good night, gentlemen. (Laughter and applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

But one thing remains; that is for me to pass this gavel to a noble Scotch-Irishman who has done much for this Society, and who is held in high esteem among us—Judge Yerkes, now President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

HON. HARMAN YERKES:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—I desire to express to you my appreciation of the high honor which you have conferred upon me by elevating me to your highest office. I feel sincerely the responsibility which has been cast upon me, and I feel at the same time like saying that the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania has reached its highest point of honor and justice when it has elevated to its office a Pennsylvania Dutchman. (Applause.) Notwithstanding I may be in name and in blood partially, at least, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, I claim the right and privilege of asserting that I am a Scotch-Irishman, with all the feelings and the ambitions and the pride which inspire this stock in honoring

their ancestry for what they have accomplished in this country. I have no higher title to the claim of being a Scotch-Irishman than that of having been born, reared, and educated within the shadow of that Log College of which you have heard something from Dr. Brumbaugh to-night. I again thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon me, and, without occupying your time further, am ready to receive any motion which may be in order.

HON. JOHN W. GAINES:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—Will you pardon me just here? A few days ago I got some post-cards from a gentleman whom I did not know, Mr. Irwin Holt, of Abington, North Carolina. The post-card is a figure of the monument erected on the battlefield of The Alamance. Also a post-card showing the hanging of one of the heroes of The Alamance, James Pugh. I immediately wired him to send me one hundred copies of those post-cards, thinking perhaps that you only had a Scotch-Irish Society of one hundred people, but I am gladly disappointed. He immediately sent those by special delivery, and I broke the package here to-night and asked one of your ministerial friends, and my friend as well, to distribute them among those who are present, from Mr. Irwin Holt, with his compliments.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I have no doubt the Society will be glad to receive these post-cards and to cherish them in remembrance of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but we still adhere to the view that Thomas Jefferson wrote the great Declaration of Independence of America.

On motion, adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

LYDIA DARRACH, THE DAME OF LOXLEY HOUSE.

The legend of how Lydia Darrach saved the camp of Washington and his Continentals at White Marsh in the first week of December, 1777, has passed into popular belief as authentic history. It is one of those delightful idyls which, like William Tell and the apple, and George Washington and the cherry tree, we all would like to believe, despite the historic Gradgrinds and iconoclasts who shatter so many of our fair mental images or remand them to the misty realm of mythland.

There are, indeed, difficulties in the legend as commonly recorded; but after a careful study of all the material now available, one must conclude that it carries a substantial body of truth.

The story was first printed in 1827 in the first number (March) of the *American Quarterly Review* (Carey, Lea & Carey), pages 32, 33. As this is nearest the scene of action, and was received from persons of good repute, and, as the editor affirms, was "implicitly believed by all of them, who knew her (Lydia's) character and situation," it is entitled to our first and serious attention.

In brief, the narrative there given is as follows:

In the winter of 1777, while the British troops were in possession of Philadelphia, General Howe had his headquarters in the Cadwalader mansion on Second Street, four doors below Spruce. Nearly opposite lived William and Lydia Darrach; and a superior officer of the British Army, believed to be the Adjutant General, fixed upon one of their upper back rooms for private conference. Therein the two officers occasionally met in close conference, and, as the record puts it, "with fire and candles."

One day, which appears to have been Tuesday, December 2d, 1777, the adjutant informed Lydia that he would occupy

the room at 7 P. M. and remain late. He particularly asked that all the family should retire, and said that he would call Lydia when they wished to leave, that she might rise and care for the fire and close the house. The great emphasis laid on this request awakened Lydia's suspicions that something was to be discussed of great importance to the American cause.

She complied with the request, but presently rose and stole to the door of the room wherein the British officers were closeted. Listening at the keyhole, she heard read an order of Howe's directing that the British troops should secretly move the next evening from their camps and make a night attack upon the Continentals at White Marsh, some eighteen or nineteen miles distant.

The next morning Lydia, having resolved to attempt to warn General Washington, got from Howe's headquarters a provost pass through the military lines to go to the Frankford Mills for flour. She made the journey of about five miles on foot, left her meal bag at the mill, then an important source of supply of cereals for Philadelphians, and walked on in the direction of the American outposts at Camp Hill, in the hope of meeting some one to whom she could impart her secret.

It so befell that Lieutenant Colonel Craig, with a squad of light horse, had been sent out by Washington on a scout, a duty imperative on all commanders who would keep in touch with their enemies' movements. Colonel Craig, in leaving Washington's headquarters in the Emlen house, near the present station of Camp Hill on the North Penn Railroad, had headed toward the Delaware River at Frankford and met Lydia Darrach. In response to his greeting and inquiry she told him that she wished information about her son, an ensign in the Second Pennsylvania Infantry, and that she would like to have private speech with him. Colonel Craig thereupon dismounted, and bidding his troopers keep in view, heard Lydia's story. He then conducted her to a nearby house, and having ordered for her refreshments which she needed after her long, cold walk, hastened back to Washington with his tidings.

Thus forewarned, the American chief was prepared to meet Howe and his troops, who, instead of surprising the Continentals, found them vigilant and ready not only for assault but for offensive action.

Captain Allan McLane was sent out to reconnoitre, and came in contact with the enemy at Three Mile Run on the Germantown road. The British bivouacked on Chestnut Hill, which was soon bright with their scarlet uniforms. A skirmish followed between the advanced posts of the Pennsylvania militia under General Irvine, who was wounded and captured. Sir William Howe, finding the Americans prepared, and unwilling to venture an assault, sought to manoeuvre them from their entrenchments. Washington daily looked and hoped for an attack, especially on Sunday, December 7th; and, indeed, tried to encourage it by sending out General Morgan and his riflemen with a detachment of Maryland militia under Colonel Gist. A severe engagement followed, in which the Continentals lost forty-four killed and wounded, and the British a number unknown.

The next day Howe, finding that he could neither lure his wary adversary from his entrenched position nor attack him with advantage, withdrew his army to Philadelphia. Washington, who at this time was undergoing the secret assaults of the odious cabal that plotted to force him from the chief command and turn it over to General Gates, was bitterly assailed for not venturing battle. But facts proved that his policy was fully justified. On the entrenched heights where his troops were aligned he was superior to his enemy; on the plain below, or in assault upon the British position on Chestnut Hill, he would have been plainly inferior—a fact which Howe knew as well as Washington—his only reasonable hope of victory being to surprise his enemy or meet him in a weaker position.

The Lydia Darrach legend has its effective close after the return of the British to Philadelphia. The Adjutant General visited the Darrach home, strongly suspecting that some of the family had betrayed him. He questioned Lydia closely—according to some versions taking her for that purpose into a room alone and fastening the door. He

declared that he could not suspect Lydia, since he had found her so sound asleep that he had to rap thrice upon her door to awaken her. But as to her family? Were they all abed? Lydia assured him upon this point, and he retired greatly wondering how their well-laid plans had been betrayed and they led into an expedition that reminded him of the King of France, who, "with his forty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

This is the current form of the story as it appears with more or less variation and additions in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," (in the edition of 1845), in "Lossing's Field Book of the American Revolution," and in Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet's "The Women of the American Revolution," now available in the two volume edition recently published by George W. Jacobs & Co., of this city. In the course of these narratives the two officers grow into several. We learn the location of the Darrach house as No. 177 South Second Street (old number), the property built by Captain Benjamin Loxley, an artillery officer in the Burgoyne expedition. Thus the legend takes on "a local habitation and a name."

What proof have we of the credibility of this story?

First, The author of the original narrative, which appeared in the *American Quarterly Review* (1827), declares that the statement was heard from Lydia Darrach, by several respectable persons of his acquaintance from whom it had been received, and who "implicitly believed" it. The publishers of the *Review* were the highly reputable firm of Carey, Lea & Carey.

Second, John F. Watson, the annalist, records that he had received the account from his friend Mrs. Hannah Haines and others, to whom the particulars had been communicated by Mrs. Darrach herself. (Ed. 1845, Vol. II., page 327.)

Third, From various sources it is established that the Darrachs lived in the Loxley house, directly opposite the Cadwalader place, then occupied as headquarters of General Howe. Thus it becomes most natural and probable, as a

matter of convenience, that an office or room for occasional use should be taken by some of Howe's staff; and that this may have been the Adjutant General is probable, although Major Andre, as we know, occupied the Franklin house as his fixed quarters.

Fourth, From a valuable and carefully wrought paper in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* (the published proceedings of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Vol. XXIII., pages 86-91), by Mr. Henry Darrach,—no relative of Lydia, however,—we learn much of the history of the Darrachs, who were veritable and substantial folk, in nowise fictitious or mythical. This writer says that “the family tradition states that the house was selected as a place of meeting for the British officers by Captain William Barrington, a cousin of Lydia's and an officer in the British army.” This makes even more probable that feature of the legend.

Fifth, The Darrachs were Irish, Lydia's surname being Barrington. William Darrach, her husband, was the son of a clergyman, and met Lydia while acting as a tutor in her father's family. They were married in Dublin by Friends' ceremony in 1753, and thence came to America. Darrach is a Scotch name not uncommon among the Scotch-Irish or Ulster Scots, who migrated in such numbers to our colonies during the middle decades of the eighteenth century. My own great-grandmother, the wife of Mr. Alexander McCook, of Ulster, was a *Sarah Darrach*, and one of my father's sisters was named *Mary Darrach*, from their ancestress.

This adds at least a noticeable factor to the probabilities of the legend; for the Scotch-Irish Americans were, with scarcely an exception, engaged in or favorable to the Revolution, their experience in their native land having given them excellent reasons for wishing to be free from British domination.

Sixth, The fact is established that Charles Darrach, a son of William and Lydia, was an ensign and afterward a lieutenant

in the Second Pennsylvania Regiment of Colonial Militia, and thus gave to his mother an additional incentive to patriotism and interest in the fate of Washington's army at White Marsh.

There thus seems to be established an undoubted chain of evidence showing the authenticity of the chief persons concerned in the narrative; their probable conjunction at the period alleged; an ample opportunity for the action attributed to the chief actress; a sufficiently powerful motive for that action; and a series of historic events that may be explained in whole or in part by the main facts of the legend. Moreover, the incident comes to us from at least two credible sources, and is declared to have been directly derived from the heroine of the story through several trustworthy persons, the name of at least one of whom is given.

This chain of evidence seems to warrant us in accepting in its general substance and form the legend of Lydia Darrach's attempt to warn General Washington of an impending secret attack by General Howe.

It seems clear, however, that the relative importance of her information has been exaggerated, as Washington undoubtedly had other sources of information, and may even have had sufficient notice of Howe's movements independently of that brought by Lydia. This, however, in nowise detracts from the credit due that heroine for her patriotic and gallant attempt. It is most natural that she—ignorant, doubtless, of other sources of intelligence open to the American commander—should have placed a high estimate upon her own services, which did not diminish in the fond reminiscences of advancing years in the happy days of established independence.

Now, however, there comes into view a record which introduces into our legend a discordant and perplexing element. Elias Boudinot, President of the Continental Congress and a prominent officer during the War for Independence, left a manuscript "Journal of Events," which recently was published in Philadelphia [1894. Frederick Bourquin]. Among other recollections he gives the following (page 50): "In the Autumn of 1777 the American

Army lay some time at White Marsh. I was then Commissary Genl. of Prisoners, and managed the Intelligence of the Army.—I was reconnoitering along the Lines near the City of Philadelphia.—I dined at a small Post at the rising Sun [Inn] abt three miles from the City.—After dinner a little poor-looking insignificant Old Woman came in & solicited leave to go into the country to buy some flour. While we were asking some Questions, she walked up to me and put into my hands a dirty old needlebook, with various small pockets in it. surprised at this, I told her to return, she should have an answer—On Opening the needlebook, I could not find any thing till I got to the last Pocket, Where I found a piece of Paper rolled up into the form of a Pipe Shank.—on unrolling it I found information that Genl Howe was coming out the next morning with 5000 Men—13 pieces of Cannon—Baggage Waggons, and 11 Boats on Waggon Wheels. On comparing this with other information I found it true, and immediately rode Post to head Quarters.”

Mr. Boudinot offered General Washington his opinion that Howe's design was to fall upon their rear, and urged that a few redoubts be thrown up in that quarter. “The Genl Answered me, Mr. Boudinot the Enemy have no business in our rear. The Boats are designed to deceive us.—To-morrow morning by day light you will find them coming down such a bye Road on our left. Then calling an Aid du Camp [he] ordered a line thrown up along our whole front at the foot of the Hill.”

Now, Boudinot, with several other officers, was quartered on that very “bye road,” and although he believed that Washington was wrong in his judgment, he took the precaution of having a picket thrown out in advance of their quarters, their horses saddled and the servants ordered to have them at the door on the first alarm gun being fired. About 3.00 A. M. they were aroused and rode away, and by sunrise the British were in possession of their quarters on the bye-road named by Washington. Boudinot adds: “I then said that I never would again set up any judgment against his.”

How now are we to reconcile this account with the current legend of Lydia Darrach? That the accuracy of Elias Boudinot's memory may be open to challenge is true, but not his intelligence and veracity. Could there have been another "little old woman" enacting the role of patriotic informer? Was Boudinot's heroine of the needlebook Lydia herself?

It was needful that Lydia on her trip to Frankford Mills should have a British pass. But this would not avail when she had entered the American lines. It is thus easy to explain her presence at the post referred to by Boudinot and her application for a pass. Knowing Boudinot's connection with the secret intelligence department of Washington's army, did she seek to make more certain the attainment of her purpose by handing him the written information prepared; and then, not content to trust to this chance, did she push on to the Frankford Mills in the hope of meeting some one directly from White Marsh Camp to whom she could orally communicate her intelligence? At least I can offer no better suggestion with the knowledge now in hand.

The subsequent history of Lydia Darrach is of interest. Her husband died in 6th mo., 8, 1783, and she thereafter bought a property on the west side of Second Street, between Market and Chestnut, where she kept a store. According to Watson, the annalist, she was also a professional midwife, "who assisted in increasing the census of the city more than any other lady of her profession."

She was disowned or "disunited" from the Friends' Society, 8th mo., 29 (August), 1783, for neglecting to attend religious meetings. This result may have been partly caused by the fact that two years before this (1781) her son Charles, who retired from the Continental Army as a First Lieutenant July 1st, 1788, had also been "treated with for engaging in matters of a warlike nature and was disesteemed" therefor.

She died 12 mo., 28, 1789, and, notwithstanding her disownment, was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground at Fourth and Arch Streets.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

LYDIA DARRACH, THE DAME OF LOXLEY HOUSE.

The headlong ride of Paul Revere
What patriot does not know?
Through the country-side in the fair spring-tide,
When apple blossoms blow,
He rode and sounded the alarm,
And summoned high and low:
“To arms, to arms! From town and farm
Like angry hornets rise and swarm
Upon th’ invading foe!”

’Tis ours to-day to tune our lay
A humbler deed to show,
Yet worthy of as fair a song
And wide a fame, I trow!
How Lydia Darrach trod the way
A through December’s snow,
And ventured life and periled home
To ward a deadly blow
Aimed at the camp of Washington
By the wary British foe.

CANTO I.

A REVELATION.

I.

Beyond the Bridge on Second Street
In Philadelphia town,
The Loxley House of old was held
A place of high renown.
From the cruel time of Indian wars
To Independence Day,
Full many a man of note had come
Within its walls to stay.

II.

Upon its upper gallery
Had Whitefield often stood
To preach the sweet Evangel to
The eager multitude
Who swarmed the field that faced the house
With gentle westward slope,
And heard the news of God’s dear Grace,
And Sinners’ Heavenly Hope.

III.

And Captain John Cadwallader
 Upon that gentle hill
 His famed "silk-stock ing company"
 Was wont to meet and drill.
 But 'twas the bitter testing time
 In Freedom's holy strife,
 When good Friend Darrach lived therein
 With Lydia, his wife,
 That the Muse of History on its walls
 Inscribed a deathless name,
 And gave the Dame of Loxley's House
 To an enduring fame.

IV.

The new Republic's capitol
 Was in the foemen's hand,
 And all the town was teeming with
 The men of Howe's command;
 But Loxley's house was well apart,
 A quite secluded spot,
 And there the British leaders came
 Their martial schemes to plot.

V.

"Prepare the private room to-night,"
 Had Major Andre said;
 "And, Lydia, see your family
 Are early sent to bed.
 You know I like not gossips
 Or meddling folk anear
 When I meet my brother officers
 For an hour of good cheer."

VI.

"It shall be done as thee desires,"
 Replied the Quaker dame;
 And when the officers arrived
 'Twas Lydia who came
 To greet them at the threshold, and
 Admit them to her home
 With reverence due, and show them to
 The upper private room.

VII.

Then Lydia sought her chamber, and
Lay down, but not to rest;
For Andre's word and manner stirred
A tempest in her breast.
A strange suspicion troubled her,
A burden on her soul,
A great concern that seemed to burn
As though a living coal.

VIII.

"Why is my spirit sorely moved
With such a sense of fear,
As though something were threatening
Our friends and country dear?
Is this indeed the Spirit's voice,
The still small voice within?
Or whisp'ring of the evil one
To lead me into sin?

IX.

"'Tis surely God who moves me thus;
I dare not disobey!
Lord, let thine handmaid know Thy will,
And walk Thy chosen way!"
She rose, and through the entry stole,
Until she stood before
The private room—they might have heard
Her heart-beats through the door!

X.

A sound of murmuring voices rose
And fell upon her ear;
And now a word was faintly heard,
Now broken, and now clear.
"Tis this she hears: "March out in force—
"To-morrow—Ready now!
A night attack!—the rebel camp—
White Marsh—Sir William Howe!"

XI.

Enough! She turns; with noiseless step
She seeks again her bed,
Her heart uplifted to believe
She had been Spirit-led.
The clue to that night conference
Is laid within her hand:
A night assault on Washington
In White Marsh camp is planned!

XII.

And now a weightier concern
 Is pressing on her mind;
 A speedy way to get her news
 To White Marsh she must find!
 Still, still she lay, communing there
 With her own troubled heart,
 And seeking inward light from Him
 Who only can impart.

XIII.

Tap! How a knock upon one's door
 Can cause the nerves to start!
 It sounded loud in the silent hall;
 Yet louder in her heart!
 But Lydia held her peace until
 Three times the knocking came;
 For though not wise in worldly ways
 She was a prudent dame
 And deemed it best that friend nor guest
 Should think she had not taken rest.

XIV.

"Who knocks?" she asked. "'Tis I!" replied
 The Adjutant. "Arouse!
 Our night symposium is o'er
 And you may close the house."
 She rose and barred the entry door,
 The window shutters closed,
 With ashes safely smothered o'er,
 The hearth-fire she disposed,
 Then softly sought her couch once more
 And peacefully reposed.

XV.

Faint in the east the rosy glow
 Of coming dawn was seen
 Through broken bands of lavender
 Diffused in olive-green.
 The street, the bridge, the gentle hill
 Were whitened o'er with snow;
 And Lydia said: "The day has come;
 God help me!—I must go!"

XVI.

Then kneeling down before her God,
“Almighty Friend,” she prayed,
“Who carest for the lowliest thing
Thy mighty hand hath made,
Look on Thine handmaid graciously,
And give to her Thine aid!

XVII.

“Of old Thou ledest men by dreams
And visions of the night,
And still dost grant Thy faithful ones
The Spirit’s guiding light.
I follow that; I follow Thee!
Lord, let me not stray,
And bless the service shown to me
As duty for this day!”

XVIII.

No word of what was in her mind
She spoke to any one;
But when the morning meal was served
And morning duties done,
“I needs must go to Frankford Mills
For flour, to-day,” she said.
“Then,” said her husband, “be thou sure
To take with thee the maid.”

XIX.

“Nay, but the maid must bide at home,
For this is baking day;
’Twere ill that maid and mistress both
Should be at once away.”
“Take John; he is a sturdy lad.”
“John goes with thee to school!”
“Then Ann—” “Nay, William; dost forget
The city streets are full

XX.

“Of foreign soldiers coarse and lewd
And rude of speech and ways?
And Ann is fair; I would not dare
Expose her to their gaze.
Besides, our little ones will need
Their elder sister near,
And William and Susanna heed
Her kindly rule and care.”

XXI.

And so it came (for Lydia
 No other way would own)
 She journeyed forth to Frankford Mills,
 Five miles away, alone.
 A provost pass was in her hand,
 The mealbag 'neath her arm,
 And the sentries knew her Quaker garb;
 What need she fear of harm?

XXII.

The winter air was keen and cold,
 But her heart was beating warm
 With hope to ward the secret blow
 By giving due alarm,
 And save the camp of Washington
 From Howe's uplifted arm,
 And rescue from her country's foe
 Dear lives from loss and harm.

CANTO II.

WHITE MARSH CAMP.

I.

How fair they are, the swelling hil
 That girdle Philadelphia,
 And feed the brooks and tinkling rills
 That through the sunny valleys play,
 And, purling down the dells, attain
 The Wissahickon's winding glen!

II.

How fair they lie beneath the sky
 When spangled gay with flowers of May!
 How fair to see, when shrub and tree
 Are dressed in Summer's livery!
 But fairest far of all they are
 When, answering to the Season's call
 To change their garments estival
 And join the Autumn carnival,
 Each bush and forest monarch tall
 Flings forth the banners of the Fall,
 And every tintured leaf we see
 Is bright with Nature's heraldry!
 In such a time, 'tis sooth to say
 There lies no land beneath the sun
 With fairer scene to look upon.

III.

But Nature showed a ruder view
Upon that drear December day.
The forests thrust their naked limbs
Against the sky-line cold and gray,
Upon the meadow's wrinkled face
The drifting snow in patches lay;
The frost-enshackled streamlets crept
With sluggish pace along their way.

IV.

The northwest wind, with cutting breath,
Blew down the wintry vales,
And moaned among the leafless trees,
And swept, with mournful wails,
Around the wretched huts that housed
The troops of Washington,
Aligned from Wissahickon's banks
To the bed of Sandy Run.

V.

'Tis passing fair, at times, to see
The life of martial men;
The stir, the state, the pageantry
Of an autumn moot-campaign;
The rations plentiful and good,
The quarters snug and warm,
The evening camp-fire's cheerful blaze
The tidy uniform;

VI.

The flags that flaunt the peaceful air,
The flash of burnished steel,
The rhythmic swing and tread of men
As columns march and wheel;
The bugle calls—at eve, at morn,
Tattoo or reveillé—
They echo yet, how sadly sweet!
O'er the hills of memory.

VII.

The burst of martial melodies
That stir the sluggish brain
With sweet and tender memories,
Inwoven with each strain,
Of camping days of long ago,
And comrades dear and brave
Who long have closed their last campaign
In the bivouac of the grave.

VIII.

But in that winter cantonment
 On Wissahickon's heights,
 Few were the pomps of martial camps,
 And fewer their delights.
 The soldiers trod the frosty sod,
 Or waded through the snows
 With feet unshod or scantily clad
 In rags or rawhide shoes.

IX.

The chilly winds at many a vent
 Cut through their tattered clothes,
 Nor shaggy hut nor ragged tent
 Its fury could oppose.
 The meat and drink were poor and spare,
 Nor aught was found abundant there
 Accounted fit and wont to be
 For fighting men, by land or sea
 But Hope, and Love of Liberty!

X.

Nestled beneath the White Marsh hills
 The Elmar house was seen;
 Which, in its day, the neighbors say,
 A stately place had been.
 Its owner's open hand was known
 Through all the neighborhood;
 The valley gently opened out
 From where the mansion stood.

XI.

And therein General Washington
 His headquarters had made;
 And thereto Colonel Craig had gone
 On duty as an aide.
 He left his horse with the orderly
 At the great catalpa tree,
 And stood before his chief to learn
 What his commands might be.

XII.

“Your horse is swift, your eye is keen.
 Go forth,” the chieftain said,
 “And note if aught is said or seen
 Of hostile movements made,
 Or forage parties sent abroad
 Our horsemen may waylay;
 McLean is out upon a scout—
 I wish some word to-day.”

XIII.

And so it came, as Colonel Craig
Rode down the Frankford road,
He spied where at the highway side
A lonely woman stood,
Watching the rider coming near
As in expectant mood,
Yet hesitant 'twixt hope and fear
Of whether ill or good.

XIV.

Beneath her hood the pinching wind
Had set her cheeks aglow;
And whitened o'er her Quaker gown
With flecks of drifting snow.
She drew her shawl of modest drab
More tightly o'er her breast,
And searched his face for trace of grace,
In timid, anxious quest.

XV.

Somewhat within her seeking eyes,
And pleading lips, tho' mute,
Constrained the horseman greet the dame
With soldierly salute.
“Madam,” he said, “somewhat, I deem
Has sorely troubled you;
If aught that stranger may beseem,
To suffering woman due,
I fain would aid with purse or blade,
And do what man may do.”

XVI.

“Thanks for thy courtesy, kind sir,”
Said Lydia; “’tis true!
Thou seemst a patriot officer
By thy coat of buff and blue;
And, if my eyes deceive me not,
My heart is well inclined,
And conscience free to share with thee
What weighs upon my mind.

XVII.

“My soul indeed is sorely vexed
With news I chanced to hear,
And grievously am I perplexed
And greatly do I fear,
Till I have brought to Washington
The tidings that I bear,
Or sent to him the weighty word
By trusty messenger.”

XVIII.

"Then, Madam, we are haply met;
 Not half an hour ago
 I came from General Washington;
 Whose house is just below.
 Thy hand, good dame! Fear not the steed;
 He carries double well!
 And back to Washington we'll speed
 Thy weighty news to tell."

XIX.

"Nay," quoth the dame, "I dare not ride,
 E'en on thy trusty beast;
 Thy pardon, pray! A better way
 I venture to suggest.
 Here stands upon the road hard by
 A goodly hostelry;
 I know the host, and there may I
 Have private speech with thee.

XX.

"And I may tell my story there,
 Yet be myself unseen;
 Thence thou mayst to thy chieftain bear;
 Twere safer so, I ween."
 They sought the inn; her simple tale
 Dame Lydia shortly told;
 "Brave little lady!" Craig exclaimed,
 "Your deed was wise and bold!"

XXI.

"I thank you for the service done
 In such a gallant way;
 And well will General Washington
 Such worthy act repay
 With seemly thanks, and honor due,
 And guerdon meet for deed so true;
 The army, aye, the country, too,
 You may have saved this day!"

XXII.

"Nay!" Lydia said, "For this, reward
 Were verily profane!
 'Tis duty sweet and fit to guard
 Dear lives from loss and pain.
 Nor must my name be spread abroad;
 Fierce would the vengeance be
 If it were known within the town
 Who brought this news to thee."

XXIII.

“But if thy hap should ever be
To meet a son of mine,
Who holds a junior ensignry
In the Pennsylvania line,
Oh, speak him fairly for my sake!
He is a goodly youth
Whose conscience left him free to take
The sword, although, in sooth,
'Tis counter to the law of Friends,
Who hold it is not right
E'en for the worthiest cause and ends
With carnal arms to fight!

XXIV.

“Farewell! 'Tis time I journeyed home,
Lest some suspect my stay.
May He who led thy steps to me,
Preserve them in thy way!
Deep is the wrong and woe of war;
Yet, if one ever may,—
But, nay!—God pardon me thus far!—
For thy success I pray.”

CANTO III.

THE MORNING SURPRISE.

I.

The soldier hurried to his chief,
And Lydia to the mill.
“O worthy miller, haste, I pray,
My sack with flour to fill,”
Quoth she: “The day speeds fast away,
The road is long and chill,
And I would fain be home again
Before the midday meal.”

II.

The miller smiled at her quaint speech,
And came with ready will;
Such dames as she were rare to see
On errands at his mill.
He greeted her right courteously,
And helped her with her load;
And forth with lightsome heart she trod
Along the snowy road.

III.

'Twas hard to face the cutting wind
 And wade the thickening drift,
 Though a kindly carter eased her with
 A long and helpful lift.
 The British guard visèd her pass,
 And sped her on her way
 To Loxley House—home, home at last!
 And ne'er so blest its love and rest
 As after such a day.

IV.

The moon shone fair on Loxley House
 Upon that winter night;
 It silvered o'er the gentle hill
 In its snowy robe of white;
 The creek nearby rolled 'neath the bridge
 Its rippling wavelets bright;
 The mighty breast of the Delaware
 Was a heaving zone of light.

V.

It glittered in the icicles
 That gemmed the leafless trees;
 It twinkled on the ice-tipped grass
 Swayed by the cold night breeze,
 Like soldiers with their nodding plumes
 Standing in ranks at ease.
 Oh, fair the winter moon that shines
 On scenes as fair as these!

VI.

And yet in Lydia Darrach's heart
 No answering chord was stirred,
 For o'er the white and silent fields
 From the British camps she heard
 The measured tramp of marching men,
 The horses' heavy tread,
 And the rattle-and-clack of the cavalry gear,
 And the rumbling wheels of the cannonier
 On the highway's frozen bed.

VII.

From the window-seat of her upper room
 She saw the proud array,
 The gathering ranks, the forming lines,
 And she saw them march away.
 Oh, what a mighty host it seemed;
 What fair and fearsome sight,
 As on that night, with their weapons bright,
 They marched in the fair moonlight!

VIII.

Could the patriot troops resist the blow
Such a mighty host could smite?
Had her message gone to Washington?
Would he be on guard that night?
Oh, for a night-bird's wings to fly
Over the marching host,
And fling from the sky a warning cry:
Awake! or the cause is lost!

IX.

Vain wish! Vain watch of anxious care!
The night is wearing on.
Rest, Lydia, rest! You have done your best;
And now, God's will be done!
Still, still and bright the moonlit night,
And still and bright the dawn!
The saffron glow above the snow
Blushed into rose, anon;

X.

The bands of lavender and gray
Dissolved in burnished gold,
As now the blazing orb of day
Above the white fields rolled.
Hark, Lydia! from yon White Marsh hills
What ominous sound is that?
Though dim, afar, 'tis a note of war,
The muskets' rattle and spat!

XI.

To mother-love and patriot zeal
Time limps with lagging gait;
When woe and weal hang in the scale
'Tis weary hard to wait!
At last! What sends the citizens
Aflocking up the street?
From White Marsh way a woeful train
They hurry forth to meet.

XII.

See! Wagons filled with wounded men;
O cruel war, how long!
And others following wearily
The icy road along,
"And yonder little band forlorn,
Pray tell us who they are,
With downcast eyes and face forlorn?
Ah! prisoners of war!"

XIII.

'Twixt files of British guards they marched,
 A sadly worsted lot,
 Whose faces Lydia keenly searched
 For Charles—but found him not.
 "Thy son, Friend Lydia, is not there,"
 A Tory neighbor said;
 "His turn will come, thee may be sure,
 And the score will be full paid!

XIV.

"But they've caught the rebel General
 Who led this morning's raid
 On the royal troops at White Marsh camp
 With his riflemen's brigade."
 Ill was the thought in the Tory's mind
 But his speech gave Lydia cheer;
 Her word had gone to Washington!
 Beshrew the Tory's sneer!

XV.

Her heart was gay 'neath her Quaker gray
 But her face and voice demure:
 "'Tis strange!" quoth she, "'twas a night assault!
 'Twas rumored Howe was sure
 Of a great surprise; where was the fault?
 Good Friend, what sayest thou?"
 "Surprise!" quoth he, "Yea, verily,
 'Twas a great surprise to Howe!"

XVI.

The days wore on, and through the town
 Reports from White Marsh hill
 Like birds of evil omen flew,
 And kept all hearts athrill.
 Then suddenly the tidings ran:
 "The troops are coming back!
 The patriots foiled the British plan
 And broke their fierce attack."

XVII.

Now soon the British Adjutant
 At Loxley House was seen;
 His joyous face was overcast,
 And ruffled was his mien,
 Whom Lydia met and welcomed back
 With face and port serene.

XVIII.

“ ‘Tis good to learn thy safe return
From perils of the war,”
Quoth she. “Aye, well enough!” said he;
“But ‘twould be better far
Had not some evil chance befell,
Our well-laid plans to mar.

XIX.

“ ‘Tis puzzling, too! I wonder who
Our secret has betrayed?
’Twas here in your secluded home
Shut snugly in your upper room,
That all our plans were laid.
Your family—but they, you say,
Had early gone to bed?”
And Lydia simply answered: “Yea,
’Twas e’en as thou hast said.”

XX.

“And you were sound asleep, I know,
For thrice I knocked upon
Your door, ere you arose to close
The house when we had gone.
Not here—it could not have been here!—
But somewhere was a leak.
The enemy got word that we
Were marching to attack.
And so, when, in the early day,
The rebel lines were neared,
Not we but they began the fray,
All watchful and prepared.

XXI.

“ ’Twas pitiful, and shameful, too!
Our promising campaign
At one bold stroke to end the war
Was vain, and worse than vain.
In sooth, it proved but little more
Than marching up the White Marsh hills
And marching down again.
We planned to give a great surprise,
And such there was, I vow!
But, truth to tell, surprise befell
Not Washington, but Howe!”

XXII.

Then Lydia faced the Adjutant
With grave and steadfast eyes;
“Thy plans,” she said, “Were doubtless laid
With good intent and wise;
But ever in this life ‘tis well
To count upon surprise.
For every plan of mortal man
Rests with a Mightier One,
By whose high will the victory still
Is lost to us or won;
And soldiers, too, must learn to say,
‘The will of God be done!””

HENRY C. McCook.

APPENDIX B.

THE MAKEMIE MONUMENT.*

THE year A. D. 1906 was widely observed among the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in America as the "Bicentennial Year." This was in commemoration of the organization of Presbytery as a distinct form of Church Government on the Western Continent. The chief agent and moving spirit in this act was the Rev. Francis Makemie, of Ramelton, Donegal County, Ireland, and the organization was made in Philadelphia. Thus the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society and Scotch-Irishmen and their descendants everywhere, and of all denominations, were brought into sympathy with the movement.

In June of that year (1906), Dr. Henry C. McCook, President of the Presbyterian Historical Society, brought before the Executive Council of the Institution the fact that the family burying ground in which Francis Makemie had been interred was in a state of neglect and even desecration, being covered in part by the outbuildings and stable yard of the farm house that occupied the old farm and home site of Makemie, on Holden Creek, Accomack County, Virginia. He proposed as a suitable act in observance of the Bicentennial of the Organization of Presbytery in America, that the grave of its chief organizer should be redeemed from this desecration, and that the old family cemetery should be bought and a monument thereon erected to Francis Makemie. Further, that the Presbyterian Historical Society should at once begin

* In the erection of the monument to Francis Makemie, the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society had an important part, directly as a contributor, and indirectly through a number of its members, who contributed personally a large portion of the funds that were raised. The leader in the work of erecting the monument is chairman of the Society's Committee on History and Archives. It seems fitting, therefore, that some account of the event, now happily completed, should appear in this annual report, together with a cut of the monument, reproduced from a photograph.

such a movement and take the lead therein. This proposition was unanimously approved. The movement was at once organized, with the president of the society as leader, and its Treasurer, DeB. K. Ludwig, Ph.D., in charge of the funds.

A serious illness of Dr. McCook retarded operations during 1906, but just before the year closed, the Makemie farm was bought, the stable and outbuildings removed, and the cemetery site made clear. The work was continued and completed during 1907, but the formal unveiling of the monument and dedication of the ground was deferred until the Spring of 1908, the two-hundredth anniversary of Makemie's death, and Thursday, May 14th, was the day fixed for the ceremonies.

Three acres, including the site of the Makemie farm and house, had been reserved as the "Makemie Monument Park," the rest of the farm having been sold and the proceeds turned into the fund. On this spot, an assemblage of 2500 persons gathered from the bordering counties of Virginia and Maryland and elsewhere. A special Pullman train was engaged by the Presbyterian Historical Society, and sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad, filled with citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity. The local enthusiasm shown by the large attendance and the deep interest in the ceremonies was a great surprise to those most interested in the event, and added greatly to their satisfaction in the high success of the movement to honor Francis Makemie, the Scotch-Irish Founder of a Great American Church.

The unveiling ceremonies were opened with a brief address by the president of the Historical Society, giving the origin and development of the effort to build the monument. A sonnet on Makemie, written by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, and vice-president of the Historical Society, was read, in his absence, by Dr. Ludwig. Mr. William H. Scott, of Philadelphia, chairman of the Historical Society's Executive Council, led in the repetition of the Twenty-third Psalm. The historical address was made by the venerable Rev. L. P. Bowen, D.D., of the Southern Presbyterian Church, Marshall, Missouri. Mr. E. G. Polk, of Pocomoke City, Maryland, read a statement of the formal

purchase and transfer of the property, in which he had acted as voluntary agent. John S. McMaster, Esq., of Jersey City, New Jersey, made an address on "Makemieland," of which he is a born son, touching upon the local influence of Makemie in the chief seat of his labors, Southern Maryland and the Virginia "Eastern Shore." The dedicatory prayer was made by the Rev. W. W. Moore, president of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, and the Moderator of this year (1908) of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The keys of the Memorial Park and custody of the Monument were formally delivered in a brief address by Mr. John McIlhenny, of Philadelphia. The response was made by the Hon. Frank Fletcher, M.D., of Accomack County, Virginia, the honorary custodian of the grounds.

The pastors of the five original churches in Southern Maryland organized by Makemie took part in the exercises and joined in the unveiling of the statue by the Rev. John A. McKancy, of Nashville, Tennessee, who represented descendants of the Makemies in the United States. The benediction was made by the Rev. B. L. Agnew, D.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia, and an original hymn written for the occasion by Dr. McCook, was sung.

It may be added that the nearest post-office, "Bloomsburg," on the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad, was, upon personal request and upon petition of a number of residents of the locality, changed through the action of President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Meyer, to "Makemie Park." Thereupon the railroad company made the same change in the name of its railroad station at that place.

ERECTED IN GRATITUDE TO GOD

And in grateful remembrance of His servant and minister

Francis Makemie

who was born in Ramelton, County Donegal, Ireland, A. D. 1658 (?), was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and came as an ordained Evangelist to the American Colonies A. D. 1683 at the request of Col. William Stevens of Rehoboth, Maryland. A devoted and able preacher of our Lord's Gospel, he labored faithfully and freely for twenty-five years in Maryland, Virginia, the Barbadoes and elsewhere. A Christian gentleman, an enterprising man of affairs, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished advocate of Religious Liberty for which he suffered under the Governor of New York, he is especially remembered as

THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF ORGANIZED PRESBYTERY IN AMERICA, A. D. 1706,
AND AS THE FIRST MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL PRESBYTERY.

He died at his home, whose site is nearby, in Accomack County, Virginia, in the summer of A. D. 1708, and was buried in his family cemetery, located on this spot, now recovered from a long desecration and dedicated with this monument to his memory A. D. 1907 by the American "Presbyterian Historical Society," seated at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



APPENDIX C.

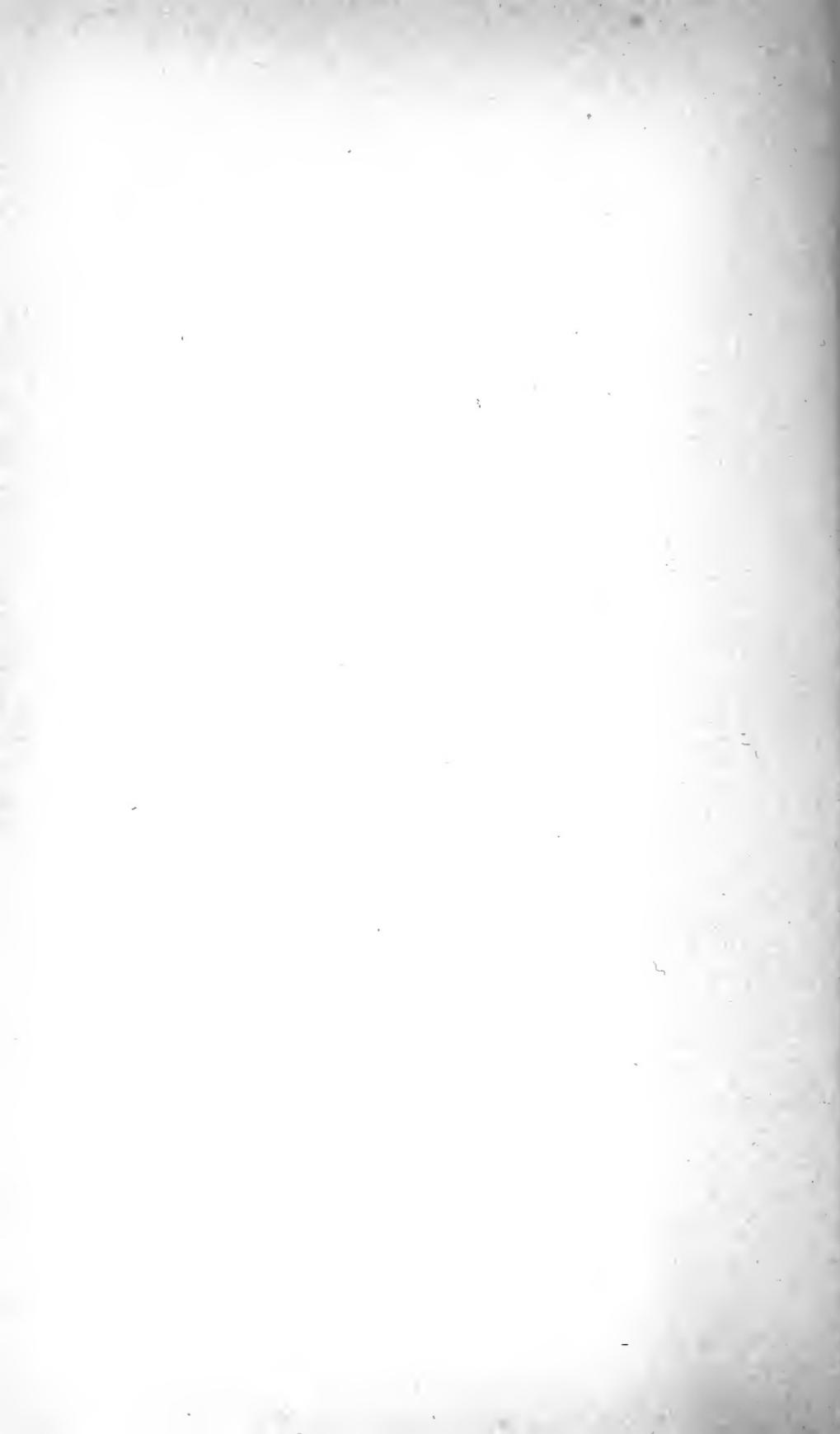
REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR
ENDING FEBRUARY 1st, 1908.

1907.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$577 35	
Membership dues.....	406 00	
Subscriptions and payments Eighteenth Annual Dinner,..	792 80	
Interest on deposits.....	10 02	
		<u>\$1786 17</u>
	CR.	
James Brown, carving two spoons.....	\$79 50	
Postage and miscellaneous expenses.....	28 00	
Presbyterian Historical Society—contribution to Makemie Monument Fund.....	200 00	
Dreka Company, menus and dinner cards.....	50 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—167 covers, music, decorations, cigars and wines.....	723 45	
Stenographer, report of Eighteenth Annual Dinner	35 00	
Clerk's services.....	20 00	
Dinner subscriptions returned.....	20 00	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Seventeenth Annual Report, Eighteenth Annual Dinner notices, table plans, etc.....	204 96	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Eighteenth Annual Report.....	169 01	
Wm. H. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations.....	22 00	
		<u>\$1551 92</u>
Balance in bank February 1st, 1908.....	234 25	
		<u><u>\$1786 17</u></u>

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$234.25 to the credit of the Society in bank February 1st, 1908.

JAS. AYLWARD DEVELIN,
J. S. McCORD,

Auditors.



CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be deter-

mined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER	Chambersburg, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG	3709 Baring St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG,	Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES	220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
D. G. BAIRD	228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD	Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD	United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR	1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY	Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY	Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL	1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE	Carlisle, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS	Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D.	1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN	815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.	The Lincoln, 13th and Spruce Sts., Phila.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL	Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
A. A. CAIRNS, M. D.	1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER	5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL	P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
JAMES F. CAMPBELL	Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON	Ardmore, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON	Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON	205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER	Doylestown, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS	1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D.	
(Honorary)	Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
JOHN H. CHESTNUT	1524 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D. (Honorary)	Chambersburg, Pa.
GEORGE W. CREIGHTON	Altoona, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M. D. . . .	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN DALZELL	House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
H. C. DEAVER, M. D.	1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D.	1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HENRY T. DECHERT	West End Trust Building, Phila.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN	400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
AGNEW T. DICE	Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
PROF. W. P. DICK	West Chester, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON	Manhattan Life Building, Philadelphia.
J. S. DONALDSON	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DORNAN	Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D. . . .	Newville, Pa.
WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN . .	37 South Water Street, Philadelphia.
PETER S. DUNCAN	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
THOMAS P. DYER	228 Apsley St., Germantown, Phila.
DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D. . . .	1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
IRWIN CAMERON ELDER	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. T. B. ELDER	Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN	1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL EVANS	Columbia, Pa.
HON. NATHANIEL EWING	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES	643 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.	2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON . .	114 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D. .	116 West York St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM M. FIELD	1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER . .	500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER . .	1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
D. FLEMING	325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING	32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
W. H. FRANCIS	Trust Co. of North America, 503 Chestnut St., Phila.
HUGH R. FULTON	Lancaster, Pa.

GEORGE D. GIDEON	1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
HARRY B. GILL	328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. W. RUSH GILLAN	Chambersburg, Pa.
COL. JAMES R. GILMORE	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL F. GIVIN	2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM B. GIVEN	224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM A. GLASGOW	Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
HON. JAS. GAY GORDON	1829 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
DUNCAN M. GRAHAM	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN GRAHAM	Huntington, W. Va.
REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D.	2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM	413 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN	Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia.
DAVID C. GREEN	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN M. GREER	Butler, Pa.
ROBERT B. GREER, M. D.	Butler, Pa.
J. M. GUFFEY	341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE	Indiana, Pa.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM	1209 Pennsylvania Buildg., Philadelphia.
REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY, D. D.	Carlisle, Pa.
HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL	Ridgway, Pa.
DR. SAMUEL MCCLINTOCK HAMILL	1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HUGH H. HAMILL	231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
JOHN L. HAMILL	4811 Regent Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN HAMILTON	2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY	3756 N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY	8 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY	410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY	Broad St. and Washington Ave., Phila.
WM. LATTA HAMMERSLEY	410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
JOHN BELL HARPER	2105 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. C. HAWTHORNE	Carlisle, Pa.
GEORGE HAY	111 West Upsilon St., Philadelphia.
JAMES HAY	25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
EDWIN R. HAYS	Newville, Pa.
THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS	Huntington, W. Va.
REV. JOHN HEMPHILL, D. D.	San Francisco, Cal.
JOHN J. HENDERSON	1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia.
J. WEBSTER HENDERSON	Carlisle, Pa.
HON. BAYARD HENRY	1438 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
JOHN J. HENRY	Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.
A. G. HETHERINGTON	2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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| HON. CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK | Franklin, Pa. |
| MAJOR HARRY CRAIG HILL | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| HENRY HOLMES | Trenton Ave., Auburn and Wayne Sts., Philadelphia. |
| DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON | 238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa. |
| R. J. HOUSTON | Lancaster, Pa. |
| SAMUEL F. HOUSTON | 610 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| W. WILLIS HOUSTON | Thacker Mines, W. Va. |
| REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D.D. . . . | 128 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia. |
| W. H. HUNTER | <i>The News Advertiser</i> , Chillicothe, Ohio. |
| E. RANKIN HUSTON | Mechanicsburg, Pa. |
| JOSEPH M. HUSTON | Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. |
| THOMAS HUSTON | Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila. |
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| B. K. JAMISON | Torresdale, Pa. |
| JOHN FLEMING JONES | 2139 Market St., Philadelphia. |
| JOHN W. JORDAN | 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia. |
| JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN | Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D. D. | 6012 Green St., Germantown, Phila. |
|
 | |
| GEORGE C. KENNEDY | 38 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa. |
| M. C. KENNEDY | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| THOMAS B. KENNEDY, JR. | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| HON. JAMES KERR | |
| SAMUEL T. KERR | 1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia. |
| J. B. KINLEY | 411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| HON. P. C. KNOX | Washington, D. C. |
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| REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D. D. . . . | 4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia. |
| JAMES M. LAMBERTON | 216 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa. |
| J. A. LANGFITT | 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| JOHN S. LATTA | 1215 Arch St., Philadelphia. |
| DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA | 233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia. |
| WILLIAM J. LATTA | Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Phila. |
| THOMAS LOVE LATTA | 3918 Spruce St., Philadelphia. |
| REV. WM. LAURIE, D. D. . . . | Bellefonte, Pa. |
| JOHN LLOYD | Altoona, Pa. |
| WILLIAM PENN LLOYD | Mechanicsburg, Pa. |
| HARRY V. LOGAN, M. D. . . . | Scranton, Pa. |
| JOHN P. LOGAN | 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia. |
| JAMES LONG | 203 Church St., Philadelphia. |
| L. H. LOVELL | Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. |
| ADMIRAL GEORGE A. LYON . . | The Rittenhouse, Philadelphia. |
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 | |
| FRANCIS MAGEE | 1220 Market St., Philadelphia. |
| JAMES S. MAGEE | New Bloomfield, Pa. |
| MAJOR LOUIS J. MAGILL | Mills Building, Washington, D. C. |
| ALEX. MARTIN | 128 So. 11th St., Philadelphia. |

- GEORGE V. MASSEY Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
A. W. MELLON Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN HOUSTON MERRILL . . . Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
JOHN S. MILLER 333 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa.
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D. . . . Washington, Pa.
DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT . . . P. O. Box 158, Harrisburg, Pa.
- HON. H. J. MCATEER Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
THOMAS M. MCCACHRAN . . . P. R. R. Office, Altoona, Pa.
DR. J. GUY McCANDLESS . . . 1522 Center Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
EDWIN McCANDLISH Newville, Pa.
HON. SAMUEL J. M. McCARRELL, Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. J. P. MCCASKEY Lancaster, Pa.
REV. W. H. McCaughey, D. D., Terre Haute, Indiana.
W. J. McCLARY The St. James, Thirteenth and Walnut
Sts., Philadelphia.
HON. SAMUEL A. McCLUNG . . 1180 Murray Hill Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
ALEXANDER K. McClure . . Room 384, City Hall, Philadelphia.
HON. HAROLD M. McClure . . Lewisburg, Pa.
HON. A. D. McCONNELL . . Greensburg, Pa.
REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D. D.
(Honorary) Easton, Md.
REV. HENRY C. McCook, D.D., Devon, Pa.
JAMES S. McCORD, JR. . . . 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. VANCE C. McCormick . . Harrisburg, Pa.
W. H. McCREA Newville, Pa.
GEORGE D. McCREARY 3301 Arch St., Philadelphia.
J. BRUCE McCREARY, M. D. . . Shippensburg, Pa.
REV. J. T. McCROY, D. D. . . 1826 Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
M. SIMPSON McCULLOUGH . . . 1717 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
JOHN M. McCURDY Franklin Building, 133 S. 12th St., Phila.
REV. O. B. McCURDY 1411 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
DANIEL W. McDONALD Uniontown, Pa.
J. A. McDOWELL 1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
JOHN M. McDOWELL Chambersburg, Pa.
WILLIAM H. McFADDEN, M.D., 3505 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
ANDREW C. McGOWIN Hotel Majestic, Philadelphia.
JOHN McILHENNY 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
JOHN D. McILHENNY 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS S. McILHENNY 1001 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
DR. J. ATKINSON McKEE 1838 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
JOSEPH PARKER MCKEEHAN Carlisle, Pa.
GEORGE McKEOWN 406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
REV. H. W. MCKNIGHT, D. D. . Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
J. KING McLANAHAN Hollidaysburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM MCLEAN Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

ROBERT MCMEEN	Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.
DONALD P. MCPHERSON . . .	Gettysburg, Pa.
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON . .	Post Office Building, Ninth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
DANIEL N. MCQUILLEN, M. D. .	1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. LEV. MCQUISTION . . .	Butler, Pa.
WILLIAM F. MCSPARRAN . . .	Furniss, Pa.
WILLIAM D. NEILSON	703 N. American Building, Phila.
H. S. P. NICHOLS	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
H. M. NORTH	Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
ARCHIBALD MACLEAN O'BRIEN .	4806 Trinity Place, Philadelphia.
R. L. O'DONNEL	Buffalo, N. Y.
GEORGE T. OLIVER	Pittsburgh, Pa.
DAVID B. OLIVER	233 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. THOMAS J. ORBISON . . .	Pasadena, California.
HON. GEORGE B. ORLADY . . .	Huntingdon, Pa.
D. A. ORR	710 North American Building, Phila.
JOHN G. ORR	Chambersburg, Pa.
REV. THOMAS X. ORR, D. D. .	4614 Chester Ave., Philadelphia.
ROBERT A. ORBISON	Huntingdon, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM HENRY OXTOBY,	3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
CHARLES L. PATTERSON	Wilmington, Del.
C. STUART PATTERSON	1000 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
D. RAMSEY PATTERSON	515 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON	501 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
T. H. HOGE PATTERSON	4231 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
THEODORE C. PATTERSON	715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS PATTERSON	Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. H. PATTON	226 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
RICHARD PATTON	Wayne, Pa.
REV. W. A. PATTON, D. D. . .	Wayne, Pa.
WILLIAM A. PATTON	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
HAROLD PEIRCE	222 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
HUGH PITCAIRN, M. D.	206 West State St., Harrisburg, Pa.
ROBERT PITCAIRN	Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. W. PINKERTON	537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES POLLOCK	2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia.
A. NEVIN POMEROY	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER . .	Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WM. W. PORTER	2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM POTTER	Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
HON. WM. P. POTTER	Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City Hall.
REV. S. R. QUEEN	The Kenmar, 1001 Pine St., Phila.
SAMUEL REA	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
GEORGE RICE	Pottstown, Pa.
H. A. RIDDELL	Chambersburg, Pa.

CRAIG D. RITCHIE	514 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON	Media, Pa.
W. D. ROBINSON, M. D.	2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS	Fortieth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.
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THOMAS ROSS	Doylestown, Pa.
J. E. RUTHERFORD	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER	Chester, Pa.
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CHARLES SCOTT, JR.	Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
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JOHN SCOTT, JR.	2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
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E. A. SHULENBERGER, D. D. S.	Carlisle, Pa.
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FRANK W. SMITH	134 South Twentieth St., Philadelphia.
REV. S. E. SNIVELY, M. D.	Sixty-third and Market Sts., Phila.
HON. ROBERT SNODGRASS	17 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. A. LOUDON SNOWDEN	1812 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
E. J. STACKPOLE	Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN B. STAUFFER	1833 North Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
REV. WILLIAM S. STEANS, D. D.	Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.
REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D. D.	330 South Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON	14 North Front St., Philadelphia.
J. E. STERRETT	925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
GEORGE STEVENSON	1921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR.	Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
ALEXANDER STEWART	Scotland, Franklin County, Pa.
GEORGE H. STEWART	Shippensburg, Pa.
WILLIAM M. STEWART	2008 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
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WILLIAM C. STOEVER	727 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JAMES A. STRANAHAN	Harrisburg, Pa.

- HON. EDWIN S. STUART Executive Mansion, Harrisburg, Pa.
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WILLIAM THOMPSON 230 South Thirty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM THOMSON, M. D. . . . 1426 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
M. HAMPTON TODD 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
- ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE Manayunk National Bank, Philadelphia.
RICHARD H. WALLACE 512 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL HEMPHILL WALLACE Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
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JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 18th, 1909.



PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street
1909

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HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.	HON. HARMAN YERKES.

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ON NEW MEMBERS:

HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. BAYARD HENRY,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. JAMES POLLOCK,	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

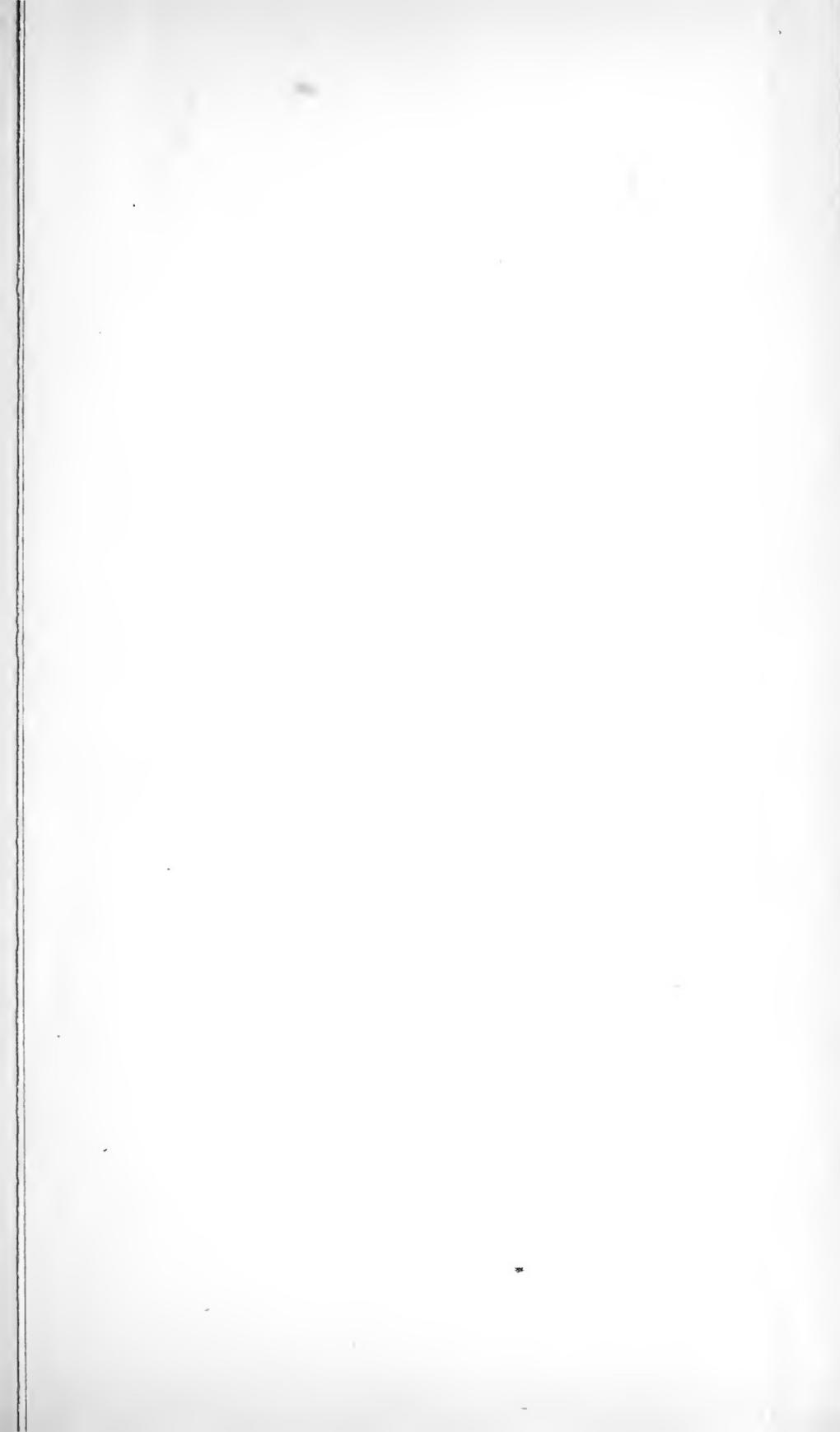
MR. JOHN McILHENNY, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
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HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
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FINANCE:

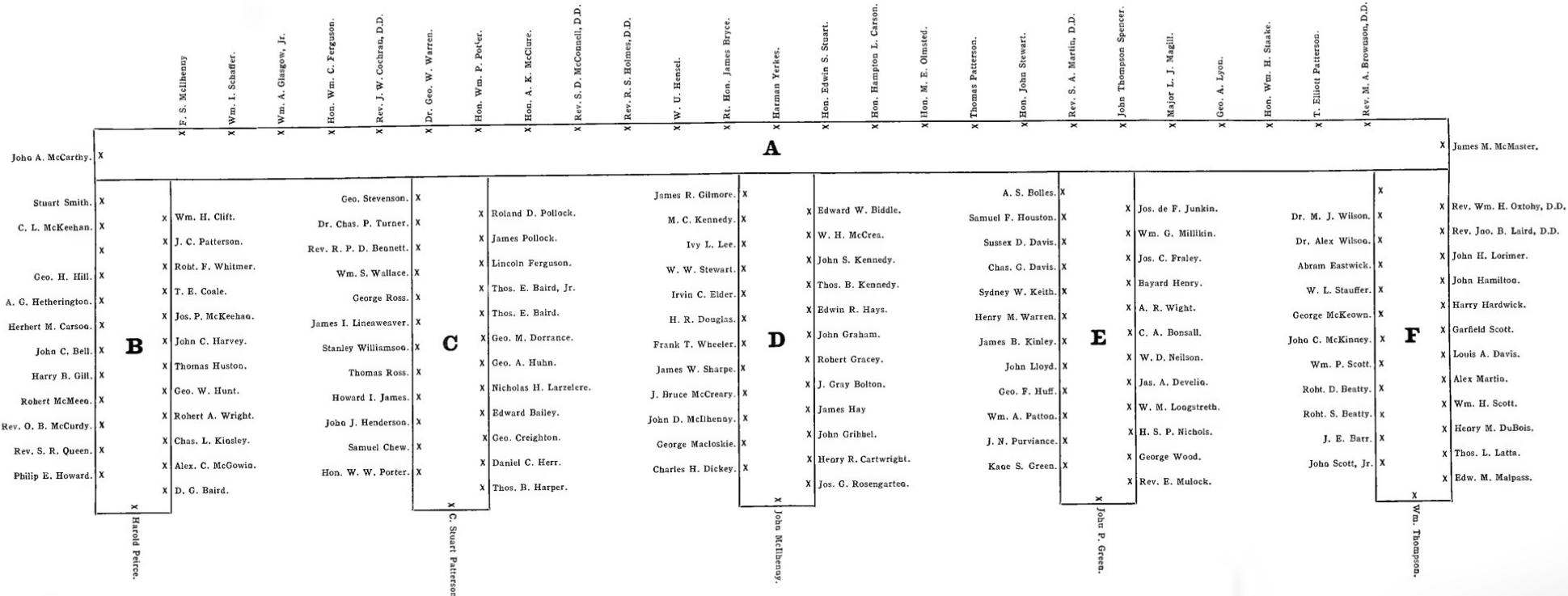
THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.





PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 18th, 1909.



TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twentieth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday, February 18th, 1909, at 7 P. M., the President, Hon. Harman Yerkes, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending January 1st, 1909, was presented and approved. (See Appendix B, page 68.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

First Vice-President, HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

Second Vice-President, MR. JOHN McILHENNY.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. McKEEHAN,

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. JOHN McILHENNY,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. A. K. McCLURE,	REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	HON. HARMAN YERKES.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner Hon. Harman Yerkes, the President of the Society, arose and said:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—In attempting to discharge the principal function which custom has imposed upon the presiding officer of this honorable but exacting Society, I am confronted at the threshold with the glove thrown in my pathway, immediately succeeding my election, as I recall, by the member from Killarney—to prove my title to membership.

If I be not mistaken this is the second time that my French surname, with its Dutch pronyme, has excited hostile demonstrations from the only Simon-pure Irish member of this Society. Some here may recall the broiling to which Ex-Governor Pennypacker and I were subjected on a former occasion by the then presiding officer.

This call for proof of title, after these years of membership in this body, suggests a corporation meeting held in New York, where a stockholder who raised his voice in protest against a resolution to destroy his property rights was told by the President to take his seat, that they would pass the resolution and he might do his protesting afterwards.

In its spirit it reminds me of an interruption of a speech once being made by S. S. Prentiss, by some one in the audience, who persisted in calling out, “louder, louder.” Prentiss’s patience became exhausted and turning to the chairman he said, “Mr. Chairman, when on that last great day the Angel Gabriel shall blow his horn, some unconvinced idiot will be in the crowd shouting ‘louder, louder.’ ”

It would be unworthy the dignity of this Society, after it has exercised such fine discrimination in the choice of its presiding officer (applause) to further notice the pestiferous inquiry, did not the circumstances suggest some important facts, which we have failed to sufficiently note, as explanatory of the vast influence of the descendants of those Scotch-Irish who came to this country in the eighteenth century, in moulding its history, and of that enigma. Why was it that in the very bloom and vigor of youth, with all their characteristic pertinacity, this people after three generations of existence as a distinct stock, begun under conditions that were autonomic, failed to carry out the purpose of their establishment in the North of Ireland, and abandoned the con-

flict, and when they came here under adverse conditions in the midst of multiplied antagonistic religious prejudices as strong as there, in a short space of time became in this country an admittedly dominant power in our material, social, and political development?

Was it not because their headstrong, fighting, and impulsive characteristics needed the infusion of blood from the impassive Dutchmen or Germans, the self-reliant and staying Englishmen, and the vivacious, hopeful Frenchmen to mould the master-man, that strongest type of American citizen, wherever found, dominating in all things, to whom the self-assertive Scotchman has fastened the name of Scotch-Irish?

I confess that, in common with almost every member of this Society, I am of a mixed stock, half French, some Dutch, and, not least, with an infusion of Scotch-Irish blood from a good Scotch grandmother, who on an occasion during the Jackson campaign called her five lusty sons together and said, "Boys, if any of you to-day votes against General Jackson, ye are nae son of mine any more." (Applause.)

That is the reason why I am a Democrat as well as a Scotch-Irishman (laughter and applause), and it is the bottom secret of the faith that is in most of us, the influence of that old grandmother, and the Scotch, being the stronger character, always bosses the job. (Applause.)

In the early settlement of southeastern Pennsylvania there were the Swedes and some Dutch and a few French Huguenots; then came the English Friends; close upon their tracks came the followers of Pastorius (with them an ancestor of mine), who worked their way up the water courses of the Wissahickon and Pennypack right into the midst of the English; next the pioneer Scotch-Irish elbowed themselves right through these to the Neshaminy, Tomhicken and Upper Delaware; and then up the Schuylkill and Perkiomen followed the hardy German Lutherans and Reformers, worshipping in the same churches and, with the Mennonites, encircling on the outer boundaries all the others, until the restless Scotch-Irish again trekked through to the forks of the Delaware.

Why did these pioneers, all of independent religious practices, prefer Pennsylvaina to other equally inviting localties along a coast of more than a thousand miles in extent? We find a satisfactory solution in the pacific proclamations of Penn and his instructions to treat the stranger kindly.

We are all aware, and proud too, of the fact that the comingling of the blood of all these in the fittest survivors of the independent spirits who sought the blessings of liberty in this land under severe privations, produced a race of men of superior brawn and brain, whose descendants, seeking newer and wider fields of enterprise, North, West, and South and in the great cities, through the force of character and intellectual activity, inherited and born from the assimilation here of the blood, customs, and ideas of the best types of every nationality, have done honor to the country of their birth by taking the foremost positions in arms, mechanics, commerce, the arts, and the professions wherever they have gone. (Applause.)

Let us all be proud of that blended blood that denotes the progressive and successful American everywhere. (Applause.)

It is said that at the Monastery on Mount Athos this precaution is taken to protect the corporate seal against counterfeiting. The circular matrix is divided into four quarters, each of which is kept by one of the four ruling monks. The four pieces are joined by a key handle which remains in the custody of the Secretary. Thus it is only when all five guardians of the various parts of the matrix meet together that the complete seal can be stamped on any document.

So with us Americans, the best and true type is not of one blood, no one nationality of the old world carries the true matrix, but the beautiful joinery of early struggles for religious and personal liberty has formed the mould from the many, the Scotch, the Dutch, the French, the English, and the Irish compose the parts of the true matrix, and the key handle which holds it in form is our common love of country, and all else is imitation until passed through the same crucible. (Applause.)

Our council has passed a resolution directing me to limit the speeches to twenty minutes, but I have control (laughter) and I propose to show the blood of my grandmother to-night, provided the speeches are satisfactory. I begin right here to construe the rule in my own way. (Laughter.)

It is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the Scotch-Irish way to go ahead and do new things, rather than to rest upon what is already done, even if well done—to look forward rather than backward, that, although they began to arrive in Pennsylvania nearly two hundred years ago and soon thereafter had pushed themselves forward as a dominant element in its political, social, and religious affairs, no connected history has yet been written of the Scotch-Irish people in Pennsylvania and of their development through amalgamation with other stocks, with their influence on the sister commonwealths.

As careful and observant an historian as John Fiske has declared that while little has been written about the coming of the Scotch-Irish to America, it is an event of scarcely less importance than the exodus of English Puritans to New England and that of the English Cavaliers to Virginia—that it is impossible to understand the drift which American history, social and political, has taken since the time of Andrew Jackson without studying the early life of the Scotch-Irish population of Pennsylvania, the pioneers of the American backwoods.

This people, "who were composed of picked men and women of the best sort from Scotland and the northern counties of England, with many generations of ancestry behind them, on a far higher level of intelligence and training than the native Irish peasantry, a Presbyterian band," through the policy of Elizabeth and James I. were sent to the northern or lowland counties of Ireland that they might come to outnumber and control the Catholics. They had been there but three generations, when unjust laws and a system of petty persecutions by the government of Great Britain drove them to seek their homes on this side.

There were then more than a million Presbyterians in Ulster alone; more than half of them left for America, of

whom a great majority came to Pennsylvania, settled here and sent emigrants South and West to blaze the way for the great onward march of American progress and supremacy over the fairest portions of this continent.

With them and the German, Dutch, and French settlers who were their neighbors, there arose a fellow feeling in the realization and enjoyment of liberty of conscience, and in a few years there were more intermarriages between them than had occurred with the native Irish in all the years of the occupation of Ireland. A new and more conservative body of Scotch-Irish Americans in thought and enterprise was evolved.

Fiske says: "The emigration from here of the combined Ulster stream and Palatinate stream influenced South Carolina and Maryland most powerfully, renovated society in North Carolina, and broke down the sway of the cavalier in Virginia. From the same prolific hive came the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee with their descendants throughout the vast Mississippi Valley and beyond. In all these directions this sturdy population distilled through the Pennsylvania alembic has formed the main strength of American democracy, and its influence upon American life has been manifold."

It is eminently the duty of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, which for twenty years has enjoyed a healthy and vigorous existence, contentedly spent in singing the praises of their ancestry and their great qualities as a people, to get down to the serious business of recording their history in some sort of a logical narrative.

This Society owes its formation largely to the suggestion and commendable efforts of Scotch-Irish from the Susquehanna Valley, and it is but natural that unconsciously they have exercised a dominant influence over such of its literature as is of an historical character and which from time to time has found its way into print only through addresses delivered at these annual gatherings, so that we have come to accept as a fact that good old Cumberland not only originated the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, but the Scotch-Irishman also. (Applause.) But his field of occu-

pation was of an earlier period and far wider. It is true that after the great exodus began the bulk of the population which came to Pennsylvania from Ireland was hustled on and settled in the region along and west of the Susquehanna, because the earlier immigrants here found no difficulty in making arrangements, on behalf of those to follow, for the possession of the rich lands in that locality. The Quaker and English settlers were entirely willing to push them forward as a bulwark of defense against the Indians, and the Scotch-Irish being equally willing, as has always been characteristic of the race, to be posted in the vanguard and to face danger (applause),—for they are above all things natural born fighters,—hence the bargain was easy. That great body of Cumberland settlers, according to one of their most honored representatives, arrived about 1772 and followed the pioneers here who aggressively planted themselves in the midst of the English and Dutch along the Delaware.

Very few of these people had come to America prior to 1720. About that time there appeared the vanguard of the great army of Ulster Scots, with their rugged and aggressive qualities nurtured amid the adverse conditions at home imposed by the English in church and state, who soon began to overrun the country and to alarm the earlier settlers along the Delaware with their numbers.

This immigration became so numerous that in 1729 James Logan with distress declared: "It looks as if Ireland is to send all her inhabitants to this province." These first-comers landed in the Counties of Philadelphia, New Castle, and Bucks, along the Delaware. They formed their principal settlements in Southeastern Pennsylvania, and, following up the streams that enter the Delaware, the chief band came to the forks of Neshaminy in Bucks County. This was the threshold from whence this adventurous race later sent forth its sturdy sons to populate the central and northern counties of our State.*

* There is reprinted in this report an instructive paper by Warren S. Ely on some of the early Scotch-Irish settlers in Bucks County. See Appendix A, page 46.

But preceding this great in-pouring there came to that locality earlier arrivals, the families of Craig, Jamison, Blair, Stewart, Hare, Long, Weir, Armstrong, Gray, Graham, Wallace, Miller, Earle, and others. They settled about the Neshaminy forks in Warwick and along the stream where eight Presbyterian churches now maintain the faith amongst their descendants (applause), near the site of the famous "Log College" in Warminster; from there they branched out and formed new settlements at Craigs, at the forks of the Delaware, at Deep Run, in Plumstead, Abington, and other localities.

These came prior to 1720, probably in 1716, for we have records of baptisms of children and members of these families, showing they must have arrived before the first-named date.

But it is not to these early settlements I would particularly call attention. No history of a people is worth reading that ignores their educational and religious life. We are told that "At the beginning of the eighteenth century the percentage of illiteracy in Ulster was probably smaller than anywhere else in the world." Their social condition was not that of peasants; they were yeomen and artisans. In a document signed in 1718 by a miscellaneous group of 319 only 13 made their mark, while 306 wrote their names in full. Historian Fiske remarks, "Nothing like that could have happened at that time in any part of the British Empire," and he naively adds, "hardly in New England." (Laughter and applause.)

From that most enlightened section in the world, then, there came in 1716 from County Down, William Tennant with his wife Catherine, who was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Kennedy. He first went East, but, possibly seeking more congenial and learned associates, he came to Philadelphia, was ordained a Presbyterian clergyman, proceeded to the Neshaminy, and there opened the first institution of learning in this country for the education of men for the Presbyterian ministry.

He built upon the Old York Road a house of logs, eighteen by twenty feet in size, and opened a school for the in-

struction of young men of the Presbyterian faith. In the history of the Presbyterian Church this institution is universally known as the "Log College."*

No more extraordinary results can be shown in all the history of education than flowed down the stream that started at this insignificant fountain head.

We have the testimony of Dr. Alexander and other eminent educators that "This humble institution was not only the germ of Princeton College, but of several other colleges which have arisen to high estimation in the country—among them Jefferson College, Hampden-Sidney College, and Washington-Lee University in Virginia. (Applause.) And we need not stop there, for these in turn have given rise to many other schools and colleges." James Blair, the founder of William and Mary College, was of the clan of Blairs to which Samuel and John, graduates of Log College, belonged. Such schools as Faggs Manor, Pequa and Nottingham Academy were the offshoots of this institution. From it were graduated the four sons of Mr. Tennant, Samuel and John Blair, Samuel Finley, William Robinson, John Rowland, Charles Beatty, John Roan, Samuel Davies, Hamilton Bell, John Campbell, James McCrea, father of the beautiful Jane McCrea, murdered by Indians at Stillwater, whose tragic death aroused her countrymen to renewed resistance, David Alexander and others, who as ministers went amongst their people South and West fully equipped to uphold the faith with voice and even strong arms. They made their impress upon all the Scotch-Irish communities in this country.

To you in the Cumberland Valley went Rev. John Rowland—he was nicknamed "Hell-Fire Roland"—and his transfer to the Cumberland Valley is significant (laughter)—John Blair, John Roan, and others, and by one of these graduates, Dr. Samuel Finley, were educated at Nottingham Dr. Benjamin Rush and Governor John Dickinson, the founders of Dickinson College.

To the South it sent forth William Robinson, two of the Tennants, Samuel Finley, one of the Blairs, and Samuel

* A picture of the "Log College" will be found facing page 46 of this report.

Davies, of whom Dr. Richard McIlwaine, president of Hampden-Sidney College, has said: "If the Log College had none nothing more than lend this incomparable man to Virginia it would be entitled to the everlasting gratitude not only of the South, but of the world, for it was through his instrumentality in part that the principles of human freedom were first enacted as a part of the fundamental law."

In the land of its first abiding place this race was the dominant power in the Revolution, and amongst these pioneers and their descendants along the Neshaminy Valley and the hills between it and the Delaware the American commanders in times of danger more than once found absolutely safe camping ground.

An English officer writing home from Philadelphia termed the struggle for independence in Pennsylvania as "An Irish-Scotch-Presbyterian Rebellion."

The Neshaminy country was more than once selected by Washington as a secure camping ground for his army, which on four different occasions lay there. So greatly was the fighting qualities of the inhabitants respected by the enemy that after the defeat at Trenton no subsequent attempt was made to pass over this zone. (Applause.) General Howe, although the short way between New York and Philadelphia lay through this Scotch-Irish settlement, described a wide circle rather than attempt to force a way through these indomitable patriots. While Washington with his army lay at Neshaminy, Howe, rather than go by the direct route took to the sea, and approached Philadelphia by way of the Elk and Brandywine. It is noteworthy that in all the many raids of his army into the surrounding country, no English soldier ever penetrated beyond the Neshaminy, and when General Howe decided to retreat, he slipped over into Jersey below tidewater and crept up the other side of the Delaware to take his medicine at Monmouth (Applause.)

Now my twenty minutes are up. My whole object has been to prove my own impartiality towards all my ancestors (applause), that all the Scotch-Irish did not originate in the Cumberland Valley, and that it is above all things the duty of this Scotch-Irish Society to take in hand as one of its

primary objects a writing of the history of the Scotch-Irish people of Pennsylvania, and you know if it is a duty the Scotch-Irish will do it. When Nelson assembled his fleet together for the last orders immediately before the Battle of Trafalgar he ran to the masthead the signal: "England expects every man to do his duty." An Irishman upon the deck turned to his Scotch friend, and seeking to have some fun with him said, "Jamie, do you see what the Admiral has run up to the masthead?" "Nai, I can nai read sae far." "Well, Jamie, he says England expects every Englishman to do his duty, and he says nothing about the Irish or the Scotch." "Well, Pat, the Admiral knows that the Scotchman always does his duty." (Applause.) That here is a duty, I have endeavored to impress upon this Society, the finest representative body in Pennsylvania, and I hope that someone with the power to do it like my friend, Ex-Attorney General Carson, or Judge Stewart, will take up this matter of writing a history of the Scotch-Irish people in Pennsylvania and will push it through. I have shown you by reference to incidents in only one locality familiar to me as my birthplace that there are broad fields in Pennsylvania yet unexplored in which to delve for material for a complete history of the Scotch-Irish here. When our greatest historians have commented upon a dearth of information of this people, does it not become an imperative duty upon this Society to move promptly?

If I have contributed to arouse an interest in such a work the great honor you have conferred upon me in part at least has been profitably recognized. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, we have the good fortune to-night to present to you the real thing (applause), in the shape of a Scotch-Irishman. We have with us the genuine article from the old country, a Scotch-Irishman by education and ancestry from Glasgow and Belfast, who knows the north of Ireland and all those people, and who as Governor for Ireland was in a position to learn the good and bad that exists among its various inhabitants, and who has demonstrated by his histories, to those of us who have read the American Commonwealth, his knowledge of the weakness and the strength

of our American system, which has largely been evolved out of the thoughts, the power, and the greatness of character of the people whom he represents here to-night. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the Ambassador of the United Kingdom, the Right Honorable James Bryce. (Applause.)

Rt. HON. JAMES BRYCE:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—Your President has thrown upon me an awful responsibility. I feel that to typify this great race of which and of whose achievements you have heard so much is too much for one humble and modest man, standing among a company comparatively few of whom are known to him personally. Had I known that the duty of representing the Scotch-Irish, and posing as if I was a specimen of the virtues of that race, was to be thrown upon me here in this unexpected way, I am not sure I should have ventured from the safe seclusion of Washington. However, I am emboldened by the way in which the President has done his duty to do my best also. Whether the President's name is Scotch or Irish or something else, at any rate he has shown that sense of duty which characterizes the Scotchman, and that boldness which characterizes the Irishman, and that interest in the history of this remarkable stock of people which I am sure is characteristic of you all in this State.

I may say in passing that this very nearly might have been a Dutch-Irish Society. (Laughter.) In that case our friend in the chair would have had a double title to be here. There was a time in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Dutch of the United Provinces were being very hard pressed by Spain, when King James the First (I forget at this moment whether it was in the last years of Elizabeth or the early years of King James the First) offered the Dutch, if they would abandon Holland and sail in ships that were provided for them, a settlement with plenty of land and every encouragement in Ireland, in which case Ireland would have been a half Dutch country. (Laughter.)

I think it is very interesting to see that you in the United States take so keen a pleasure in recalling the different racial stocks from which you come, and even the parts of the United States from which different sections of your population in each State came. It adds to the interest of life. It adds to the variety of life. It adds to the richness of one's own thoughts and memories that one is able to go back from the country in which fate and the wanderings of his parents have placed him, and connect himself with parts of the Old World and with their history and their associations. You look backward to two very remarkable stocks. I do not suppose that there ever were two peoples who, considering how small they were, have made a greater noise in the world than the Irish and Scotch (laughter), and you claim kinship and descent from both of those.

Like other great and good things, both the Irish and the Scotch have had their detractors. Criticisms have been passed upon them. It has been said of the one race that it was reckless, dashing, bold, extravagant, imprudent. It has been said of the other race that it was dry, cautious, even parsimonious. (Laughter.) I will not stop to inquire whether these charges of being dry, cautious, and parsimonious are justly brought against the Irish (laughter), nor whether the other charges are justly brought against the Scotch; but the reason why I need not inquire is because you are neither Scotch nor Irish, but a blend of both, and I never heard any charge whatever against the blend. (Laughter.) On the contrary, it is well understood—all impartial historians will tell you so—that the Scotch-Irish or Irish-Scotch, whichever way you like to have it, combine the characteristic virtues of both the races, that they unite the tenacity, perseverance, and shrewdness of the Scotch with the fire, dash, and geniality of the Irishman, and that those are the qualities which have made them valued not only in the United Kingdom, as I shall presently show you, but also in this land of their adoption. They have really only two defects, and those defects are rather the excess of good qualities. You, Mr. President, referred to the experience I had when for fourteen months it was my duty and function,

not a light one, to be virtually responsible for governing Ireland, and I found then that there were really only two slight defects that could be charged against the people of Ireland, especially of the north of Ireland, from which your ancestors came. One was that they valued so highly the right of free speech that they were in the habit of expressing their opinions about one another at unseasonable moments (laughter), and they used to choose for those moments, with very strong historical instinct, the Roman Catholics the 17th of March and the Protestants the 12th of July, and on these occasions historical sentiment, a good thing enough at proper times, sometimes gave rise to scenes that were not altogether peaceful, because there was this little other defect, again an excess of a virtue, that their strong sense of manhood led them to be decidedly more combative than was necessary.

It was often my painful duty to have to warn people that they had better not hold meetings in places where there was likely to be a bit of an armed collision with the other side, and even to direct a force of police to be present at spots where it was probable that combats would occur. But it was all done with a measure of good humor, and no one who does not know Ireland can know with how much good humor people can, as soon as the actual fighting is over, remember these conflicts with one another, and how much it is understood to be part of the game, and how little bad blood and ill feeling it leaves behind. Ireland in that way is a very charming and winning country. Anyone who has to govern it is likely to come in for a good deal of criticism, but at the same time he is pretty certain to leave the country with the greatest regret, feeling that he has enjoyed his time there, and loving the people even more than he did before. That was my experience. (Applause.)

Now this tendency to pugnacity which our ancestors in Ireland, especially the north of Ireland, had was the quality that led your ancestors when they came over here to press to the front, and to take up the border land, protecting the more peaceful Quakers of Pennsylvania who lived between them and the sea (laughter), and choosing for them-

selves the noble and arduous task of subduing the wilderness and defending the frontiers of civilization against the Indian tribes, and a very fine record they made. Many of the most stalwart and daring men of whom this country holds memory were the original settlers of Pennsylvania and the men who passed from Pennsylvania across the mountains into Kentucky and Tennessee, and further south into the Carolinas and Georgia. A great deal of the best blood, a great deal of the finest intellect that has shown itself in your history, is due to those men who sprang from that stock, and they came hither for a reason which deserves to win sympathy and respect for them.

The earliest settlers of New England came out in order to have liberty to worship God in their own way, and the earliest settlers who came from Ulster came out because, having been brought over from Scotland on a promise of rights and advantages in Ulster, they found themselves ill treated and almost persecuted by the Episcopalian rulers of that day of general religious intolerance, and were not able to obtain the full freedom for the exercise of their religion and their civil rights which they were entitled to expect. That was one main cause why they came out here, and one main cause also why they were foremost in vindicating the rights of the Colonists when trouble arose between the Colonists and the mother country. I think it is an interesting historical fact also that the system of Presbyterian Church government which these settlers brought with them had a great deal to do with the formation of a republican spirit and with the growth of those habits which enabled your ancestors to work republican institutions.

This Presbyterian system of church government, of course, is eminently a republican system, a system of representative councils, a system of local ecclesiastical self-government, leading upward to a supreme representative assembly, and traditions and habits of that government were found very useful when you were organizing the bases of your commonwealths. The President has referred to the Scotch-Irish here, but he has not said much to you about the Scotch-Irish of Ireland, and I, having known that country in my

very early youth, although all the latter part of my life was lived in Scotland and England, should like to tell you something about it. When I first knew the north of Ireland there were a large number of people there who spoke broad Scotch, just the same broad Scotch that you would hear in Ayrshire or Galloway, and who considered themselves for every purpose to be Scotch, so much so that I have heard these old farmers in the County of Down or the County of Antrim, when I was a boy eight years old, speak of the Roman Catholic Irish who inhabited the mountainous districts, into which your ancestors had, I am afraid, rather unceremoniously driven them, as "Those Irish," or to be quite literal, in broad Scotch they said, "Thae Eerish." They considered themselves to be Scotch, and all their connections were with Scotland. They had little or nothing to do with Dublin, the capital of Ireland, or indeed with any part of Ireland south of Carlingford Lough.

All their trading was done with Glasgow or the west of Scotland. All their sons who were to be prepared for the ministry or any other learned profession were sent to Glasgow University. In fact, they were a little colony of Scotch people planted in the Counties of Down and Antrim and parts of Derry and Tyrone. That, however, does not qualify the fact that there was a good deal of Celtic quality in some of them. Whether it was that the land itself had some influence upon them, or whether it was that a certain number of them intermarried with the Celtic Irish, certain it is that the Scotch-Irish as you find them in Ulster now are quite different from the Scotch. Nobody who knows the Scotch people well could mistake, when he goes into Ulster, the people there for people of Scotland, and when you meet an Ulsterman in England or Scotland, you at once recognize him not only by his accent, but also by something distinctive in his way of thinking and acting. Even by his face and manner you often recognize he is not the same sort of person as a Scotchman of the Scottish lowlands. I want to tell you that, just as you claim that the Scotch-Irish have given you a great many men of high distinction and usefulness to this country, so they have given many men of great

fame and honor and service to the United Kingdom. I might mention a great many, but I confine myself to mentioning but five. One of them was the late Lord Chief-Justice of England, who was one of the most powerful advocates of our time, and also an admirable judge, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Russell of Killowen, whose name is no doubt known to many of you who follow the profession of the law. He was an Irish Roman Catholic. The other four were Irish Protestants. One of them was Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the most gallant of our soldiers and the heroic defender of Lucknow in the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857. There were three others even more famous. One was Lord Lawrence, brother of Sir Henry, who was the greatest of all our Indian administrators and Viceroys for I suppose the last eighty or one hundred years. The second was Lord Cairns, who was the greatest master of legal science in England the nineteenth century saw, one of the most powerful parliamentary speakers, and I think certainly the greatest judge. The third, whose father was the son of a small farmer near the village of Ballynahinch, in County Down, and was afterward professor of mathematics in Glasgow, was William Thomson, afterwards known as Lord Kelvin, and one of the greatest scientific men of the century. (Applause.) There were no three men who stood higher, or who deserved to stand higher in the sight of England and Scotland during the second half of the nineteenth century, than Lord Lawrence, Lord Cairns and Lord Kelvin. Those three men came from the Counties of Derry, Antrim, and Down. So you see even in England and Scotland they can claim to have done great things, and they have amply vindicated the fame in the old country which that ancient stock has won in your country.

You look back, as I have said, to two countries as the sources of that mixed race from which you sprang. How different has been the fortune of those two countries. Scotland had her troubled times, and she passed out of them, and since the union with England, with the short and unimportant exception of the Jacobite rebellions in 1715 and 1745, Scotland has enjoyed peace and ever growing pros-

perity, and although at one time the Scotch excited a little criticism and even distaste in England, as you may remember appeared from expressions used by that fine old typical Englishman, Dr. Johnson, the Scotch have made their footing good in England. They have succeeded in getting a fair chance at anything there is to win or enjoy. (Laughter.) It is no disadvantage to any Scotchman who comes to England if he desires to rise to any English or British post. Four out of the last five prime ministers of England were Scotchmen. The present Archbishop of York and the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of England, are both Scotchmen. So you may see that the Scotchman has a perfectly good chance in England. Scotland has been, in her union with England, a happy and prosperous country. I wish I could say the same for Ireland. Ireland, too, has given many great and famous men to England besides those Ulstermen whose names I mentioned to you just now. There have been no orators more illustrious, if indeed so illustrious, in the long line of English oratory and statesmanship, as four Irishmen of the end of the eighteenth century, Curran, Plunkett, Grattan, and, above all, Edmund Burke. Edmund Burke was not only a great orator but one of the very greatest of English writers. Any country that produced four men like Curran, Plunkett, Grattan, and Burke and produced them all practically in the same generation, has rendered a service to England and to the glory of the English tongue which Englishmen and Americans ought never to forget. (Applause.) I might speak also of the many illustrious men whom Ireland has given to the ranks of literature, statesmanship, art, and poetry, but everyone admits what Ireland has achieved in those directions.

And yet there are many painful pages in the history of the relations of Ireland and England. I mention that, gentlemen, for the sake of telling you, as I am sure your sympathies are with Ireland, and I am sure your hearts beat for Ireland as one of the two countries of your ancestors, that I believe a far better day has dawned for Ireland, and especially for the relations between her and England. (Applause.) Within the last thirty years there has come about

an understanding and a sympathy between the English people, the great mass and body of the English people, and the Irish people, such as never existed before. I am happy to tell you that the English parliament has done a great deal of late years to ameliorate what was once the unhappy condition of the Irish peasantry. No one can travel about Ireland now without being struck by how much their condition has improved from what it was fifty years ago. At this moment nearly half the land of Ireland has passed, and within the next twenty years I believe practically the whole of the land of Ireland will have passed into the hands of the small farmers of Ireland who are cultivating it (applause), and therewith what has been the most fruitful source of trouble and discontent in Ireland will have been assuaged and set at rest.

The British people are now genuinely anxious and wishful to do all they can for the Irish people, and I believe the Irish people have come to understand it. There is a far better feeling than ever there was before, and we confidently look forward to the time when, just as the memory of ancient wars no longer impairs the friendship of Englishmen and Scotchmen, so the troubles that in the past have divided Ireland and England will be forgotten, and both will be happy members of one and the same great Empire. (Applause.) It is a great blessing for any country when it is united. It is a great blessing for any country when it is able to forget what has been painful in the past, and to unite in honoring the heroes of the past, to whichever side or party they belonged. (Applause.) I was profoundly struck by that last week. I went, as I suppose most of you did, to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln. It was impressive to see how the memory of that great and good man was honored not only in his own State of Illinois, and in the City of Springfield where he lived, but everywhere over the country impressive to mark how there went up from the whole of the north and east and west of the United States one voice of admiration for that noble character and one song of thankfulness to the Providence that had bestowed him on you. But what gave me perhaps the greatest pleasure of all, as a well-wisher to your country, was to perceive that no discordant

note came from the South, and that in many parts of the South and from many eminent spokesmen of the South there was re-echoed praise and honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) So may it ever be in this country, and so may it be in my country, too, that we shall be able to honor our common heroes, and to unite with one heart in the service of our common country. (Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—I made some reference to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania and its duty to formulate a history of its people in this State, as the work of the organization of the Society itself. I think that next to our venerable friend upon the right, Col. McClure, to whom is justly due the credit of organizing this Society, we owe a debt of recognition to the gentleman who for so many years has so well and effectively filled the office of Secretary of this Society. (Applause.) Where would the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania be to-night if it were not for our Secretary, Mr. McKeehan, who gives so much of his time to its organization and its management, and never fails to be on time? At the suggestion of my successor, it occurred to the Council that we had all been negligent in failing to recognize the services of our worthy Secretary by some memento which he might hand down to his children as the evidence of the regard which this society holds for him. The spoon which customarily you present to your retiring president is not of the character of goods that would be so much treasured, nor would it be such a constant reminder of the value of those services. Therefore the Society takes great pleasure to-night, Mr. McKeehan, in presenting to you a slight memento, symbolical of your faithfulness in its service and of your promptness in everything you do, in the form of that ancient clock, made by Solomon Parke, a Scotch-Irishman, who flourished in this neighborhood about 1772 as one of our early clock makers. (Applause.) You will observe that the clock is not running, but nevertheless, it is of the kind, because I know it of old, that will run eight

days without winding, and the question need not be asked how long it will run if wound. (Laughter.) I had it stopped to-night because of the adoption of a rule by the Council directing me to limit the speeches to twenty minutes, and knowing the excellent corps of speakers that we have on hand, I propose to be in a position where no man can convict me of violating that rule, but you will find that it runs fast enough and keeps good time and it will keep time with the record which we all hope and believe will belong to its future owner. It gives me great pleasure on behalf of this Society to present to you this little memento and remembrance of your service to it. (Applause.)

There was a call for Mr. McKeehan, who responded as follows:—

MR PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—This beautiful clock was shown to me a few moments ago, and I would have gone home in embarrassment if my presence had not been necessary here to attend to some of the arrangements for the dinner. I feel all the more embarrassed now in view of the very cordial and complimentary expression that has accompanied it. I am ever so much obliged to you, gentlemen. You have selected a delightful method of tiding me over my *thirteenth* anniversary as your secretary. And no doubt you are as anxious as I am that my thanks shall be expressed briefly and that I shall not make a speech. There is a special reason for my wish in the matter, because I can attribute my long tenure of office in this Society solely to the fact that I am the only officer in the Society's history who has never gotten upon his feet at one of these dinners. Your presidents and vice-presidents have come, have spoken, and have gone, and only the silent secretary has been permitted to remain. (Laughter.) Well, sir, the duties have been so light and the association has been so pleasant in every way, that I do not propose to kill the goose that has laid me thirteen golden eggs. Gentlemen, I deeply appreciate what you have done, and I can only say that as

long as this beautiful time-piece and I continue to run together, you have a first lien upon my services in any capacity in which you may desire them. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this evening a gentleman whom we have long been anxious to hear, and whose fault it has not been that we have not heard him. (Laughter.) I think you will all recall the occasion last year when a gentleman came here to prove that the Declaration of Independence originated in North Carolina. His evidence was so voluminous that Dr. Holmes was unceremoniously shoved off the platform. (Laughter.) As a representative of the stock who were never turned back by mountains or hills or rivers, but trekked their way across the Alleghenies to the West, I have great pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Richard S. Holmes. (Applause.)

REV. RICHARD S. HOLMES:—

Mr. President, I feel greatly honored that I have been asked by the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania to make the same speech before the same body for two consecutive years. (Laughter.) The letter of invitation which I received this year proved to me conclusively that the Society was rightly named Scotch, for it evidently believes in persisting and persevering until it gets what it wants; and Irish, for the genial secretary wrote me to deliver the same speech that I did not deliver last year. (Applause.) I find myself here to deliver the things spoken that were not spoken last year. If that is not an Irish bull then I do not know what one is, and I congratulate you on a secretary who maintains your reputation for being both Scotch and Irish. I was asked last year to speak concerning David Henderson, a typical Scotch elder. A little book had appeared during the year before, written by one John Haynes, who told the story in the first person of himself and his elder, David Henderson. It happened that Rev. Dr. Brownson, who was president of your society a year ago, had read the story, and knew that I also had. He asked me here, knowing I

was neither Scotch nor Irish nor Scotch-Irish, but only an old-fashioned descendant from nine generations of Quakers, and asked me if I would speak something about David Henderson and my estimate of his character as told by Mr. Haynes. That I was then prepared to do. Now if you will forget absolutely who I am, and will imagine that I am John Haynes and no one else, I will attempt to give some of the characteristics of David Henderson, the Scotch elder, as Mr. Haynes knew them and reported them in his little book, called "The Maid of Honor."

David Henderson was Scotch, he was not Scotch-Irish. He once said to me, when the Scotch-Irish Society met in a great convention in the city of Duqueboro, Pa., "What ha'e they got a Mackintosh mon down here for wi' a great Scotch-Irish performance? What are the Scotch-Irish? They arena Scotch, they arena Irish, an' if they are neither Scotch nor Irish they are mongrel, that is a' they are." (Laughter.) I, John Haynes, was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Duqueboro, and David Henderson, when I became its pastor, was an elder there, and I learned after a very little while what were some of his chief characteristics. One of them, I think, was probably Scotch and possessed by all the Scotch. He was intensely loyal to his Church, whatever that church might happen to be. He said one night in prayer meeting, "I ha'e been asked whether I believe in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church an' whether I want the Confession of the Presbyterian Church revised, an' this is what I said tae the mon. I said, when I was a wee Christian and didna ken ony better, I belonged tae the Methodist Epeescopal Church, an' when I belonged tae the Methodist Epeescopal Church I believed a' the Methodist Epeescopal Church said believe an' I did what the Methodist Epeescopal Church said dae. Noo, ye ken, the Methodist Epeescopal Church believes in fa'in' frae grace, an' they expect its members tae practice the doctrine. (Laughter.) But then afterward I becam' a Presbyterian, an' after I becam' a Presbyterian I believed what the Presbyterian Church tauld me tae believe, whether I did or na." So you see he was transcendently loyal to his church, wher-

ever he was and in whatever church he was. I found also, after a very little while, that Mr. Henderson was absolutely loyal to his pastor. He said one night in prayer meeting, "I hae been asked whether I agree wi' what ma pastor said last Sabbath morn, an' I tauld the mon this; that I aye believe what ma pastor says while he is me pastor, whether I dae or na (applause); I always believe what ma pastor says, right or wrang, especially if he's right. Noo, to-night, for example, he has been talkin' aboot the epeestle of James, an' he has said that it is na certain who wrote the Epeestle, but that he believes because of the phraseology o' the buik bein' sae similar tae the phraseology which Jesus the Lord used, that James an' Jesus were ain brithers. Noo, what ma pastor has said to-night is interestin'. It is verra interestin', an' I am sae loyal tae ma pastor that I should be inclined tae believe what he has said aboot James an' the Lord if it were true, but the fact o' the matter is that the Lord had na brithers; an' yet don't for a minute think I am na loyal to ma pastor (laughter), the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Duqueboro, Pa." He was very loyal to his Bible always, as every Scotchman is. He made his boast that he read his Bible through every single year, from end to end, and had done it for many years, and again he said one night in prayer meeting,—now, do not think I am saying prayer meeting too often, because I am only quoting things that the old man said in that particular place, for that was his stamping ground—he said in the prayer meeting one Wednesday night, "I hae been asked whether I believe in the Bible, an' I said aye, I believed in the Bible. They said, 'Mr. Henderson, dae ye believe in the story of Jonah?' I said, 'Aye, I believe in the story of Jonah.' 'What dae ye believe; that Jonah swallowed the whale, or the whale swallowed Jonah?' I tauld the mon that I believed mair in his ignorance o' the Bible than in onything he had said, because the Bible says neething aboot a whale swallowin' Jonah. The Bible says that a great fish swallowed Jonah, an' noo that is easy enough, whichever way it was. A great fish, if he was great enough, could swallow any mon, if he was sma' enough, and Jonah is the sma'est mon mentioned

in the whole Bible. As far as Jonah swallowin' the fish is concerned, that was perfectly easy, for, mon, I have swallowed many a fish masel'." That is queer sort of prayer meeting talk, but that is the way the old man was accustomed to talk from time to time. He was intensely earnest in prayer. This is no travesty. This is sober, honest truth, that is, that kind of truth which is as true now as it ever was. He prayed thus one night. "Oh, Lord, ma boys, ma three boys. There is Weelyum. Lord, he needs a thrashing. I wish ye wad gi'e him a thrashing. He is big. He is braw. He is too big for me, but he isn't too big for ye, Lord. Thrash him weel. An' there is Andy, the next ane. He is guid. He is fairly guid, Lord, but he lees sometimes; but then, Lord, ye ken it doesna hurt a guid Scotchman tae lee a little in his ain interest yince in awhile, sae be easy on Andy, Lord. But, Sandy—Oh, Lord, let Sandy alone. Dinna trouble him. I tried ma best wi' Sandy. I can dae naethin' wi' Sandy. Sandy is wicked, an' his wickedness is foreordained. Lord, don't waste yer time on Sandy, for ye canna change yer ain foreordination yersel'." (Laughter.) Another prayer has come into my hands which so aptly illustrates Scotch character that I repeat it, though not spoken by Henderson. "Oh, Lord, we appear before thee this morning in the attitude of worship an' likewise o' complaint. When we cam' to Canady we expected we were comin' tae a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' honey, an' we found a lan' peopled by the ungodly Irish. Oh, Lord, in thy great meicy drive them tae the uttermost pairts of Canady. Mak' them hewers o' wood an' drawers o' water. Let them ne'er be members o' Parliament nor magistrates, nor rulers amang thy people, an' gi'e them nae place o' abode. If ye ha'e any guid lan' tae gi'e awa gi'e it tae thy ain people, thy peculiar people, the Scots. Mak' us rulers, an' for the Irish tak them by the heels an' shak' them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in, guid Lord, and all tae thy glory. Amen." Sometimes in the session he used to say some peculiar Scotch things. For instance, he said, "The pastor towd me, the day, that he voted the Reform ticket, an' I want tae say tae the session that I should ha'e been angry wi' ma pastor

if I had na considered hoo perfectly ignorant he was o' everythin' that pertains tae muneeicipal politics. For I said tae him, 'Pastor, ye think ye ha' been bright, but ye ha' been an awfu' fool, for I tell ye this, that o' a' the men in the great city that are easy tae buy an' tae dae wi' juist what I want tae dae, after they are elected, your reformers is the easiest. (Laughter.) Every time a reformer is elected I gae straight tae him an' I say, 'Noo, sir, what is yer price,' an' I aye get him." Another time, speaking of himself one night in the session meeting, he said, "Ye ca' me indirect in the way I dae things. Mon, I am a Scotchman, an' na Scotchman is indirect when directness will serve his purpose juist as weel. Noo, things that I dae, men say I dae because I am indirect, an' I dinna ken that I am indirect, but I tell ye what I think the truth is. I think I am the most misunderstood man in the whole city. I think I am the most misunderstood man in the whole State o' Pennsylvania. I dinna wonder much, for when I think o' it I dinna ken as I quite understand masel': But ye ken this? I think the great reason why I hae been sae successful is that naebody understands me an' I dinna understand masel'." Now what would a minister do with a man whose character was made up along such lines as these? He said one night to the session, "Ye ca' me rich. Weel, I ha'e a little property, a little, an' I am takin' care o' it in ma ain way; but I am na rich. Oh, na, I am na rich; but I will tell ye this, what little I ha'e, is na credit tae me, na credit whatever tae me. I could na help masel. That is the way the Lord made me. Noo, if we ten men were on a desert islan' an' each o' us had a quarter of a dollar, the Lord has made me o' such a kind un' in such a way, that in a year I wad ha'e a' yer quarters' an' ye wad na ha'e any, but I wad na be tae blame for it. It is simply the way the Lord has made me." Now, if this is a picture of a typical Scotch elder (I do not know whether it is or not; some of you men about here I happen to know are Scotch elders), if any of you recognize in the little portrait I have been trying to give of David Henderson, yourselves, men loyal to your pastor and believing in him, especially if he is right, who are loyal to your Bible,

who are gifted in prayer, who are great believers in yourselves, and who do not quite know whether you understand yourselves or not, you probably recognize something that others about you have recognized also. (Laughter.) David Henderson said to me just a few weeks before his death, "Ye dinna accuse me generally of ever having been sentimental or emotional, but I hae been thinkin' o' Scotland, juist a little, an' I hae written a line or twa that I want ye to hear, before I die, about Scotland," and this is what the old man read:

"The Scot frae Scotia far awa,'
Far frae the braes o' Bonnie Doon,
Has in his soul, in spite o' a',
Ane spot that echoes na the tune
The whirlin' warl' will play, mon.
For aft the tear will dim his ee,
An' aft sair sad his hairt will be,
An' aft alone he'll bend the knee,
For Scotia's weal to pray, mon.
Scotia, the land whaur Wallace bled,
Whaur Bruce his host tae victory led,
Whaur men for oath an' covenant said
On war's dread field aft lay, mon;
Oh, Scotland dear, I lo'e thee weel,
I lo'e Loch Lomond's waters blue;
An' while ma hairt has strength to feel,
Its lo'e, ma Scotland, is for you."

(Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

While this is the night of the Scotch-Irish of Eastern Pennsylvania, the stock in the Cumberland Valley, with that persistence characteristic of them, demand that they have some recognition. The gentleman whom I am about to introduce is fully competent to represent them or the Scotch-Irish anywhere, although I believe, like the gentleman who has just taken his seat, he came from Western Pennsylvania originally. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Rev. S. A. Martin, of Chambersburg. (Applause.)

REV. S. A. MARTIN, D.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—As near as I can make out, these meetings are an exercise in ancestor worship. Perhaps this is due to the open door policy with China and Japan.

I am not quite sure that as a Presbyterian minister jealous of my good and regular standing, I can quite afford to endorse any kind of idolatry without some qualification as a hedge against the charge of heresy. But I may safely say that of all forms of idolatry the worship of ancestors is the least objectionable. If I have to choose, I will certainly prefer to worship my grandfather rather than Billiken. He was at least better looking; and after all, there is more in blood than in luck.

It is a fact that as far back as we know anything of history, man has shown a strange propensity to worship idols. It is more than strange, it seems to us insane, that any man should take a block of wood or stone and make a grotesque image of it and then bow down to worship what his own hands made. But I have learned that it is never safe to assume that other men are bigger fools than I am. (Laughter and applause.) One gets badly left by that, whether it be in a horse trade or an argument on tariff. It is safe to assume that what other men believe, however silly it seems to us, is from their point of view sane at least, if not quite wise.

It is incredible that any man should worship his sweetheart or his baby or his grandfather or a wooden image if the thing meant no more to him than it means to us. But it is credible enough that he regard the image he has made as the expression of an idea that is sane and right enough.

It may be that his idol is the best expression he can utter of his feelings, or his fears or the aspirations of his soul. He may quite agree with St. Paul in saying that an idol is nothing in the world, but when it is clothed with the imputed attributes of his own thought it is the embodiment of his ideals. In this sense it is quite true that “an honest God is the noblest work of man.”

Now I am not going to charge the Scotch-Irish of to-day or of yesterday with being idolaters, but I am going to make for them the somewhat unusual claim that they were idealists—they were visionaries, they were poets, not much given to metre or rhyme. By no means “empty singers of an idle day,” but in a higher and better sense they were poets of as true afflatus as was ever drawn from Mt. Parnassus or the sparkling Helicon. They were seers of visions which could and did materialize. They built castles in the air which have since been chartered and endowed, financed and incorporated in many forms all over the great State from the Delaware to the Ohio.

They were canny enough to keep their feet on the soil, but while their hard hands held the plow or swung the ax their “sublime heads knocked the stars.”

They were worshipers of ideals and the schoolmaster was their prophet. (Applause.)

Let me expound this doctrine a little more fully. During the eighteenth century—especially from about 1720 to 1750—there came to this State from the north of Ireland a host of common people, to whom, on such occasions as this, we are wont to ascribe all the virtues of humanity—and some that belong only to the angels of heaven. But however much our filial zeal may magnify their graces, there is one fact that cannot be controverted: they were the best educated common people in the world of that day. (Applause.) They were common people—the kind God loves—not peasants nor nobility, but just *folks*, like the rest of us; men and women made in God’s image, a good deal bruised and battered by the fall; but, as certain of their own poets has said, “A man’s a man for a’ that and a’ that.” They came to improve their condition, and I reckon it needed improvement; but they were a thrifty folk, by no means penniless, and able to give good value for all they expected to receive.

They had a right tidy bit of coin of the realm and not a little stuff, but the best thing they had in their baggage was their traditions of sound learning and the determination that their children should have it. (Applause.)

From the first there was no lack of men among them who could teach school and do it well.

They were not men of extended scholarship, but what they knew they knew right well; and they had a sort of reverence for learning that these days of unbounded opportunity know nothing of.

They were a sort of by-product of the great Scotch universities, though few of them had ever seen their walls. The high standard of those schools in the humanities and philosophy and mathematics at that particular time impressed itself on those teachers and on the people in a way that was very remarkable, and exerted an influence on the schools and colleges of this State that was epoch making. It would be easy to point out the features of our older academies and colleges that bespeak their origin as not from Oxford and Cambridge, but from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Their ideal was distinct from anything in England or on the continent. It was thoroughly Scotch.

It would require more time than I dare take to portray my notion of what that ideal was. But it is a matter of history and you are not ignorant of it. It had two or three features that give it honorable distinction among the many schemes of education which have blessed, or cursed, the world.

I think perhaps its most distinctive feature was its *sturdiness*. It was built from the ground up. It was strong on the fundamentals. Like all cities whose builder and maker is God, it had foundations. It consisted of facts and established truths and not of *views*. (Applause.) It was not smattered and scattered over all creation, but stuck to the work in hand. It was not so simple as to foster laziness, nor so strenuous as to bring on nervous prostration. It was reliable and substantial. It was sturdy. It was not strenuous. The strenuous life is well enough in its way, but we suffer from an over-production of it. We are in such a hurry to be learned that we have no leisure to cultivate our minds.

Our ambition is to get ahead, to break the record, to go off with the loudest report, to get the D.D. and LL.D. at the earliest age, no matter how or where they come from, only so we get them P.D.Q. (Laughter.)

That tiresome sweaty fellow called the hustler was not altogether unknown in the business world in the good old days, but he had not invaded the school room.

The get-rich-quick idea is as old as history, but the scheme of imputing erudition on you while you wait, and forwarding culture by return mail is the unhappy invention of our own generation.

But the old time ideal was not only sturdy; it was sane and wholesome. It was sweetly reasonable. It had little of the hectic flush of current culture. Your Scotch-Irish schoolmaster was a poet and a seer as I have claimed, but his muse was clothed in her right mind. The Emersonian cry, "hitch your wagon to a star," would not have greatly appealed to him. He saw visions of the stars and saw them clearly, but his visions, like Jacob's, included the ladder. Even in his dreams he did not believe he could lift himself by his own boot straps.

He did not discourse much of sweetness and light, the aesthetic cult of sunflowers and moonlight was too frothy for his taste. He preferred his truth in substantial chunks. He wanted it in forms he could feed to his family. He would disapproved of Salome, not so much because she isn't decent as because she is a liar falsifying history.

He revered the truth, and that I take is a good deal bigger thing than merely believing it. He had a profound respect for things as God ordained them. He feared God and honored the king—perhaps not literally the reigning house of Hanover, but constituted authority, powers ordained of God. He loved liberty, but there was no smell of anarchy about the hickory scepter which he wielded over his subjects. By the way, I wonder if we have gained anything by discarding the obvious and immediate persuasive power of a handy switch for the transcendental allurements of an honor roll, prize books, and a chance to show ourselves and our clothes on the commencement stage. (Laughter.) The old method made fewer prigs, I am sure, and I rather think it made more honest scholars. But that is incidental—what I mean by reverence is the habit of mind that feels respect for established truth as something venerable and dignified and

to be handled soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God. Those old schoolmasters had it; we have lost it. They unveiled the mysteries of Latin grammar with almost as much solemnity as the high priest used in offering the daily sacrifice for all Israel. They administered the Greek alphabet almost as though it were a sacrament. This is not caricature; it is a fair picture, and it had a reason behind it. The study of Latin was the initiation into a life of scholarship. It was the formal entrance into a vocation for life. It had a background of a mother's prayers and a father's sacrifices. To spare the boy from the farm and give him a classical education and so fit him for one of the learned professions was a serious matter; and it was no light thing in the home when one of the family was chosen for this privilege. It is not at all surprising that the study of the classics became a sort of holy ground to which the boy came with serious face, and the master received him with earnest devotion. (Applause.)

Another reason for the greater reverence was the deeper sense of responsibility which naturally came from the closer fellowship between the master and his pupil.

For the most part the village schoolmaster was one of the permanent institutions of the community. He taught the boy his a, b, c's, advised with his parents as to sending him to college, fitted him for college—he was personally conducted from the cradle to the college. Then the master watched him with the intense interest of personal friendship and proprietary zeal for his success.

Of all the lovable, wholesome, manly characters Ian MacLaren has made immortal, none is more attractive than old Domsie, the schoolmaster of the Glen. Where is there anything sweeter or finer than his zeal for his lad o'pearts?

Well, the story was never so well told before, but in all its essential features that same story was repeated many a time by the old Scotch-Irish schoolmasters of a hundred years ago and less.

They had their limits and defects, no doubt, but on the whole I doubt if the chief ends of education were ever better achieved.

The boy who is drilled to be sturdy and honest and reverent in his habits of thought has about the best outfit the school can give him. Honesty is not mere keeping the law; it is a habit of thought. It is for the most part formed in our school days. It may seem a far cry from Latin syntax to practical politics, but it is not. The boy who is indifferent to what prepositions govern the dative case, when it is his business to know, is pretty sure to show the same indifference as to who governs his State or his city; and the boy who scoffs at the distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee is very likely to develop a careless habit in matters of meum and tuum.

I want to say before I sit down that I have great hopes for our public schools. They have great possibilities. The wealth of a great State at their command. A fine body of teachers in their service. We have much to learn and some things to forget, but one of the things we should never forget is the sturdy and sane and devout ideals of the old Scotch-Irish schoolmaster. (Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

There is an old story that I have heard of the driver of an Irish jaunting car, who was taking an American tourist around Dublin—they came to a public building, and he was asked what place that was, and he said, "Your Honor, that is the post-office." "And what are those figures on top?" "Faith, your worship, they are the twelve apostles." The traveller said, "But there were twelve apostles, and I only see ten." "Your Worship, don't you understand, the others are inside sorting letters." A little more than twenty years ago there met at a dinner at Col. McClure's, twelve gentlemen, an apostolic number, who organized the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. For some years we have missed one of those gentlemen from our midst because he has been called to a wider field, if that be possible, than Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania, and whether he has been inside sorting letters or not, he is here to-night, and I know it will give you all great pleasure to hear Dr. McConnell, one of that original twelve who organized this society. (Applause.)

DR. S. D. McCONNELL, D.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I think I must in all humility say that "I am the least of all the apostles and not worthy to be called an apostle." Indeed, in looking over the programme since I came here to-night, I began to have some question as to whether or not this Scotch-Irish Society had not in some way or other been changed in its cradle. As I look over the programme, I find at the head of it a French-German name, followed by three distinctly English ones, and only one Scotchman on the whole programme, which is myself. (Laughter.) I am reassured, however, when I see that three or four are ministers, which shows that the Scotch have been faithful to their traditions. Indeed, even the accidental combination of Scotchmen and Germans is not always without its advantages. A church in New York not a great while ago was burdened with a debt, a thing not unknown among churches. The rector, who was a Scotch-Irishman and a member of this Society, made a most earnest plea for a collection on Easter Day to finally wipe out that debt, which had been such a discredit to the church. When the vestrymen started to take up the collection, the choir began their voluntary, with a solo by a German member of the choir, who sang "The deat shall be raised, shall be raised in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!" (Laughter.) There was a smile that Easter Day over the whole congregation, but the debt was raised.

What little I have to say this evening is about the characteristics of the stock of which this Society is composed, and in a rather serious strain, if it may be allowed. The qualities which characterized them began to be formed in this people very much longer ago than we are in the habit of supposing. The people of the south of Scotland, within a century after the Norman conquest, began to establish and display the same qualities which they now possess. The basis of the stock was, and probably to this day is, although we are hardly conscious of it, Celtic. It was made up of the British, followed by the Danes and the Saxons who refused to come under the hard rule of the conqueror and his immediate successors, who found their way into the

south and west of Scotland. The thing which characterized them at that day was their sturdy and indomitable independence. It was characteristic of them, I think, more than of any people in any other portion of England or Scotland. When they went to Ireland, during their short stay there they never changed or transformed those qualities. I believe it is true that for a century and a half after the first settlement of the Scotch on the other side of the channel, such a thing as a marriage with an Irish woman was almost unknown. Things have changed lately, as Mr. Bryce has well said, but in the early period of settlement of the Scotch in Ireland they retained their qualities almost absolutely unchanged, and brought them here to this country, and then were more Scotch than they were when they went to Ireland. My own ancestors came directly from Scotland, from Dumfries, and settled here in Pennsylvania, and, curiously enough, were led here to Pennsylvania because the Scotch-Irish settlers in Lancaster County where they settled were their own folk and acquaintances with whom they had never lost connection during the whole of their sojourn in Ireland. Among the various qualities which they maintained and which they maintain, which have been described this evening, there is only one I want to call attention to, and that I have already mentioned, their indomitable sense of *independence*. By this I mean not so much the love of liberty, but the determination of each man to live his own life, self-contained, complete within itself. It was this that made the Scotch-Irish the great pioneers, the frontiersmen of this country. (Applause.) I do not know any chapter in the history of America that is more romantically interesting with a stern interest altogether its own than that life of the frontiersmen along the foothills of the Alleghanies, and in those great troughs and valleys within the Alleghanies, from the northern border of Pennsylvania clear down to Georgia. They were the best and most capable frontiersmen that possibly any country has ever seen. They were able to hold their own against a savage enemy, an enemy who was more dangerous than probably had confronted the advance guard of civilization at any other point in the civilization and

conquest of the world. I do not believe it is too much to say that no other race but the Scotch-Irish, with that indomitable, self-concentrated self-control and self-containment, would have been able to hold their own against such odds. This love of *liberty* was in many ways the quality which belonged to others of the original settlers of this country. It characterized the Scotchman, the Quaker, the Huguenots, and some of the immigrants from the lower Rhine, the love of liberty for its own sake. The Puritan was never a lover of liberty. The Pilgrim was—he had learned it in foreign lands, but the Puritan, both in England and America, was never a lover of liberty for its own sake. He was a lover rather I should say of dominion. But the Scotchman was something unlike all these. He detested not tyranny only, but dependence in any form. In every relation of life he sought to be sufficient unto himself. As a settler he wished no near neighbor. He hated borrowing and lending alike. This independence showed itself in his relation to Church and State. He was by nature and habit the “Seceder.”

Now, in this country we have had a somewhat long career, and have followed several impulses to their conclusion. I wonder if the day has not come, or may be past, when we have pursued this love of liberty to its natural conclusion, to such an extent that it is not our task any longer to follow it? I confess that I have sometimes been saddened when I have seen a great multitude of Americans applaud rather cheap expressions of love of liberty, forgetting, as it seemed to me, that liberty is but a means to an end. It is not an end in itself. It is only a successful attempt to secure a place and opportunity to do something which is worth while. We secured liberty long ago. It is not our task, and it ought not, I think, to be our pleasure to waste our energies any longer in acclaiming simply the barren sentiment of liberty. The problem which confronts America to-day and will press upon it more and more hardly for the future, is not *independence* but *interdependence*. It is the problem which is pressing in commerce, in the relations between the states and the general government. It is pressing in the church. It is pressing

everywhere, the problem of how much of the individual's liberty and independence he shall be willing to forego for the sake of a higher purpose which can only be accomplished by the interaction of various individuals, and which can be reached only by sinking their innate desire for self-sufficiency. The Scotchman has always stood for independence. I think even in the commercial world the Scotchman until lately has always rather preferred a partnership to a corporation, but the days of partnerships have gone by. The day of action in an incorporated capacity, of the sinking of the individual for the sake of the prosperity or success of the body as a whole, has now come. The task of the Scotch-Irishman, the task of the stock that we belong to and those other stocks that we are spiritually akin to, is one which is very great for this country, for the generation that is to come. It is hard to realize that there are more emigrants from portions of Europe where the spirit that animated our ancestors was and is unknown, land in New York every year than were the whole number of Scotch-Irish who landed here in the eighteenth century.

The future of this country I believe lies in the future even far more largely than it has in the past, in the hands of the persons who belong to the stock that we represent, and to those others, the Pilgrim, the Quaker, the German, which are spiritually related to us. It is perfectly well known to every careful student of American history that the Scotch-Irish have really dominated the structure of this country in the past. They have constituted numerically its majority. They have left their mark far more upon its laws, its customs and its religion than has any other single stock. They have succeeded in the tasks they set before them. Their native, inborn, indomitable hatred of dependence enabled them to do far more than their share in securing the independence of this country from the mother country. Their innate love of liberty enabled them to do far more than their share in finally determining ultimately that this whole country should be free for every individual. Now the task for the same people, with the same earnestness and the same power with which they are gifted, is for the future to look towards

the future, and to bring their sagacity, their persistence, their spiritual and physical robustness to bear upon that one problem which confronts the whole people of America to-day, and that is the subordination of the individual to the good of the whole country. (Applause.)

MR. GREEN:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—The pleasant task has been assigned me of presenting the usual token of our esteem and regard to the retiring president. In handing over the spoon which has always been selected by the Society as the fitting thing to give to its president, I would remind you that it does not typify anything in the form of a Marshal's baton, or anything implying command and dominion over the independent body of citizens I see before me, but it does represent perhaps two things which the speakers to-night have referred to as being important elements in the Scotch-Irish character, one material, the other sentimental. When I say material, you can easily gather that the spoon is one of those things which in times of stress will perhaps enable the president to get something there which he can eat and keep himself alive with during even the severest panic. As for the sentimental feature, the spoon represents that childlike innocence which is, I may say, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Scotch-Irish people. (Laughter.) I am sure I am serious in this, and I only wish to call your further attention to the fact that this quality is never fully developed until the fortunate recipient has become President of the Scotch-Irish Society. I, therefore, take pleasure in handing this spoon to Judge Yerkes. (Applause.)

HON. HARMON YERKES:—

CAPTAIN GREEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—I shall cherish this memento or token doubly, because I now have in my possession the irrefutable proof that I can always present that I am a Scotch-Irishman. Gentlemen of the Society, in retiring from the office which I have filled during

the past year I feel that the honor of the position is about to be elevated and honored by the successor whom you have named to take my place. In these times of strenuousness and of that new idea which had its Alpha out in the wilds of Nebraska some years ago, and the Omega of which the world is standing upon tiptoe to see disappear in the jungles of Africa (laughter) it is a great satisfaction and comfort, to the Scotch-Irish stock of Pennsylvania at least, to feel that in Pennsylvania the man who is at the head of our government maintains those old, solid, stolid, sensible views of a government for the people and by the people, who feels that he is the representative of the interests of all the people, and believes in those old fashioned ideas of government which do not require paternal care of the affairs of the individual, but only to govern for the people's good. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Governor Stuart. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR STUART:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—For the past two years I have been living in Harrisburg near the valley where the first Scotch-Irish inhabitants struck their trail and from where I think many of those present to-night have come. I was afraid it would be difficult for me to be absent from Harrisburg this evening on account of the pressure of official business incident to the meeting of the General Assembly, but the Legislature, upon learning of the honor to be conferred upon me by my elevation to the high office of President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, immediately passed a resolution to adjourn for a week in order that I might be present here to-night. (Laughter.)

I am always somewhat doubtful about accepting additional responsibilities because of an experience shortly after my induction into the office of Governor. One of the great Presbyterian Colleges of Pennsylvania, Lafayette College, was celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. Amongst other things they did during that time was to confer hon-

orary degrees upon the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania. We both accepted and received the degrees. After the ceremonies were concluded and lunch was being served in a tent on the commons, an interesting incident took place. The Trustees of the College were endeavoring to raise \$150,000 as an endowment fund, and a few of them were talking to the distinguished Governor of the State of New York, Honorable Charles E. Hughes. While we were together the President of the College was asked the question, "Do you expect to raise this \$150,000 all at once?" He quickly replied, "Oh! no; we expect to raise it by degrees." (Laughter.)

I heard the other day a story of a very tall Scotch-Irishman who came to this country during the war and wanted to enlist. He did enlist, but as he had never handled a gun he was placed in the awkward squad, in charge of a drill-sergeant who, by the way, was about five feet two inches, while the Scotch-Irishman was about six feet four inches. If anybody knows the tactics of a drill-sergeant in handling an awkward squad, they can appreciate what a tyrant he becomes. The drill-sergeant said, "Stand up; put out your feet; put up your head—higher! higher!" After the Scotch-Irishman put his head up as far as he could, the sergeant said, "That's right; keep it there." The big fellow said, "Sergeant, am I to keep it here all the time?" "Yes, keep it up." "All right; good-bye sergeant, I will never see you again." (Laughter.)

I do not propose to detain you by making an extended address, but simply to express my deep appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon me by electing me to the Presidency of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. I was proposed as a member of this Society by a very dear friend of mine some sixteen or seventeen years ago, the father of the present Secretary of the Society, Mr. McKeehan, and I have taken an active interest in the affairs of the Society ever since. As has been well stated by the retiring President, one of the most important things for us as members to do is to assist in the writing of a history of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, because in no place in the

country has any Commonwealth advanced so rapidly and so well as Pennsylvania, mainly by the assistance of the Scotch-Irish. If nothing else is ever done by this Society other than its contributions to the history of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania made at its annual meetings, a great work will have been accomplished.

I again thank you for the distinguished honor conferred upon me and trust that it will be my pleasure to meet you all again at the next annual dinner to be given by the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

THE LOG COLLEGE.

The first building in America designed for the education of young men for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church was built of logs on the Old York Road, seventeen miles north of Philadelphia, in Warminster Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1721. It was 20 feet by 18—and the drawing reproduced on the opposite page is believed to be an authentic representation of it.

Rev. George W. Whitefield, who visited it, in his journal says:—

“It is a log house about twenty feet long and nearly as many broad; and to me it seemed to resemble the Schools of the Old Prophets, for their habitations were mean * * *. From this despised place seven or eight worthy ministers of Jesus have lately been sent forth, more are ready to be sent and the foundations are now laying for the instructions of many others.”

For important historical matter and a very interesting recital of the recovery of this picture, found in the Bible of a pious miner in the Yuba Mines, California, see:—

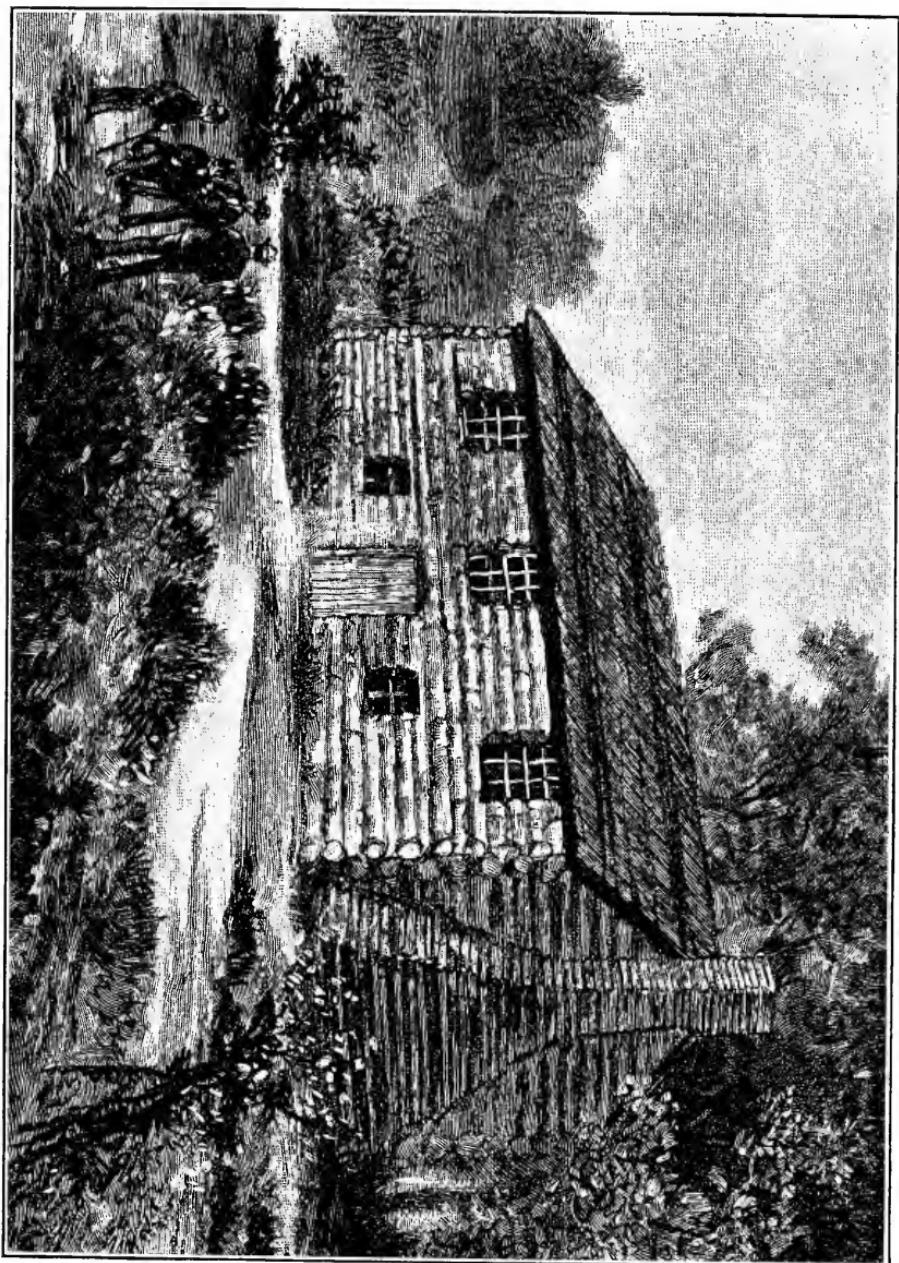
“The Presbytery of the Log College or the Cradle of the Presbyterian Church in America,” by Thomas Murphy, D.D., published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, 1889.

“History of Neshaminy Church,” by D. K. Turner, D.D., 1876.

“The Log College,” by Dr. Archibald Alexander, 1851.

“Davis’ History of Bucks County,” 1905, Vol. 1, page 193.

“Watson’s Annals of Philadelphia,” Vol. 2, page 96.



APPENDIX "A."

EARLY SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLERS IN BUCKS COUNTY.

A Paper read by Warren S. Ely before the Bucks County Historical Society, at its Midsummer Meeting, at Langhorne, August 9, 1898.

Full justice has probably never been done the Scotch-Irish race for the part they played in the founding of our great Commonwealth. The history of the English Quaker, the Welsh Baptist, the Swede, the German and Palatine; the French Huguenot, has been fully written, and their influence on our common institutions fully credited, but little or nothing has been said of this one of the most important and dominant forces in the formation of our composite National character.

It is not our object in this brief sketch to go generally into the history of this race in our county or country, the part they took in its settlement and the establishment of a local self-government in accordance with Penn's "Holy Experiment," but to briefly touch upon their national characteristics, and the influence they exerted upon the community, and to follow this with a brief account of some of the early settlers and their immediate descendants. Hardy, active, aggressive, intelligent, keenly alive to the necessity of establishing a colony where perfect freedom of conscience in the matter of religious faith could be enjoyed, yet almost fanatically attached to their own religious tenets, those of the Presbyterian kirk of Scotland, they formed an important adjunct to the peace-loving Quaker and phlegmatic German in the formation of our National character, and in the preparation of the somewhat incongruous elements in our early population for the burdens and responsibilities of self-government.

Simultaneous with their arrival began the organization of the Presbyterian church, and frequently of schools in

connection therewith. The early records furnish abundant evidence of their zeal, the purity of their lives, and their earnest effort to foster in the minds of the young a reverence for Divine teachings, and a due respect for our peculiar institutions. Their piety, and their rigid enforcement of law and order in their section stands out in strong contrast with the lawlessness of the frontier settlements of later days.

In writing anything like an authentic and connected history of the early Scotch-Irish settlers of America, the historian will find the way beset with difficulties. Unlike his Quaker contemporary, who was most careful and painstaking in such matters, the early Scotch-Irishman appears to have regarded the preservation of family data as of minor importance, and the records of the early churches have either been lost or appropriated by the descendants of the former custodians. The information in reference to this race must therefore be largely sought in the county records and the archives of the State, with some little help from the tombstone inscriptions in the old Presbyterian graveyards.

Prior to 1720 very few of the race had come to America, but in that year appeared the vanguard of that great army of Ulster Scots, with their rugged and aggressive qualities, nurtured amid the adverse conditions of the English policy in church and State, who were destined to have such an important influence in the formation of our coming State and Nation.

They came in such increasing numbers that in 1729 James Logan, the great Secretary and mouthpiece of the Proprietary Government, became alarmed. It looks, he said as if "Ireland is to send all her inhabitants to this Province," and he feared they would make themselves masters of it. The same distrust of this yet untried element in Penn's "Holy Experiment" was largely shared by the prominent people of the Province for many years. When, however, it became necessary to raise troops and formulate plans for the defense of our frontiers from the ravages of the savage hordes, instigated by a National enemy, it became very apparent that the Quaker, the hitherto dominant element in politics, could not be relied upon as a Legislator. The Scotch-

Irish on the other hand had cheerfully responded to the call for troops, and had in every way upheld the hands of the executive in this trying time. Then it was that their intelligence, courage and patriotism began to receive proper recognition and that they took their place shoulder to shoulder with men of all other nationalities in the upholding and maintenance of our grand Commonwealth. The prominent part played by the Scotch-Irish in the Revolution is well known. It is no detraction from the services rendered by others to say that this race, and especially in this section, was the dominant force in that movement; so marked was their prominence therein that an English officer writing home in 1778 designates the struggle then being waged for freedom as an "Irish-Scotch-Presbyterian Rebellion."

The principal gateways of the Scotch-Irish "Invasion" before referred to were Philadelphia and Newcastle, from which points they radiated into the counties of Chester, Bucks and Lancaster, and later from these localities, augmented by later arrivals, into York and Cumberland and the section west of the Susquehanna.

There is no doubt that one of the earliest settlements of the race was within the borders of our county, and that this was to a great extent the threshold from whence this sturdy adventurous race sent forth its sons into the then untried wilderness of our present Northern and Central counties where they achieved a name to which their descendants refer with pride; at a still later period peopling the valleys of Virginia, the Cumberland Valley, Kentucky, Ohio, and the Northwest, Tennessee and portions of the South.

We know that many of the earliest arrivals found homes in Bucks. In 1728 was made the settlement known as "Craig's" or the "Irish Settlement," in the upper part of what was then Bucks, but which, in 1752, became Northampton county. Among the original settlers were Colonel Thomas Craig, William and James Craig, John Boyd, Hugh Wilson, Nigel Gray, with the Lattimores, Horners, Armstrongs, Wallaces, Kerrs, Greggs and others. There is little doubt that this settlement was an offshoot from the settlement at Neshaminy. Most of these people were closely

allied by kinship with those at Neshaminy, Col. Thomas Craig being a brother of Daniel Craig, of Warrington, and a brother-in-law to Elders John Gray and Richard Walker, of the same place, the latter two having married his sisters. The Creightons, Millers and Jamisons, of Neshaminy, were also connections of the Craigs. Col. Thomas Craig owned a large plantation in Warrington for many years after his settlement in Northampton, which he conveyed to James Barclay on the marriage of the latter to his niece, Margaret, the daughter of his brother Daniel; he also had a son Thomas, who married a Mary Wright and settled in New Britain township, where he died in 1746.

The neighborhood of Deep Run, in Plumstead and New Britain townships, was settled by many of the Scotch-Irish as well as a portion of Tinicum and Bedminster, but far the most important settlement in Bucks, and we believe in the influences, religious, educational and otherwise, which flowed from it, one of the most notable in the country, was the one made at the forks of the Neshaminy, with Warwick for its center.

In 1726 there was already quite a settlement of Scotch-Irish in Warwick, Warrington, Warminster, and Northampton, with a scattering representation of the same nationality in Buckingham, Newtown, the Makefields and New Britain.

It is impossible to fix the exact date of their arrival from the fact that many of them being persons of somewhat limited means, and accustomed to the Feudal system in their native country, very few of them took a fee simple title to their lands at first but took up considerable tracts of land on a leasehold with a title to the improvements, though by 1730 many of them had become quite extensive land-holders.

Among the earliest arrivals were the families of Craig, Jamison, Baird, Stewart, Hair, Long, Weir, Armstrong, Gray, Graham or Graeme, Wallace and others. Warwick seems to have been the natural center of the settlement, and while some of the settlers there early associated themselves with the Presbyterian churches of Bensalem and

Abington, a church organization was evidently effected at Neshaminy in 1726, at the site of the present Neshaminy church, and near the site of the famous "Log College."

William Miller, senior, and his wife, Isabel, born in Scotland, in 1671 and 1670 respectively, with three sons, William, Robert and Hugh, and at least two sons-in-law, Andrew Long and John Earle, were among the earliest arrivals in the county. The date of their arrival could not have been much, if any, later than 1720, as upon the records of Abington Presbyterian Church is the following entry: "Margaret, daughter of Andrew Long, baptised August ye 4th, 1722." And again on the records of Bensalem Church are the following items, immediately following each other: "October ye 3d, 1725, Andrew Long and Ezabel, his wife, had a daughter baptised, named Ezabel," and "John Earle and Margaret, his wife, had a daughter baptised, named Mary." John Earle is mentioned as a land owner on a draft of Plumstead township, made March 11, 1724, and he and a Thomas Earle were among the petitioners for the organization of the township in March, 1725, but it is improbable that he ever was a resident of the township. Another item appearing on the records of Bensalem Church is this: "George Hare and his wife had a son baptised, named Benjamin, 8-mo ye 1st day, 1724." This George Hare was one of the trustees mentioned in the trust deed for the purchase of land by the "New Lights" in 1744, and died in 1769, leaving a legacy of 21£, for the "support of the Gospel at the new meeting house at Neshaminy," making his son Benjamin executor. In 1756, the will of his son directs that "Father be provided for;" this will also mentions the Benjamin whose baptism was above recorded, who died in 1804, aged about 80 years." William Hare devises 8£ "for the support of the Gospel ministry at Neshaminy where Rev. Charles Beatty preaches." On the list of "Ye names of those yt have joyned with our Communion" at Bensalem, are Henry Jamison and Jeanne, his wife, and Robert Pock and Elizabeth, his wife, both early settlers at Neshaminy.

In March, 1726, William Miller, Sr., purchased from Jeremiah Langhorn and Joseph Kirkbride, some 400 acres of

land in Warwick, out of which he at once dedicated a corner, about an acre, to the use of a church and graveyard, and in his wills, two of which being on file in the office of the Register of Wills at Doylestown, specifically recites the dedication and confirms it to the use of "Ye Congregation" forever. This tract comprises the present burying ground. The humble church building that once stood there has long since disappeared and all that remains of it is a stone in the graveyard wall bearing the date 1727, and the initials "W. M." and "W. G." The W. M. beyond doubt are the initials of William Miller; it is not known to whom the "W. G." refers, but this ancient relic has suggested the theory that William Miller and the person designated by the letters W. G. may have been the first elders of the church. This idea is somewhat supported by the fact that the published record of the eldership and other officers of the church seem all to date from 1743, the time of the division between the old and new light parties in the church, those named being of the Tennent or "New Light" party, while William Miller remained with the "Old Light" party at the old church under the ministration of the Rev. Francis McHenry, to whom he refers in one of his wills as his "trusted and well beloved friend" and made him one of the executors.

William Miller was a leading man in the community, as is evidenced by his donation to the church. He and his sons were evidently people of education and refinement. His eldest son, William, was one of the finest penmen of his time. It is not known that William Miller, Sr., served his township or county in any public capacity other than as a member of the grand jury at different times, and as Commissioner of Highways for a few years. In this connection it may be stated that the county offices from the earliest days to nearly the date of the Revolution were monopolized by the Quakers and it was only within a few years of the date of the Revolution that a Scotch-Irishman was elected to any office in the gift of the people of the county. Richard Walker was elected to the provincial assembly in 1747, being the first and only one of his race to represent his county in that body, prior to 1760. He was re-elected continuously until

1759, and the following year was succeeded by James Melville, another Scotch-Irishman.

James Wallace was elected coroner and duly commissioned in 1768, being the first of his race whose name appears on the rosters of the county officers.

William Miller died in 1758, at the ripe old age of 87 years, his wife, Isabel, preceding him but a few months, and both lie in the burying ground which he, thirty odd years before, had dedicated to the congregation of "The Presbyterian Church of Neshaminy." This couple had six children, some of whom, it would appear, were married prior to their arrival at Neshaminy. They were William, the eldest, whose wife was Ann Jamison, a daughter of Henry Jamison, who with his three sons settled at Neshaminy at the same time as the Millers; Robert, whose wife was Margaret Graham, a niece of Elder John Gray, of Warrington, and either a sister or daughter of David Graham, who removed from Horsham to Tinicum township about, 1750; Hugh, who died single in 1758-9, was a lieutenant in the provincial service in 1747. He owned a tract of land at the time of his death, a part of which is now included in the borough of Doylestown.

The daughters of William Miller were Isabel, wife of Andrew Long; Margaret, wife of John Earle, of Warminster, before referred to and whose courteous qualities seemed to be vouched for by the title "Gentleman John Earle" by which he was generally known, and Mary, the wife of James Curry, of whom little is known, except that it would seem that he lived in New Jersey at the time of her father's death in 1758.

William Miller, Junior, as he was generally known, became a large land owner in Bucks county. He owned and operated a saw mill in Warminster, and was also the owner of a saw mill and tract of land in Rockhill township. Judging from the number of suits in which he was involved it would seem that he was of a litigious tendency. He died in 1786, possessed of a considerable estate. His children and grandchildren intermarried with the Kerrs, Craigs and other Scotch-Irish families of Neshaminy.

Robert Miller appears as a land owner in Warrington as early as 1735, and when he died in 1753 was the owner of

over 300 acres of land. In 1739 he deeded 37 acres on the line between Bucks and Montgomery, then Philadelphia county, to Dr. Thomas Graeme, which tract doubtless formed part of Graeme Park. At the time of his death he owned 100 acres of land adjoining Horsham township, purchased of David Graeme, then of Horsham township, but later of Tinicum, which said Graham, with Margaret, his wife, conveyed to his, Robert Miller's, children, after their father's death, "being for some years in the possession of the said Robert Miller" but for which no conveyance had ever been made. This David Graham was probably the father of Mrs. Robert Miller. Robert left four children, Isabel, who became the wife of James Wallace, of Warwick, in 1754; William, who married a Margaret Gold; Hugh, who married Frances Kilpatrick, and Robert, the youngest.

John Earle, died in 1772, leaving three daughters, Margaret, who first married William Erwin, of Plumstead, and after his death became the wife of Mathew Henderson; Mary, wife of John Barnes, and Isabella, wife of Barnard VanHorn. John Earle made his wife, Margaret, and his friend, James Wallace, his executors. The settlement of his estate furnishes an illustration of the depreciation of Continental money, that may not be without interest in these days of financial agitation. An inventory was filed in 1773, which shows the total personal estate amounted to about 1900 pounds. Partly owing to the fact that everything was bequeathed to the widow for life, and partly no doubt to the unsettled condition of the country, nothing further was done in the estate until 1780 after the death of the widow, and James Wallace being also deceased, letters of administration with the will annexed were granted to Barnard Van Horn, a son-in-law, who filed another inventory of the same goods described in the former inventory. In this latter inventory an eight-day clock was valued at 600 pounds, a table at 100 pounds, nine slaves valued in 1773 at from 8 pounds to 55 pounds each, were appraised in 1730 at from 2250 pounds "for a boy" to 4000 pounds. Sixteen acres of oats in the ground are set down at 4000 pounds, and wheat is valued at 25 pounds per bushel. The personal estate

in 1780 aggregates 32,000 pounds, about seventeen times the appraisement seven years before. In 1791 a balance of 20,000 pounds, in settlement of the estate is by agreement reduced by a ratio of 50 to 1, or to the sum of 414 pounds.

John Earle was for many years a justice of the peace, and was in every way a prominent member of the community. He acted as administrator and executor of a great many estates, and was frequently appointed by the Court to lay out roads, etc. James Wallace frequently appearing as his colleague.

As has already been shown Andrew Long was one of the original settlers at Neshaminy and probably accompanied his father-in-law, Miller, to this country. He became a considerable land owner, owning nearly 700 acres at his death, which occurred in November, 1738, at the early age of 47 years. He lies buried at Neshaminy, the stone marking his grave being one of the oldest therein erected. His will shows that he had several daughters, all of whom were evidently under age, but he does not specifically name them. The only two who appear of record in the settlement of his estate or rather in the conveyance of his real estate are Mary, wife of Joseph Carr, of Warwick, and Jane, wife of John McClenachan, of Grenidge, Sussex county, New Jersey.

Andrew Long, Sr., had three sons, William, born in 1727, died in 1793, married Elizabeth—and had six children, Andrew, Alexander, John, William, Hugh and Isabella, the latter married Alexander Crawford, of Plymouth. His sons, Andrew and Alexander, removed to Fayette county prior to the death of their father in 1793. William was devised by his father's will the "Merchant Mill, Saw Mill and plantation of 130 acres, purchased of John Beard." Hugh, 194 acres in Warminster, and John the "Plantation I live on, devised by my father, containing 220 acres." The mill above mentioned is still known as "Long's Mill" and the title remained in the family name until a few years ago.

Andrew, second son of Andrew, Sr., born 1730, died 1812, married Mary Smith and had children, John, Andrew, William, Isabella, wife of Solomon Hart, Mary, wife of Barnard Van Horn, Margaret, wife of Harman Yerkes, and Letitia,

wife of William Yerkes. Harman and Margaret Yerkes were the grandparents of Hon. Harman Yerkes, President Judge of the Courts of Bucks county, and William and Letitia Yerkes were the grandparents of Hon. William Yerkes, late Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia. Both Andrew and William Long were active during the Revolution, their names head the list of Warrington Association in 1775. William was selected by the Committee of Safety to receive the arms of non-associates and Andrew was a colonel in the service.

Hugh, third son of Andrew Long, Sr., married in 1761 Mary Corbit, daughter of William Corbit, of Buckingham, who was a son of John Corbit, a Scotch-Irish emigrant of Northampton township. Hugh Long was a first lieutenant in the Bucks County Battalion of the Flying Camp, and died of camp fever in 1778. He had seven children, Andrew, who married Mary, daughter of Adam Kerr, Col. William Long, Hugh, Isabella, Elizabeth, married — Whitton, and Mary, who married Robert Wallace, of Warwick, her cousin, and Jane, who married a McLean. The Rev. Mahlon Long and Professor Charles Long were the sons of Hugh the second. The Long connection is an extensive one and many of the descendants still reside in Bucks county.

John Gray, who appears as an elder of the Neshaminy church in 1743, and as one of the trustees in the Trust Deed in 1744, was from the north of Ireland, and one of the early settlers and owned a plantation on the northwest side of the Bristol road, extending northwardly from the present village of Warrington. The opening of "Dyer's Mill Road," now the Doylestown and Willow Grove turnpike, cut off a small corner of his farm where Warrington hotel now stands, and in 1736, he with a number of his neighbors petitioned the Court to have the road changed so as to follow his line, but without avail. John Gray married Margaret Craig, a sister of Col. Thomas, of "Craig's" and Daniel of Warrington.

He must not be confused with John Grey alias Tatham, a large land owner in Bensalem and other parts of lower Bucks. This Grey was from London where he purchased land of Penn as John Gray, a large tract of which was located

in Bensalem, where it is said he built a palatial residence. He became involved in a long drawn out law suit with Joseph Growdon, the termination of which showed Grey up in a rather unenviable light. He afterwards removed to New Jersey where he appears as John Tatham, living at Burlington in what the early records term a "lordly and princely style." William Penn in a letter written to his Commissioners in 1687, throws considerable light on this character, by instructing them to "put a stop ye irregular grants made to John Gray alias Tatham now discovered to be a Benedictine Monk of St. James Convent, as they call it, commanded over by ye king."

John Gray, of Warrington, died April 27, 1749, at the age of 57 years, leaving his widow and two sons, John and James, and two daughters, Mary and Jean, the latter married to a MacDonald. He does not mention his sons in his will, but, after giving several small legacies to nephews and nieces, among the latter being Margaret Graham, "late wife of Robert Miller," and to some cousins in Ireland, he devised his whole estate to his wife, Margaret, for life, then to "Brother" Richard Walker, Rev. Charles Beatty and Rev. Richard Treat, in trust, 2 pounds per annum to be paid for "support of ministry at Neshaminy" and one half of residue "for the benefit of Rev. Charles Beatty, during his ministry at the new meeting house at Warwick." The other half for the use of "Religious Students for the Ministry," when Beatty ceases to preach, whole of the profits thereof for the use of such students forever.

In 1788, Richard Walker, Esq., filed a settlement as surviving executor, showing a balance in hand of 199, pounds 17 shillings and "exhibits receipts from Rev. George Duffield and Jonathan Byard Smith, his successors in the trust for two loan office certificates for \$800. Receipt date August 20, 1783." This is the sequel to Mr. Turner's speculation as to the source of the "Two Years Annuity" received from Rev. Duffield in 1783.

Margaret Gray survived her husband many years, dying some time between April, 1782, and March, 1783, they being the dates of signing and proof of her will, respectively, "Far advanced in years," to use her own expression.

An interesting incident illustrative of the uncertainties of life on the frontier may be detailed of John Gray, son of the elder, who, with his brother, James, removed west to the Tuscarora Valley in what was later Juniata County, and in 1756 was living near Fort Bingham with his wife, Hannah, and little daughter, Jean. On the night of June 11, 1756, while Gray, who had been to Carlisle for provisions, was on his way home, the Indians attacked and burned the fort, massacred most of the people, and carried a few away into captivity, among the latter being Mrs. Gray and her little daughter. Gray made many efforts to obtain intelligence of his lost family. He joined Col. Armstrong's expedition against Kittanning in the fall of 1756, in the hope of recovering them, but learning nothing, he returned to Bucks county, broken in health and spirit, made a will providing for his wife and child, should they return, and died broken-hearted in 1759.

After being carried to Canada, his wife, with the help of some traders, made her escape, and returned to Bucks County shortly after the death of her husband, but the child had been carried farther west by the Indians and was never heard of, though in 1764, when a lot of captive children were brought to Philadelphia, Mrs. Gray went there in hopes of finding her child, but without success. During her captivity Mrs. Gray received an offer of marriage from one George Woods, a fellow captive, a somewhat remarkable character, who afterwards figured extensively in the history of Bedford and Allegheny Counties. Being averse to a partnership in misfortune, and already, as she supposed, having a husband living, she peremptorily declined. Sometime after her husband's death, however, she did marry again, her second husband being Enoch Williams, with whom she took up her residence on the farm, settled by her husband on the Juniata River, in what was then Cumberland County. She does not seem to have made any effort to have the will of her first husband proven until 1785, some twenty-five years after his death, and was then only partially successful, as only one of the subscribing witnesses, Andrew Long, Esq., was living, the matter was therefore delayed until 1790, when the

hand-writing of the other witness was proven and letters of administration with the will annexed were granted to her husband, Enoch Williams, the sister, Mary Gray, who was named as executrix, then living in Mifflin County, declining to act. The provisions of the will, or a neglect to properly comply with them, gave rise to the most celebrated lawsuit in Central Pennsylvania, and was before the courts of that section for fifty years. It is known to the legal profession as "The Gray Property Case," and is one of the most celebrated ejectment suits ever tried in the State, being reported in 10 Sergeant & Rawle, page 182, as *Frederick vs. Gray*.

It will be noticed that it was characteristic of the early Scotch-Irish immigration that these people nearly always came over in family groups, as in the Miller, Craig and Jamison families.

This, it would seem, was also the case with the Wallace family, who we find settled at an early date in Plumstead, Tinicum, Warrington and Warwick. Two of the name, Robert and John, were settled in the neighborhood of the Tohickon, as appears by land warrants granted to both about that time. There is little doubt that these two were brothers and the progenitors of the other Wallaces found living in Tinicum, Warwick, Warrington and Plumstead at a later date.

They evidently arrived some time prior to 1738. As before noted, the date when the Scotch-Irish acquired lands in fee is no sure indication of the date of their arrival, as the majority of them appear to have resided on leased lands many years before purchasing.

Robert, John and James Wallace, all appear as land owners in Tinicum prior to its organization into a township in 1747. James Wallace, of Tinicum, who may have been a son of one of the others, though more probably a brother, died in 1765 leaving a widow, Hannah, and seven children, viz.: Robert Jean, wife of Robert Hutchinson, Elinor, William, Samuel Elizabeth, and Mary. Samuel married Jemima Dean, and lived for many years in New Britain Township.

The Warrington Wallaces were Joseph and William. John, eldest son of the former and Jane, his wife, was a stone-

mason, and married a daughter of Archibald Finley, of New Britain, who was also a mason, and with whom he doubtless learned his trade. This John Wallace and his brother, Andrew, were both Revolutionary soldiers, Andrew going as a recruit furnished by Bedminster Township in 1778, and John being a lieutenant in Captain Beatty's Company, was captured at Fort Washington, Long Island, November 16, 1776, along with the greater part of Col. Magaw's Regiment, but was paroled. Memoranda in the hands of his grandson, Rev. J. W. Wallace, of Independence, Missouri, show that he was with the army at Whitemarsh and Valley Forge. At the close of the Revolution, John, with his brothers and sisters and probably his parents, went to Virginia, and from there to near Lexington, Kentucky, some of the family going over the mountains on pack horses, and some down the Ohio to Maysville and then by wagon to Lexington. These and many other Bucks County folk doubtless formed part of that movement of the Scotch-Irish into Kentucky, which set in after the Revolution, and which is pictured so vividly by James Lane Allen in the "Choir Invisible."

William Wallace, of Warrington, married Agnes Creighton, widow of William Creighton, one of the trustees named in the trust deed of 1774 of the "New Lights" of Neshaminy Church. I have always been strongly impressed with the idea that he was the individual represented by the initials, "W. G." in the graveyard wall at Neshaminy, that the "G" so interpreted was really meant to be a "C," but have no further corroboration of this theory than his interest in the church in its infancy and his close connection with other leading members of the congregation. A close personal inspection of the initials, however, convinces me that it was clearly meant for a G.

His wife, Agnes, was an Armstrong, a sister of Joseph Armstrong, of Bedminster, and aunt of Thomas Armstrong, who married a daughter of Francis McHenry. William Creighton died in 1747, and his widow married William Wallace soon after, and continued to reside with her children upon the homestead, on the Bristol Road, between the present villages of Warrington and Tradesville, the present

farms of George and Levi Garner, until about 1760, when the entire family removed to Cumberland Township, York County.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Wallaces were a large connection in Bucks County, a long time before the Revolution, but those of the name who lived in Warwick seem to have been the best known branch and to have remained the longest in the county, as they continued to reside therein until about 1850, while the other Wallaces left the county mostly in the previous century.

The head of the Warwick family was James Wallace, who from all indications appears to have been the son of John. He was born in the north of Ireland and we believe came as a boy with his father to Bucks.

About the year 1750 the name of John Wallace appears frequently on the records of the Common Pleas Court of Bucks County as plaintiff in a number of suits of a nature indicating that he was a man of some means, but from the date of the appearance of James Wallace as a prominent figure in the community about 1754-5, we hear nothing more of John, except that his name appears on the tax lists of Warwick as a single man living "at James Wallace's," where he died in 1777, about the same date as James.

In 1754 John Earle and James Wallace were appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County guardians of the minor children of Robert Miller, deceased, of whom John Earle was an uncle, and a few months later James Wallace appears as the husband as well as the guardian of one of these minors, Isabel Miller. Prior to 1762, James Wallace lived on leased land, but in that year he purchased from Andrew and William Long, his wife's cousins, some 300 acres in Warwick, being a part of the property which William Miller, Sr., his wife's grandfather, purchased of Langhorne and Kirkbride in 1726. It was upon this tract that the main body of Washington's army encamped in August, 1777. From the date of his marriage until his death in 1777 James Wallace figured prominently in the affairs of the county, his name appearing very frequently on the records as one of a commission to lay out roads and in various other positions of trust.

In the year 1768 he was elected coroner of the county, continuing to serve until 1772, one of the longest terms for which the office was held in colonial days. As the relations between the colonies and the mother country began to be strained, he, like the rest of the Scotch-Irish, took up the cause of the colony as against the crown, and participated actively in the affairs of the county and province.

At the meeting of the inhabitants of Bucks, held at Newtown, July 9, 1774, to remonstrate against the oppressive measures of the parent country, he was one of the six deputies of the county there elected and delegated to represent it at Philadelphia in the Conference of Provincial Deputies held in Carpenter's Hall, July 15, 1774, which meeting he attended. His name heads the list of the Warwick associators taken August 21, 1775, and he was a particularly active and prominent member of the Bucks County Committee of Safety, the governing body of the county from 1774-1776, attending all its meetings but two, and being a member of the Committee of Correspondence as well as of a number of committees to "interview" and "reason with" recalcitrant local Tories.

He was appointed the officer for the middle section of the county to receive and pay for the arms purchased for the use of the Associators. In January, 1776, James Wallace with Col. Keichline and Joseph Fenton were selected to proceed to Philadelphia and ascertain the process for making salt-petre with a view of explaining the method to the inhabitants of the county, and thus facilitating the manufacture of powder.

In May, 1776, he was again one of the committees appointed to represent the county in convention of other county committees at Philadelphia, but the Bucks County delegates, it appears, did not attend.

He also represented Bucks as a delegate to the important Provincial Conference at Carpenter's Hall in June, 1776, his fellow delegates being Col. Hart, Major Wynkoop and Benjamin Seigle. Wallace appears as a member of several committees of this body, which met with the avowed object of taking steps to form an independent Government, and which, among other things, provided for and arranged details and machinery for the convention which adopted the first

Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Col. Hart, Major Wynkoop and James Wallace were named by this Provincial Conference the three Judges of Bucks County, to conduct the election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention.

Upon the new Government going into effect he was appointed by the Supreme Executive Council (the Executive Power of the State), one of the Judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts of Bucks, and his commission, dated March 31st, 1777, is recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Doylestown. About this time he was also elected a Justice of the Peace for Warwick Township.

It is apparent from this record that James Wallace, in his day, was a prominent figure and moving spirit in the affairs of Bucks County, and undoubtedly a leading character in the community at Neshaminy, one who held their confidence, as is evidenced by the fact that he appears almost always as the representative of Warwick and its Scotch-Irish constituency. The history of Bucks County during the Revolutionary period shows that Col. Hart, Judge Wynkoop, and James Wallace, until his death, were the three most active and prominent men in the affairs of the county. As throwing some light on the latter's character and standing in the community, we refer to a letter written by Judge Wynkoop to the General Committee of Safety, at Philadelphia, in January, 1776, referring to the Bucks County Committee appointed to go to Philadelphia and investigate the process of manufacture of saltpetre above mentioned, he says of them: "Those are persons of reputation and influence in different parts of the county," * * * and speaking of James Wallace, who had been selected as the member to receive and pay for the saltpetre, he states futher: "Mr. Wallace is a gentleman of property, strict honesty, and firm attachment to our cause." His interest in the Neshaminy church is shown by the fact that in 1767 he was elected one of the trustees, and doubtless continued to serve as such until his death.

His further usefulness was cut short by his death in the latter part of 1777. While the cause of his death is not

known, it would seem that it was in some manner the result of the strife then being waged. His wife, Isabel, survived him many years, being alive in 1810; also two sons, William, who lived to an advanced age and died single, in his native township, and Robert, who married Mary, the daughter of Hugh Long and Mary Corbit, and three daughters, Jane, who married John Carr, son of Joseph and Mary (Long) Carr; Margaret, who married Samuel Polk, son of James and Eleanor Polk, and Isabel, who died a spinster. His grandchildren married into the families of Rogers, Sturgeon, Kennedy, Mearns, James, Shewell, Hough, Ward, Bothwell, Krewsen and other well known Bucks County families.

Joseph Carr, of Warwick, was another early settler, who came from the north of Ireland. He was born in 1697 and died in 1757. He appears at Neshaminy as early as 1731, when he signed the petition for the creation of Warminster Township. He was a witness to the will of Andrew Long in 1738, and married Long's eldest surviving daughter, Mary (born 1725). His children, as mentioned in his will and appearing of record in the conveyance of his real estate were: John, the eldest, who became prominent in the Neshaminy church and married Jane, daughter of James and Isabel (Miller) Wallace; Joseph and Andrew, who are said to have gone to South Carolina; William, who remained in Warwick; and daughters, Margaret, who married Thomas McCune; Isabella, wife of John Anderson, and removed to Baltimore County, Maryland, and Mary, wife of Robert McIlhenny, of York County.

(The descendants of Robert Carr, mariner, of Philadelphia, who purchased land in Warminster in 175-, claim that he also was a son of Joseph, of Warwick, but we have no proof of this further than a tradition in their branch of the family. It is just possible that Joseph Carr was married prior to his marriage with Mary Long, as it will be noticed that he was many years his wife's senior, being but six years younger than her father. If this be so, and Robert, the issue of a former marriage and also absent on the high seas, that may account for his not being mentioned in his father's will.)

John Carr and Jane, his wife, had a large family. William Carr, for many years Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, was a child of this marriage. The other children intermarried with the Rogers, Sturgeons, Mearns, and Kennedys, and their numerous descendants are widely scattered through the county and country.

Two other early families of Neshaminy, to whom we have already briefly alluded, and who are deserving of much more than the brief mention we can give them in this sketch, were the Walkers and Craigs. The Walkers were among the earliest arrivals, and the family appears to have consisted of William and Ann, his wife, and their four sons, John, William, Robert and Richard, and at least two daughters. William, Sr., died in 1738, aged 66 years, and Ann, his wife, in 1750, aged 70. They both lie buried at Neshaminy. We have no data as to John other than that he had two sons, William and John. William, son of William and Ann, died in 1757, possessed of about 500 acres of land, in Warrington, and left a widow, Margaret, children, Robert, Elizabeth, wife of Henry Finley; Catharine, Mary, James and Margaret.

Robert Walker, son of William and Ann, died in Northampton Township, in 1758, evidently unmarried and without issue, as, after leaving a legacy of 50 pounds to Rev. Richard Treat, Rev. Charles Beatty and his brother, Richard, in trust for the benefit of Neshaminy church, he bequeaths the balance of his estate to his brothers, Richard and John, and his sisters, Mary King and Christine McNaire, and their children. He futher directed that "Friends join in placing a tombstone over Father."

By far the most prominent of the family, however, was Richard Walker, Esq., born in 1702. He was probably yet quite a young man when he arrived in the Province. He married Sarah Craig, a sister of Col. Thomas and Daniel, as before stated; she was four years his junior, being born in 1706. Richard Walker was elected to the Provincial Assembly in 1747 and continuously re-elected until 1759, when he was succeeded by James Melvine, of New Britain. He was commissioned a Justice of the Peace and of the courts of Bucks County in 1749, and served continuously as a Justice

until 1775, over a quarter of a century. He was also commissioned a captain in the Provincial service February 12th, 1749, was a prominent member of the Committee of Safety and an elder of Neshaminy church. He died April 11th, 1791, aged 89 years, and his wife, Sarah, April 24th, 1784, aged 78 years. He evidently left no children, as his estate was divided among collateral heirs, the descendants of his sisters and brothers, among the distributees being quite a number who were residents of the "Irish Settlement" in Northampton County, viz: McNaires, Ralstons, Latimers, Griers, Wilsons and Culberstons. Richard Walker's plantation was on the Lower State road, extending westward from the Bristol road at Tradesville. He and his wife are both buried at Neshaminy.

The Craigs were a large family, the heads being Col. Thomas, the founder of the Irish Settlement, his brothers, William and James, of the same place, and Daniel, of Warrington, with sisters married to Gray and Walker, of Neshaminy, and James Boyd, of the upper settlement.

Daniel Craig, as has been already stated, was one of the earliest settlers in Warrington. He died in 1776, leaving a widow, Margaret, and eight children—Thomas, John, William, Margaret, wife of James Barclay; Sarah, wife of John Barnhill; Jane, wife of Samuel Barnhill; Mary Lewis, and Rebecca, wife of Hugh Stephenson. His son, Thomas, took a prominent part in the Revolution, was commissioned a captain October 23d, 1776, and rose to the rank of Colonel. He married Jean Jamison, daughter of Henry Jamison, son of the Emigrant Ancestor, and Mary Stewart, the daughter of another early settler in Neshaminy. His daughter Margaret married Capt. William Miller, founder of Millerstown, now Fairview, York County, for many years a Representative and Senator of that county. (This William Miller, it is thought from various indications, was a connection of the Warwick family already referred to.)

Thomas Craig's eldest son, Daniel, married like his father a Jean Jamison, daughter of Robert Jamison, of Neshaminy, and his wife, Hannah Baird, daughter of John and Hannah (Stewart) Baird, of Neshaminy.

The Craigs were evidently fighting stock, as not only appears by the record of Thomas, of Warrington, but by that of his cousins, Capt. John Craig, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Light Dragoons, who, it is said, Washington pronounced the best horseman in the army, and that of colonel afterwards General Thomas Craig, who served from the beginning to the end of the Revolution, and was in the battles of Quebec, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, as well as serving in North and South Carolina.

It would also seem that their descendants inherited their ancestors' fighting and patriotic qualities, as we know of at least one of the grandsons of Daniel Craig, Jr., who served with distinction during our late civil war, and only his age and infirmities, resulting from wounds then received, prevent him from being at this time at the front in the service of his country.

Did time and space permit, we would like to refer to the Jamison, Grier, Baird, Armstrong and Stewart and other such Scotch-Irish families of the time referred to, and we believe it would not be uninteresting if some mention could be made of some of the descendants of these early pioneers in later generations, but we can only say that their children are to be found in every section of our great land, their worthy and courageous ancestors helped to colonize, and in every walk of life, not only in agricultural pursuits, that first and ever honorable occupation of mankind, some even on the lands settled by their forefathers, but as well in the marts of commerce, in the pulpit, at the forum and in the army and navy of their country; and we trust, wherever found and however engaged, serving their day and generation in a manner that shows they have inherited unimpaired the worthy and sturdy qualities and characteristics displayed by their forbears amid the uncertainties and adversities of pioneer life and the trying times of the Revolution.

APPENDIX B.

**REPORT OF CHARLES L. McKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR
ENDING JANUARY 1ST, 1909.**

1908.	DR.
Balance from preceding year.....	\$234 25
Membership dues.....	400 00
Subscriptions to Nineteenth Annual Dinner.....	720 00
Interest on deposits.....	8 58
	\$1362 83

CR.	
James Brown, carving spoon.....	\$42 50
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, rooms for guests....	21 55
Postage and miscellaneous expenses.....	13 75
The Dreka Company, menus.....	50 00
Clerical services.....	20 00
Dinner subscriptions returned.....	5 00
Traveling expenses—speaker.....	10 00
Stenographer, report of Nineteenth Annual Dinner.....	30 00
Wm. H. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations....	12 75
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—153 covers, music, decorations, wines and cigars.....	621 30
Allen, Lane & Scott, circulars, dinner notices, envelopes, etc.....	43 00
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing Nine- teenth annual report.....	215 12
	\$1084 97
Balance in bank January 1st, 1909	277 86
	\$1362 83

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$277.86 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1909.

JAMES POLLOCK,
THOMAS E. BAIRD,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.
2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.
2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.
3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be de-

termined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

HON. E. F. ACHESON	Washington, Pa.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER	Chambersburg, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG	3709 Baring St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG,	Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES	220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
D. G. BAIRD	228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD	Haverford, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.	Villa Nova, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD	Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD	United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR	1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY	Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY	Buffalo, N. Y.
ROBERT O. BEATTY	Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL	1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE	Carlisle, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS	Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
THOMAS BOGGS	Melrose Park, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D.	1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN	815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D.	The Lincoln, 13th and Spruce Sts., Phila.
JAMES I. BROWNSON	Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE (Honorary)	Washington, D. C.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL . . .	Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
A. A. CAIRNS, M. D.	1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER	5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL	P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
JAMES F. CAMPBELL	Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON	Ardmore, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON	Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.

WILLIAM G. CARSON	205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER	Doylestown, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D. (Honorary)	Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D. D. .	Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D. (Honorary)	Chambersburg, Pa.
GEORGE W. CREIGHTON . . .	Altoona, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN . .	304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia.
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M. D. . .	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN DALZELL	House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
H. C. DEAVER, M. D.	1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D.	1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HENRY T. DECHERT	West End Trust Building, Phila.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN . .	400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
AGNEW T. DICE	Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
PROF. W. P. DICK	West Chester, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON	Manhattan Life Building, Philadelphia.
J. S. DONALDSON	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DORNAN	Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D . .	Newville, Pa.
PETER S. DUNCAN	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
THOMAS P. DYER	228 Apsley St., Germantown, Phila.
DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D. . .	1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
IRWIN CAMERON ELDER . . .	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. T. B. ELDER	Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN . . .	1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. NATHANIEL EWING . . .	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES	643 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D. . . .	2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON . .	114 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M. D. .	125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM M. FIELD	1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER .	500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER . .	1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
D. FLEMING	325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING	32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

W. H. FRANCIS	Trust Co. of North America, 503 Chestnut St., Phila.
HUGH R. FULTON	Lancaster, Pa.
GEORGE D. GIDEON	1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
HARRY B. GILL	328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. W. RUSH GILLAN	Chambersburg, Pa.
COL. JAMES R. GILMORE	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL F. GIVIN	2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM B. GIVEN	224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM A. GLASGOW	Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
HON. JAS. GAY GORDON	1829 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
FRANCIS I. GOWEN	Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT GRACEY	Newville, Pa.
DUNCAN M. GRAHAM	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN GRAHAM	Huntington, W. Va.
REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D.	2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM	413 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN	Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia.
DAVID C. GREEN	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN M. GREER	Butler, Pa.
ROBERT B. GREER, M. D.	Butler, Pa.
J. M. GUFFEY	341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE	Indiana, Pa.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM	1209 Pennsylvania Buildg., Philadelphia.
REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,	
D. D.	Carlisle, Pa.
HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL	Ridgway, Pa.
DR. SAMUEL McCCLINTOCK	
HAMILL	1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HUGH H. HAMILL	231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
JOHN L. HAMILL	4811 Regent Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN HAMILTON	2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY	3756 N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY	8 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY	410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY	Broad St. and Washington Ave., Phila.
WM. LATTA HAMMERSLEY	410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
JOHN BELL HARPER	2105 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. C. HAWTHORNE	Carlisle, Pa.
GEORGE HAY	111 West Upsal St., Philadelphia.
JAMES HAY	25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
EDWIN R. HAYS	Newville, Pa.
THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS	Huntington, W. Va.

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| REV. JOHN HEMPHILL, D. D. | San Francisco, Cal. |
| JOHN J. HENDERSON | 1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia. |
| J. WEBSTER HENDERSON | Carlisle, Pa. |
| HON. BAYARD HENRY | 1438 Land Title Building, Philadelphia. |
| JOHN J. HENRY | Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia. |
| A. G. HETHERINGTON | 2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. |
| HON. CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK . | Franklin, Pa. |
| MAJOR HARRY CRAIG HILL . | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON . | 238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa. |
| R. J. HOUSTON | Lancaster, Pa. |
| SAMUEL F. HOUSTON | 610 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| W. WILLIS HOUSTON | Thacker Mines, W. Va. |
| REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D. D. | 128 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia. |
| W. H. HUNTER | <i>The News Advertiser</i> , Chillicothe, Ohio. |
| E. RANKIN HUSTON | Mechanicsburg, Pa. |
| JOSEPH M. HUSTON | Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. |
| THOMAS HUSTON | Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila. |
| B. K. JAMISON | Torresdale, Pa. |
| JOHN FLEMING JONES | 2139 Market St., Philadelphia. |
| JOHN W. JORDAN | 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia. |
| JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN | Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D. D. | 6012 Green St., Germantown, Phila. |
| GEORGE C. KENNEDY | 38 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa. |
| M. C. KENNEDY | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| THOMAS B. KENNEDY, JR. | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| HON. JAMES KERR | |
| SAMUEL T. KERR | 1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia. |
| J. B. KINLEY | 411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. |
| HON. P. C. KNOX | Washington, D. C. |
| REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D. D. . | 4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia. |
| JAMES M. LAMBERTON | 216 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa. |
| J. A. LANGFITT | 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| JOHN S. LATTA | 1215 Arch St., Philadelphia. |
| DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA . . | 233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia. |
| WILLIAM J. LATTA | Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Phila. |
| THOMAS LOVE LATTA | 3918 Spruce St., Philadelphia. |
| JOHN LLOYD | Altoona, Pa. |
| WILLIAM PENN LLOYD | Mechanicsburg, Pa. |
| HARRY V. LOGAN, M. D. . . . | Scranton, Pa. |
| JOHN P. LOGAN | 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia. |
| JAMES LONG | 203 Church St., Philadelphia. |
| L. H. LOVELL | Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. |
| ADMIRAL GEORGE A. LYON . | The Rittenhouse, Philadelphia. |

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A. W. MELLON	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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JOHN S. MILLER	333 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa.
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DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT	P. O. Box 158, Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. H. J. McATEER	Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
THOMAS M. McCACHRAN	P. R. R. Office, Altoona, Pa.
DR. J. GUY McCANDLESS	1522 Center Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
EDWIN McCANDLISH	Newville, Pa.
HON. SAMUEL J. M. McCARRELL,	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. J. P. McCASKEY	Lancaster, Pa.
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W. J. McClary	The St. James, Thirteenth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.
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ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE	Room 384, City Hall, Philadelphia.
HON. HAROLD M. MCCLURE	Lewisburg, Pa.
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REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D. D. (Honorary)	D. D. Easton, Md.
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JAMES S. MCCORD, JR.	308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
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REV. O. B. McCURDY	4035 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. J. P. McCURDY	538 South Forty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
DANIEL W. McDONALD	Uniontown, Pa.
J. A. McDOWELL	1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
JOHN M. McDOWELL	Chambersburg, Pa.
WILLIAM H. McFADDEN, M. D.,	3505 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
ANDREW C. McGOWIN	Hotel Majestic, Philadelphia.
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JOHN D. McILHENNY	1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.

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R. L. O'DONNEL	Buffalo, N. Y.
GEORGE T. OLIVER	Pittsburgh, Pa.
DAVID B. OLIVER	233 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. THOMAS J. ORBISON	Pasadena, California.
HON. GEORGE B. ORLADY	Huntingdon, Pa.
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ROBERT A. ORBISON	Huntingdon, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM HENRY OXTOBY,	3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
CHARLES L. PATTERSON	Wilmington, Del.
C. STUART PATTERSON	1000 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
D. RAMSEY PATTERSON	515 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON	314 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
T. H. HOGE PATTERSON	4231 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
THEODORE C. PATTERSON	715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS PATTERSON	Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. H. PATTON.	226 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
RICHARD PATTON	Wayne, Pa.
REV. W. A. PATTON, D. D.	Wayne, Pa.
WILLIAM A. PATTON	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
HAROLD PEIRCE	222 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
HUGH PITCAIRN, M. D.	206 West State St., Harrisburg, Pa.
ROBERT PITCAIRN	Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. W. PINKERTON	537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES POLLOCK	2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia.

A. NEVIN POMEROY	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER . . .	Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WM. W. PORTER	2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM POTTER	Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
HON. WM. P. POTTER	Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City Hall.
REV. S. R. QUEEN	The Kenmar, 1001 Pine St., Phila.
SAMUEL REA	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
GEORGE RICE	Pottstown, Pa.
H. A. RIDDLE	Chambersburg, Pa.
CRAIG D. RITCHIE	514 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON . . .	Media, Pa.
W. D. ROBINSON, M. D.	2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS	Fortieth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.
ADAM A. ROSS, JR.	516 Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia.
GEORGE ROSS	Doylestown, Pa.
THOMAS ROSS	Doylestown, Pa.
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WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD,	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER	Chester, Pa.
CHARLES T. SCHOEN	101 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.
CHARLES SCOTT, JR.	Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
GEORGE E. SCOTT	21 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN SCOTT, JR.	2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. SCOTT	1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
J. A. SEARIGHT	Uniontown, Pa.
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JAMES W. SHARPE	Newville, Pa.
WALTER KING SHARPE	Chambersburg, Pa.
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R. STUART SMITH	934 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
FRANK W. SMITH	134 South Twentieth St., Philadelphia.
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HON. ROBERT SNODGRASS . . .	17 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. A. LOUDON SNOWDEN . .	1812 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
E. J. STACKPOLE	Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM S. STEANS, D. D.	Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.
REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D. D. .	330 South Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON	14 North Front St., Philadelphia.
J. E. STERRETT	925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
GEORGE STEVENSON	1921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR.	Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
ALEXANDER STEWART	Scotland, Franklin County, Pa.
GEORGE H. STEWART	Shippensburg, Pa.
WILLIAM M. STEWART	2008 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN STEWART	Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
REV. GEORGE B. STEWART, D. D. .	Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
COL. W. W. STEWART	Chambersburg, Pa.
WILLIAM C. STOEVER	727 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JAMES A. STRANAHAN . .	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. EDWIN S. STUART	Executive Mansion, Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM THOMPSON	230 South Thirty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM THOMSON, M. D.	1426 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
M. HAMPTON TODD	133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
HERBERT AGNEW WALLACE . .	Reading Terminal Philadelphia.
ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE . . .	Manayunk National Bank, Philadelphia.
RICHARD H. WALLACE	512 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL HEMPHILL WALLACE .	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
THOMAS L. WALLACE	P. R. R. Freight Station, Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM S. WALLACE	Bailey Building, 1218 Chestnut St., Phila.
WILLIAM W. WALLACE	1735 North Eighteenth St., Phila.
DAVID H. WATTS	1522 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. FRANK T. WHEELER . .	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
ROBERT F. WHITMER	Girard Trust Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES S. WILLIAMS	711 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
PROF. J. CLARK WILLIAMS . .	Pittsburgh, Pa.
REV. DAVID WILLS, D. D., LL. D.	The Cecil, Washington, D. C.
ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D. . . .	1863 North Front St., Philadelphia.
M. J. WILSON, M. D.	1750 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
CYRUS E. WOODS	Greensburg, Pa.
DAVID F. WOODS, M. D.	1501 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
HON. JOSEPH M. WOODS . . .	Lewistown, Pa.
RICHARD W. WOODS	Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM H. WOOLVERTON . . .	1323 Broadway, New York.
ROBERT A. WRIGHT	1015 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
COL. THOMAS T. WRIGHT, (Hon-	
orary.)	Nashville, Tenn.
HON. HARMAN YERKES	Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

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J. SIMPSON AFRICA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL AGNEW.....	Beaver, Pa.
JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
R. T. BLACK.....	Seranton, Pa.
J. C. BLAIR.....	Huntingdon, Pa.
P. P. BOWLES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES WESLEY BUOY, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. J. CASSATT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS	Washington, D. C.
JOHN H. W. CHESNUT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES CLARK.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
DAVID CONWAY.....	Mount Joy, Pa.
WILLIAM CROSSLEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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E. B. DAWSON.....	Uniontown, Pa.
JAMES P. DICKSON.....	Scranton, Pa.
WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN	Philadelphia, Pa.
EBENEZER ERSKINE, D.D.....	Newville, Pa.
SAMUEL EVANS.....	Columbia, Pa.
THOMAS EWING.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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JOHN FIELD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. MORRISON FOSTER.....	Shields, Pa.
ROBERT H. FULTON, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. S. A. GAYLEY.....	Wayne, Pa.
ALRERT GRAFF.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THEODORE A. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
MARCUS A. HANNA (Honorary).....	Ohio.
HON. WILLIAM B. HANNA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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I. N. HAYS, D.D.....	Allegheny, Pa.
HON. R. M. HENDERSON.....	Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM HENDERSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES W. HENRY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. A. HERRON.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
WILLIAM HOLMES.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. HOUSTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY HOLMES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE JUNKIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
H. P. LAIRD.....	Greensburg, Pa.
ROBERT ALEXANDER LAMBERTON, LL.D.	Harrisburg, Pa.
JAMES W. LATIMER.....	York, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM LAURIE, D.D.	Bellefonte, Pa.
JOHN A. LINN.....	Radnor, Pa.
JAMES A. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. SAMUEL C. LOGAN.....	Scranton, Pa.
WILLIAM P. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES F. MAGEE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THOMAS MACKELLAR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. M. McALARNEY.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. ROBERT McCACHRAN.....	Newville, Pa.
C. McCLELLAND, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. BREWSTER MCCOLLOM.....	Montrose, Pa.
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R. S. McCOMBS, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN D. McCORD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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HENRY C. MCCORMICK.....	Williamsport, Pa.
E. J. McCUNE.....	Shippensburg, Pa.
C. WATSON MCKEEHAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES MCKEEHAN.....	Newville, Pa.
JAMES E. MCLEAN.....	Shippensburg, Pa.
GEORGE H. MELLON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. THOMAS MELLON, (Honorary).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
GEORGE GLUYAS MERCER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THOMAS E. MOOREHEAD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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S. A. MUTCHEMORE, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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H. M. NORTH.....	Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM B. ORR.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JAMES CROWELL PINKERTON.....	Wayne, Pa.
R. S. REED.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN CALVIN RICE.....	Ogontz, Pa.
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W. F. RUTHERFORD.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
CHARLES SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN B. SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
T. B. SEARIGHT.....	Uniontown, Pa.
A. BRADY SHARPE.....	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN W. SIMONTON.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN B. STAUFFER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES P. STERRETT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM SHAW STEWART, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SAMUEL C. STUART.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
FRANK THOMSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

Deceased Members.

JOHN A. THOMSON	Wrightsville, Pa.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE.....	Clearfield, Pa.
HENRY WARREN WILLIAMS.....	Wellsboro, Pa.
DAVID WILLS.....	Gettysburg, Pa.
JOHN A. WRIGHT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. WALKER WOODS	Lewistown, Pa.
JOHN W. WOODSIDE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.



A. K. Mellon

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 24th, 1910

PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street
1910

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HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

MR. JOHN McILHENNY.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
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HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.	HON. HARMAN YERKES.
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

MR. JOHN McILHENNY, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. BAYARD HENRY,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. JAMES POLLOCK,	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.	

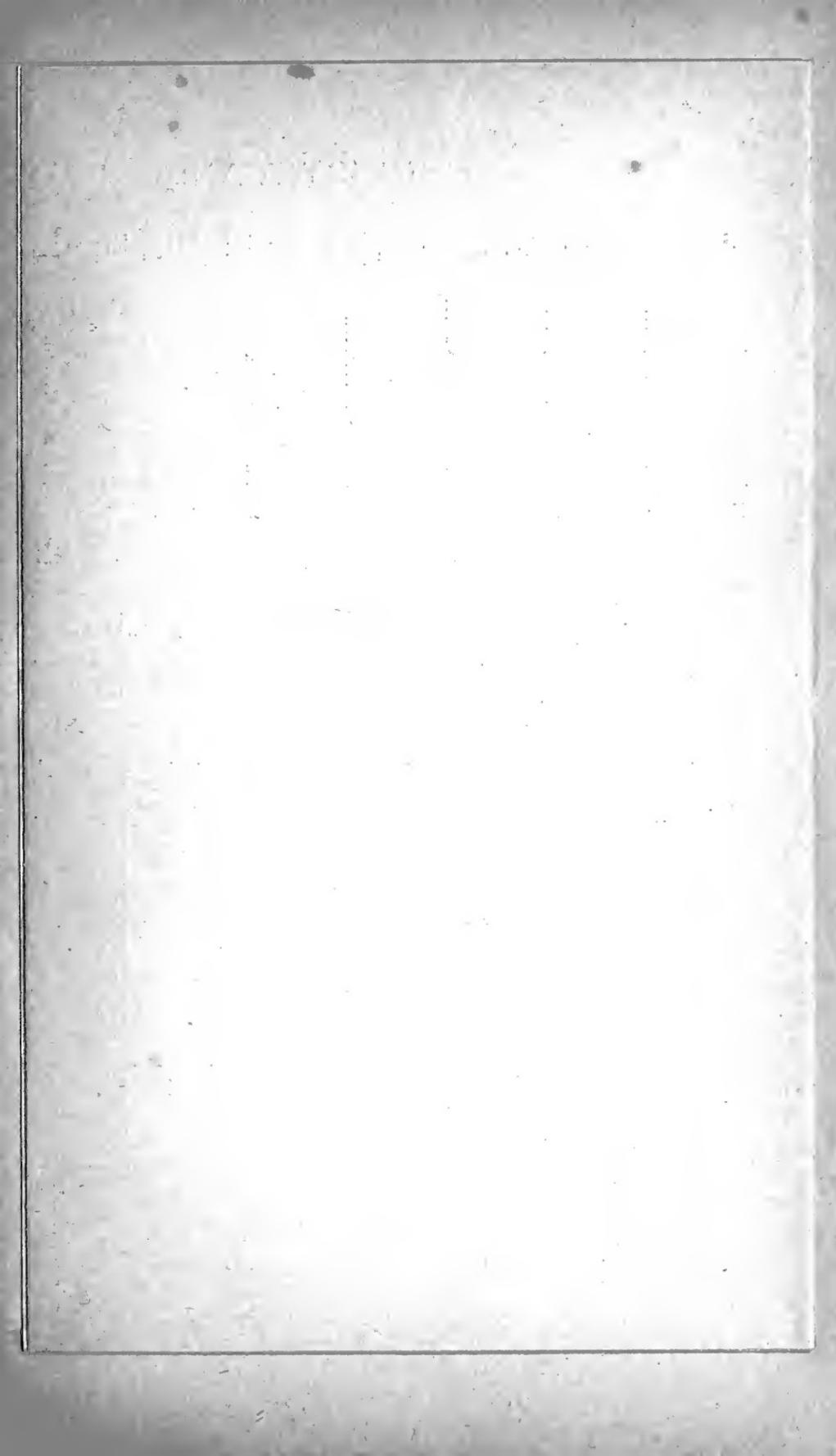
HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.

FINANCE:

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

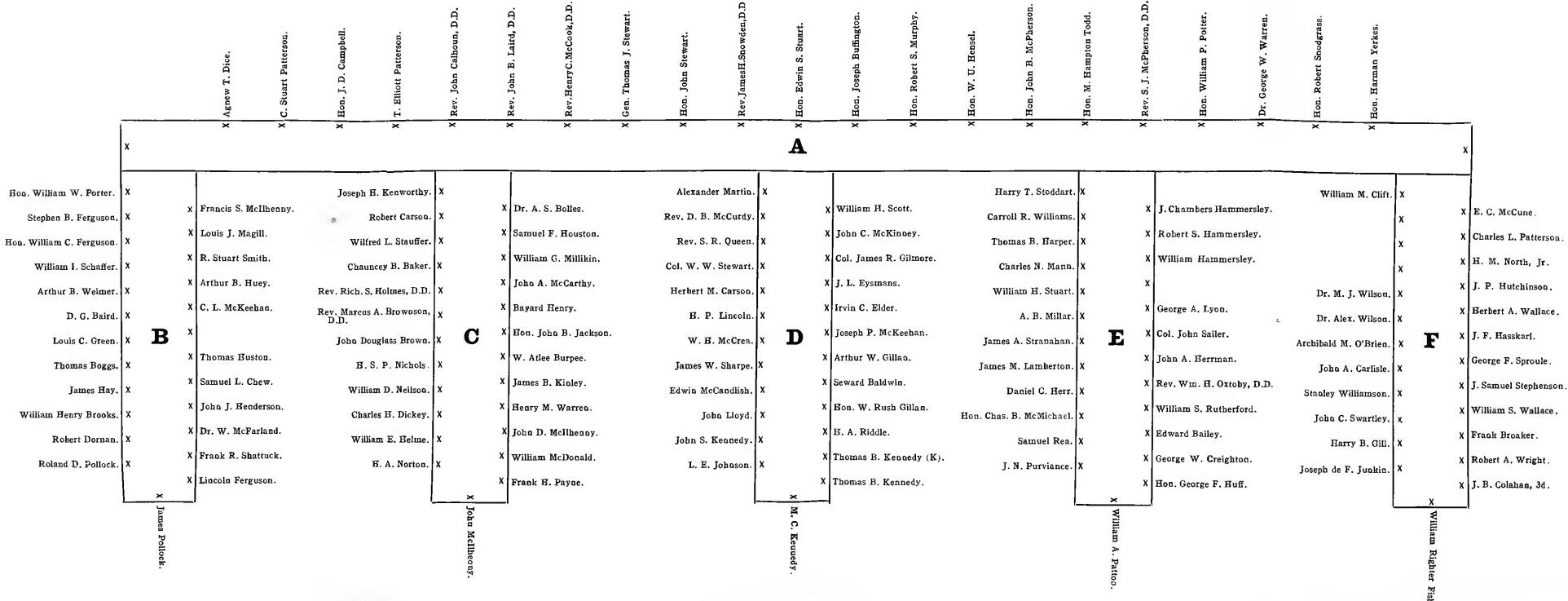






PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 24th, 1910.



B	Baker, Chauncey B.	C	Ferguson, Lincoln	F
	Bailey, Edward	C	Ferguson, Stephen H.	B
	Baird, D. C.	B	Ferguson, William C.	B
	Baldwin, Seward	D	Fisher, William Righter	F
	Banks, Thomas	C		
	Bolles, A. S.	C		
	Brown, John Douglass	A		
	Brown, John W.	C		
	Brooker, Frank	C		
	Brooks, William Henry	B		
	Buffington, Joseph	A		
	Burpee W. Adie	C		
C				
	Callahan, John		Hammersley, J. Chambers	E
	Campbell, D.	A	Hammersley, Robert S.	E
	Carlisle, John A.	A	Hammersley, William	E
	Carson, Herbert M.	D	Harper, Thomas B.	E
	Carson, Robert	C	Hart, George F.	E
	Carter, Samuel L.	B	Hay, James	B
	Chaffee, William M.	B	Heilmeier, William E.	C
	Cohalan, J. B., 3d	B	Heller, Peterson, John J.	C
	Crighton, George W.	E	Henry, John	C
D			Heusel, W. U.	A
	Dice, Agnew T.	A	Herman, John A.	E
	Dickey, Charles H.	C	Holmes, Richard S.	E
	Dornan, Rehett	B	Houston, Samuel F.	C
E			Hovey, George C.	E
	Elder, Irvin C.		Hovey, Arthur B.	B
	Eysmann, J. L.	D	Huston, Thomas	B
	Junkin, John		Hutchinson J. P.	F
			J	
			Jackson, John B.	C
			Johnson, L. E.	D
			Junkin, Joseph de F.	F



TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-first Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday, February 24th, 1910, at 7 P. M., the President, Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending January 1st, 1910, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 65.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, Hon. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

First Vice-President, MR. JOHN McILHENNY.

Second Vice-President, REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	HON. HARMAN YERKES
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

Two beautiful flags, one of the Commonwealth and the other of the City of Philadelphia, presented to the Society by Mr. James Pollock, were carried into the banquet room at the head of the company and were placed immediately back of the President's chair.

The Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

After the company was seated, Hon. Harman Yerkes arose and spoke as follows:—

HON. HARMAN YERKES:

MR. PRESIDENT:—Owing to the well-known modesty of an ex-president of this society, I have been asked to formally announce the presentation by him of the two beautiful flags, which decorate the background of the president's chair. Our former president, James Pollock, having become impressed with the beautiful effect of the display of local flags, which is one of the features of the famous annual banquets of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, conceived the idea of making it an object for this society to obtain the state, county, and other local flags, typical of the several sections of our great commonwealth, or emblematic of historic events in its history, and especially when associated with her Scotch-Irish development.

The suggestion was made before the Council, who gave their enthusiastic approval. But, it possibly seeming more alert in approving than in executing the purpose, the restless projector, unwilling to await the proverbial slowness of large bodies, has come to the front with a determination to at once make a start towards the collection for the society, which no doubt in a very brief period will become one of its most attractive possessions, and of his own personal means and with characteristic liberality, he has purchased these two beautiful flags, one of Pennsylvania and the other of Philadelphia, which it is now my great pleasure to present to the society

on behalf of Mr. James Pollock. I have now obeyed the instructions imposed upon me in stating the object of this gift, and I do it with an earnest expression of the hope, I may say the desire, of the Council that the society itself, or some of her generous members, will become interested in promoting to successful fruition what has been so well begun. I might, and you will say ought to, close without spoiling the affair, by some remarks upon my own account, but such is the perverse desire to talk which sends to the grave of forgetfulness most otherwise good speeches which are made here, that our excellent secretary, Mr. McKeehan, is emphatic in his complaint that his most trying task is to induce speakers to "cut it short."

But I cannot help saying, in view of the state of affairs now existing in this great industrial city, that, with characteristic humor, Mr. Pollock seems to have been unable to restrain throwing into this interesting proceeding a bit of irony by the flags presented, Pennsylvania and Philadelphia.

The Flag! After all, what does it stand for? Surely more than its material and the beauty of its colors, more than the silk or bunting we see.

We might decorate these walls in profusion with all the riches of the golden tapestries of the Orient, or with the glistening, rustling, delicate fabrics, the products of the busy looms of France and Italy, and what would it all signify but a thing of beauty?

Yes, the thought which prompted these gifts was to inspire patriotic impulses through what these flags represent. The flag is the symbol of nationality, of the sovereignty to which we bow, the recognition of the power of government and law. It is the banner which distinguishes its followers, or those it represents, from others. It denotes distinction and allegiance, and therefore it has no significance, except that which recognizes law and order, submission to lawful authority. The common policeman who the other day took the American flag from the hands of the leader of a riotous band in the streets of this city possessed a fine sense of this distinction. It was being dishonored by the appropriation

to a demonstration against the power of the law, and he, as a law officer, forbade its misuse.

Was it the grim humor of the donor that led him at this time to select the city flag with that of the Commonwealth, that he might direct the attention of you law-abiding men to the weakness and hesitancy of the authorities in failing to vigorously suppress the reign of disorder, disturbance, and anarchy which up to this time has run riot and received the approval, encouragement, and even applause of so many citizens and public journals, whose influence in a time like this should be arrayed upon the side of public order and obedience to the law? Whether there was such a design, the contrast between these two symbols of authority is broad and plain. May we hope that the time is near at hand when those whose duty it is to maintain at all hazards the fair fame of this noble city will open their eyes to a full realization of the great responsibilities which now confront them. (Applause.)

Mr. President, of one thing we all feel assured. If supineness or fear by those whose duty it is to uphold the honor of the symbol of their local authority should require that an appeal be made to the greater governmental authority represented by that other flag that floats about you, it is entrusted to an executive who, with all the flow of his Scotch-Irish blood, will decisively assert the authority of the government and law, by the will of the people of this great commonwealth entrusted to him, and who by the example he should show will give to those who now seem to fail, the courage to uphold the authority which both flags stand for. (Applause.)

The President of the Society, Governor Stuart, arose and accepted the flags on behalf of the Society, whereupon, by motion, duly seconded and unanimously carried, the hearty thanks of the Society were extended to Mr. Pollock for his generous and patriotic gift.

At the close of the dinner, the President of the Society arose and said:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND GUESTS:—I am not here to-night as Governor of this Commonwealth, but as President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. I do not intend to read a paper upon the Scotch-Irish, but will leave that to the guests whom we have invited to address us upon that subject, and will introduce to you a man known to almost every Scotch-Irishman in Pennsylvania, and one fully qualified to talk upon the subject assigned to him. It, therefore, gives me pleasure to present to you the Rev. James H. Snowden, D.D., of Washington, Pennsylvania, editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*. (Applause.)

REV. JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—As I arise to make this address I recall—or rather when I sat down to make this address I did recall—the definition of an oration given last year by a freshman in an Ohio college. “An oration,” said he, “consists of three parts: the introduction the body, and the peroration. The introduction is what you say before you begin; the body is what you say; and the peroration is what you say after you are through.” I will not speak for the lawyers, but we ministers know that this definition is not bad and applies to many of our sermons. The introduction is often what we say before we begin: we fear we shall not have enough material to fill in the time and so we go tramping around over the context and, incidentally, over the congregation, until we strike our subject. The body is what we have to say, and then the peroration is not infrequently what we say after we are through. Many a good sermon has been spoiled by the last five minutes: the preacher was through, but he didn’t know it (laughter); the people, however, did. (Laughter.) So I thought I would cut off the introduction and peroration of this address and confine it to the body. And even then I shall not try to

make a model address, for one definition of a model is, a small representation of the reality.

Heredity.

The subject of my remarks is Our Scotch-Irish Heredity. I can hear a critic, possibly a member of some envious race, object to our devotion to our heredity as a species of ancestor worship more congenial to stagnant China than to progressive America. "Why dig up this old Scotch-Irish graveyard?" he may exclaim. "We have no interest in a dead Presbyterian: show us a live Presbyterian, if you can!" (Laughter.) But let no one depreciate heredity in these days when the whole doctrine of evolution is simply heredity writ large. We have roots running back to the beginning of the creation and are the outgrowth and fruitage of the total past. Millions of ancestors have imparted some personal touch to us, we are composite photographs in which countless hereditary traits have blended.

Roses blooming in our gardens
Have roots ancient, far away;
From primeval, newborn mountains
Crept the vine that flowers to-day.

Deep heredities sleep in us,
Interlinked in cunning chains:
Countless generations emptied
Tiny blood drops in our veins.

Life's increasing line comes to us,
Spun from lives of myriad dead;
Subtle moods have slipped into us,
Down along this scarlet thread.

Thoughts that shoot up unexpected,
Flash from the ancestral heart;
What in them was conscious striving,
Is in us unconscious art.

We are blossoms on a mystic
Tree that has been growing long;
It intinctures us with sadness,
Or it blooms in us in song.

So our blood may be the precious distilled drops of the ages, and we ought to cherish it and strive to keep it pure.

It is proper, however, to say that in appreciating our own heredity to-night we do not thereby deprecate the heredity of others. And some warmth, a little rosy light on the picture we draw, may be allowable on this occasion. It should be further said that our portait will not apply to every Scotch-Irishman. Our race has its share of unworthy members and of infirmities and faults. I shall not mention Scotch whiskey as an element in our heredity, though a good deal of it has mingled with our blood. (Laughter.) Yet the picture may fairly claim to be a composite photograph of our race.

Two Main Roots of Scotch-Irish Heredity.

The Scotch-Irishman has two main roots to his heredity: he comes down out of the past into our modern world walking like most men, on two legs. The original Scotchman, as he went over from Ireland into Scotland in the sixth century of our era, was doubtless a rough, wild animal, a shaggy savage, with whom, could we now see him, we would not care to claim kinship. In Scotland he was compounded with other racial elements, Saxon and Norman, and thus his Celtic blood was tempered into riper strength and richer mood. Here also he developed that tenacity of nature that is his backbone to this day: out of that rocky soil he absorbed atoms of granite into his very bones. From Scotland he crossed over again to Ireland and combined the Irish with the Scotch traits. While at first there was little intermarrying and the two races kept somewhat distinct and even antagonistic, yet in time there was intermingling, and the Scotchman absorbed some of the Irish blood; at least, he imbibed something out of the very air of his new home. Thus the original Scotch-Irishman may be described as a Scotchman who was rubbed through the sieve of Ireland. And therefore he combines in a degree the excellences of both races. He has the Scotch tenacity and obduracy tempered with Irish plasticity, buoyancy, and brightness. He is a boulder of Scotch granite

overlaid and softened with the green verdure of Ireland. There is granite in his bones, but his mind is witty and his heart is tender.

Such is the complex and rich stream of heredity that flowed out of Scotland through Ireland and that still retains its strong and fine qualities and courses in our veins.

Let us now look at this Scotch-Irishman and see what manner of man he has been and is. What has this heredity done with him and for him? Well, we may put the matter negatively by saying that it has kept him from some things. There are some things that this rugged, tenacious, obstinate, but buoyant, bright, and tender man has never learned to do.

Always Improved His Condition.

First, he has never learned to be content with hardship and poverty as his permanent condition. He was planted in a rough country amidst the granite rocks of Scotland, but he refused to let those rocks shut him in and bind him down. He turned them by the sweat of his brow into rich soil, and the traveler through Scotland to-day looks upon a beautiful garden, the result of generations of Scotch industry and thrift.

When the Scotchman was transplanted into Ireland he was again set down in a wild country that had been turned into a wilderness by fire and sword, when he faced starvation from barren nature and death from fierce and almost savage foes. But again he refused to be content and went to work with a brave heart and willing hands to reclaim the wilderness. Presently Ulster, under cultivation and through manufactures, grew prosperous, until it became a fruitful garden. Too prosperous, it may be said, for it attracted the greedy eyes of English landlords and of the English parliament, who began to reap from it a rich and oppressive harvest of rents and taxes. But when John Bull set his heavy foot

on Ireland he tipped it over and spilled thousands of Scotch-Irish emigrants into ships that bore them across the Atlantic to these hospitable shores.

Here, again, back in the interior of this State and down along the Blue Ridge of the Alleghenies, the Scotch-Irishman found himself in a wilderness almost untouched by axe and plough and infested with savage foes. With fearless heart and undiscouraged enthusiasm he cut his way through the forests, beat back his painted enemies, built his log cabin and alongside of it his school house and church, tilled the virgin soil and laid the foundations of our vast and splendid civilization. This keystone State in its material fabric is largely the product of Scotch-Irish brawn and brain. (Applause.) The Scotch-Irishman has inventive genius and has wielded this magic wand with marvelous results. It was a son of this race, Cyrus H. McCormick, that invented the reaper as a practical machine, and then rode on it as a conqueror's chariot around the world and heaped the dinner plates of thirty-six nations. (Applause.) It was Scotch-Irishmen that exploited Western Pennsylvania and made it the industrial center of the country; and it was a Scotchman that touched piles of ore and limestone and coal with his sceptre and turned them into heaps of gold. When the English painter, Opie, was asked what he mixed his paints with, he answered, "With brains, sir." The Scotch-Irishman has mixed his rocks and soil and ore and all the materials in his hands with brains and thus has turned them into golden results.

So the Scotch-Irishman has never learned to submit to hard physical conditions. He does not find poverty pleasant and, while he will put up with it for a time, he soon gets rid of it. Both the Scotchman and the Irishman have remained comparatively poor, but the Scotch-Irishman has got rich. He started a shaggy savage, but now he is clothed in fine linen and lives in a palace on the avenue. By the sweat of his brawn and the genius of his brain he has turned granite into flowers, iron into gold, and everywhere made his wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Never Submitted to Human Oppression.

A second thing the Scotch-Irishman has never learned is to submit to human oppression. He has a deep craving or liberty and a strong sense of his rights, bred in him by centuries of despotism, and he has stubbornly refused to have his neck under a yoke. In Scotland he felt the heavy hand of English king and bishop. Both State and Church drew their coils around him, fettering his hands and constricting his heart. But he could not be bound, and his Scotch obduracy and Celtic wrath rebelled. The English king could not subdue him, and so he took him into partnership, in which the Scotchman has equal rights with the Englishman. But especially did the Scotchman rebel against the Anglican bishop and the papal power. John Knox rose as the embodiment of the conscience of his people, shattered the papal yoke, and established the Scottish Church in the freedom it has to this day. (Applause.)

Transplanted to Ulster and transformed into the Scotch-Irishman, this restless, masterful man enjoyed a season of prosperity and peace that came to be known as "The Golden Peaceable Age." But presently English political, industrial, and especially religious oppression was laid upon him in a heavier and more galling yoke than he had ever known before. English bishops tried to turn these Scotch-Irish Presbyterians into Anglican Churchmen, a task impossible as turning freemen into slaves or iron into lead. Their homes were burnt, their feet and hands racked in boot and thumbscrew, their ears were cut off and they were hanged, and yet these unreasonable and obstinate Scotch-Irish were Presbyterians still. This oppression depleted Ulster of much of its best blood and drove thousands of Scotch-Irishmen into the forests of Pennsylvania.

In this country they found a more congenial atmosphere and soil. Its wide spaces and fresh air conduced to breadth of thought and freedom of spirit. But they were still under the dominion of the same English power, and when the growth of the colonies approached the point where separa-

tion from the mother country became inevitable, the Scotch-Irishman came to the hour of his opportunity, if not of his revenge. The spirit of revolution and independence boiled up in hot blood out of the heart of this race all down along the Blue Ridge from Pennsylvania to the Carolinas. At Mecklenburg they sounded at an early day the note of liberty. They were eager to tear off and shatter that yoke that had so galled and embittered them on their native shores. And so they rushed fiercely into the conflict and at Yorktown completed what they began when John Knox defied Queen Mary, and Ulster resisted King James and Archbishop Laud. (Applause.)

This despot-hating, liberty-loving yoke-breaker still has his spirit of independence and freedom. In the State he writes his political principles in his party platform in terms of liberty and social righteousness and stands for the square deal. He believes in just laws, honest officers, and honest administration. (Applause.) He is the foe of corruption and graft, and of him the boss is afraid. In the Church he writes his own creed and revises it when he finds it needs bringing up to date. (Laughter.) Its fundamental principles may not change for him, but its adaptation and expression do. He still wears clothes, but cuts them in a somewhat different fashion. He eats food, as did his forbears back in Ulster, but prepares and serves it differently. He keeps his own conscience, or, rather, his own conscience keeps him. With his strong sense of justice and liberty, his reverence and social righteousness, he is one of the pillars and safeguards of our modern civilization.

It is this indomitable spirit of the Scotch-Irishman that constitutes his backbone, of which the world has heard so much. I have never seen any of this famous article, but there must be yards and yards of it in this room, strung around these tables. Though it is concealed in your spinal columns, yet we know it is there, ready at the call of duty and courage to stand erect, strong as granite and rigid as steel. Our noble Governor here has a healthy section of it in his good, strong back. This magnificent member of his anatomy everywhere puts the Scotch-Irishman on his

feet, four-square to every wind that blows, and enables him to say:

“Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever God may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

“In the fell clutch of circumstance,
 I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

“It matters not how straight the gate,
 How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.”

(Applause.)

Incurably Optimistic.

A third thing the Scotch-Irishman has never learned is to be pessimistic. Shut in and bound down by hard conditions in Scotland and Ireland, persecuted by English landlord and Anglican bishop, driven from his home across the sea and thrust into an unexplored forest infested by savage foes, pelted by all the storms of misfortune and battered by every blow and shock of circumstance, yet he has not fallen into despondency and despair, his wit and humor have never been beaten out of him, he has never become sour and morose and turned upon the world in bitter reviling, has never produced a decadent literature or a pessimistic philosophy; on the contrary, he has kept exuberant and buoyant, hopeful and happy. He has a genius for seeing the bright side of things and an irrepressible spirit of humor that bubbles up on all occasions. He is incurably optimistic. He can lighten up the darkest situation with a flash of wit or turn it into a joke. It was a Scotch-Irishman who fell from a twenty-story building in process of erection, and as he passed the second story from the top a fellow-workman called out to him, “How are you getting along, Pat?” and

Pat answered, "I am all right, so far." (Laughter.) The Scotch-Irishman always believes he is "all right, so far," and this breaks for him many a hard fall.

The roots of this optimism are in his temperament, which is naturally buoyant and hopeful; in his spirit of improvement, for, however desperate the condition in which he finds himself, he believes he can mend it and sets about making it better; and in his religious faith, for he profoundly believes that this is God's world and that He is ruling over all things and causing them to work together for good. And so his effervescent spirit is his wine of life that always makes his cup sparkle.

Such is our Scotch-Irish heredity, compounded of many refractory elements and beaten and mixed together in the stone mortars of Scotland and Ireland. And such is the man it has made: obstinate and tenacious, but genial and witty; a hard worker and an industrial genius who makes a wilderness blossom and gets rich; a lover of liberty who builds a free government and maintains a common school and a free Church; and inveterate optimist who in the darkest hour persists in believing that "God's in his heaven," though all is not yet right in his world; a man in whom the elements are so mixed that nature can stand up and say to all the world, "This is a man!"

Fellow Scotch-Irishmen, we are not ashamed of this heredity and will never repent of it. If we do, our repentance will be of the kind indicated by the boy in the Sunday school class who, when he was asked what signs Peter gave of repentance, answered, "He crowed thrice." (Laughter.) If we ever repent of our Scotch-Irish heredity we are likely to crow many times. But having thus received much, of us is much required. With such blood flowing in our veins we should show ourselves worthy sons of these sires, and the same works that they did should we do also, and greater works should we do. We should build on the foundations they laid, follow after the same starry ideals that lured them on, and live lives of the same splendid heroism in industry, government, education, righteousness, and faith. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

It is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome here this evening one of the founders and an ex-President of this Society, the venerable and beloved Dr. McCook. (Applause.) Probably no one of us has done as much as he to stimulate an interest in Scotch-Irish history among our members and among the people of Pennsylvania generally. It gives me great pleasure to call upon Doctor McCook to report as Chairman of the Committee on History and Archives. (Applause.)

REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW MEMBERS:—I was not aware until I came into the dining hall and looked at this card before us that I was to make a “report” to-night, as here announced. Some days ago my good friend Mr. John McIlhenny, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, asked me to say a few words on the “Obligations of this Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society to History.” That invitation I did accept, and about that theme I propose to say something, with your kind permission. As to the so-called report, if you choose by any figure of speech to consider my words as a “report,” I beg you will consider it my valedictory report (cries of “No, no!”), for I certainly am not likely to have more reports for this society of a historical character, though I would be glad to continue my office on your Committee did not my advanced years and failing strength prevent.

During one of the British campaigns in India, a gun of an artillery corps was disabled, and no armorer was on hand of sufficient skill to repair damages. So a messenger was sent through the batallion to inquire if there were any “mechanic” whose services might be pressed into use for that occasion. The messenger came to a stalwart Scotch-Irishman. “Are you a mechanic?” he asked. The soldier looked down upon the inquirer with a glance of high contempt and answered: “McAnic? No, mon, I am no McAnic; I am a McDonald!”

Here was a man who seems to fairly illustrate the attitude of ancestral and racial pride, without the guide of wisdom and informed purpose to balance and direct it. His mind was so full of the fact that he was a "McDonald" that he had no place for the call that his country and his comrades were making for practical service and aid.

That seems not unlike the position of some of the Scotch-Irishmen here. They are so full of the pride of ancestry, so "uplifted" with the idea of the "McDonald" or some other good Irish or Scotch name which they represent, that they have no place for such practical calls for historic service and aid thereto, as some of us have been making.

We have been glorifying our ancestors here to-night, as on many another occasion. "*Cui bono?*" For what good? Now, I go with the most enthusiastic in the utmost praise of my paternal Scotch-Irish ancestors; though, to be exact, I am only one-half of that stock; the maternal half being New England Pilgrim and Puritan.

But while I endorse what has been said of the Scotch-Irish strain in our national and State make-up, there is a couplet which has been ringing in my ears this evening, which I would recall to your memories. It was quoted by Dr. Brownson during his presidential year:

"They who on noble ancestry enlarge
Proclaim their debt, instead of its discharge."

Does all this glorification of ancestors suggest nothing practical on the part of us, their descendants, to keep their memory green—to see that what these fathers and mothers of ours have done shall be so put in the light of history that justice shall be done to them, and that the full records of their life here shall be spread before succeeding generations? In other words, it seems to me, as it has seemed to some others of our association, that this Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania might be something more and worthier than a mere "dining club." It is certainly a success as a dining club. Nobody will dispute that!

Moreover, to be wholly fair to the facts, it has done something in the past through its Historical Committee and by

its printed reports to spread before the public and to keep before its own members the noble actions of our ancestors. Something of that kind has been done also by the National Scotch-Irish Society, now unhappily defunct. Those of you who are fortunate enough to have preserved its reports will bear testimony to this. These reports are admirable, and have done a good deal to give a solid historical basis of facts, among some recent historical writers, to much that has been so freely and largely claimed in the various speeches of this society.

But something more can be done. Something more should be done! May I venture to throw out a hint or two in that line? Those of you, at least, who are connected with the Presbyterian Historical Society, of which I have the honor to be president, will know that that institution has, because of the simple facts of American history, been placed in a position in which it is bound, in fidelity to its functions, to cover as largely as it possibly can the achievements of the fathers and mothers of the Scotch-Irish race in the United States. For it so came about, as our first speaker already has shown you, that Providence sent out, forced out from Ulster Province in Ireland, the numerous descendants therein of the Church of Scotland; so that the United Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church (North), and the Presbyterian Church (South), of these United States have largely been made up of Scotch-Irish men and women and their descendants.

But those here present (and I observe a goodly number) who are associated with me in that historical society, know that it is quite impossible for us, because of the lack of funds, to carry on the work that we wish to be engaged in. Recently a well-known genealogist of Great Britain wrote me concerning a plan which he has been prosecuting to gather up throughout Ireland the original sources of information concerning the Scotch-Irish people—the pioneers—who settled in this country. He has acquired a great deal of information, but he named a figure for it which was simply impossible, so far as I was concerned as president of the Presbyterian Historical Society. But he has marked out a line of research

which we might prosecute with some degree of success. Is it too much to ask that the members of this Pennsylvania Society, most of whose ancestors, whatever may be their own Church preferences, were trained in some branch of the great Scotch Kirk in Ireland, should become either life (\$100) or annual (\$5) members of the Presbyterian Historical Society, and thus share with us and aid us in our work of saving, ere it be too late, our ancestral history?

Can I drop the thought into your minds, and perhaps the purpose into your hearts, to carry out more practically than you have ever done before this idea of preserving the historic records of your race? Here on the fields that have been referred to so eloquently to-night are lying I do not know what vast stores of buried information. Certainly there must be a great deal in the records of the old country churches founded by our ancestors, that ought to be accumulated before it is too late, and placed somewhere for safe-keeping —either in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, or in our Presbyterian Historical Society, or in the archives of this Society.

Yet, is it not true of the most of us that we are entirely satisfied to be a mere “dining society” and have a good social time once a year, glorifying ourselves and our race, and then drop the matter until the next year’s banquet comes around? I hardly think that this is in accordance with the noble purpose and attitude which we Scotch-Irishmen should entertain toward our ancestors. It certainly does not harmonize with the high-flown eulogies and claims of our orators, and which we are wont to cheer so heartily.

There are many reasons for such a policy as I suggest. There is, first, *the moral influence of noble characters upon our growing generation.* Nothing has a better influence upon youth than the worthy example of their ancestors. “Object teaching” is the best sort of teaching. Nothing goes home to the mind and heart like the lesson of a whole life lived piously, honorably, patriotically, bravely, day by day and year after year. That is something that young people and all people can understand “without note or comment.” They who

have learned in history of the worthy deeds of those who are allied with them, and whom their parents "delight to honor," are apt to take them as their ideals and models of the way to live. The perpetuation of the memories and deeds of our honored and honorable ancestors is a high service wrought to the youth of our own families and generation.

The great fathers of the American Revolution—and there was a large proportion of Scotch-Irish among them—have been moving through the ages ever since the heroic days of '76, working patriotism in the hearts of young men, and thus by their example stimulating and strengthening them for duty to their country. Washington and his compeers not only created the American Republic in the Revolutionary days, but they did much to save it in the days that some of us passed through recently. And their example will be moving on, as our example will be moving on, working in the hearts and lives of coming generations a nobler standard of patriotism.

If our Scotch-Irish ancestors are all that this night has been claimed—and certainly we will subscribe to it—is it not worth while so to place before the generation rising around us the example of those noble men and women that their memory shall be kept green and their lives continue to be effective in the working of noble characters?

The fact is, there is an "Acts of the Apostles" which is a continuous and perpetual method of God's revelation of His will and ways to men. Not simply in the New Testament, but on the pages of our history are these acts of the apostles written; for there is a sense in which our pioneers were real apostles of our Christian civilization. (Applause.) Aye, and they were "martyrs and confessors," too! Their sufferings in causing the wilderness to bloom, not only with the flowers of cultivation, but with the Rose of Sharon, were great, and they laid thereby the foundations of that in our present life which we value most highly.

Second, in urging this policy, I am simply asking you to adopt *the Divine Method shown us in God's Inspired Word*. The Bible is largely history, is it not? (Cries of "Yes, yes!") Well, then, we have in Holy Scriptures, a model of what

God deems the best way of moving and moulding character, Historic examples—these are they which meet us in the Bible as God's way, the most effective way of building up moral character, making strong and good men and women, of honoring God and serving our fellows.

Third. This leads me to say, in conclusion, that no man who really believes in God as a personal and present active Power in the world can fail to believe also that *the records of history are records of the footsteps of God among men.* God is traced through history wherever history is worthily recorded; and we who to-day may set our hearts to revive the history of the noble men and women who founded our Churches, who founded our Commonwealth, who founded our Republic, are certainly tracing the footsteps of the living God in His Providence, and are therein doing a "pious act."

This, then, sums up all that I wish to say in this connection. Let us take this matter to heart. Let us consider whether we cannot do something more than meet once a year and have a "jolly good time." Let us make up our minds that the historical societies which are gathering and treasuring up and publishing the records of our noble ancestors shall be maintained heartily and fully. It will not take much for you to become members of the Presbyterian Historical Society, for example, those who are eligible to that relation. Indeed, any one may become a member who will. Surely this Scotch-Irish Society ought to send a good many more contributing members than it has done to that institution. But if not through the Presbyterian Historical, then through some other channel. I would be very glad to know that these words, spoken in great physical weakness, have had some influence in leading you to do something practical in the way of sustaining all earnest efforts to revive and perpetuate the history of our ancestors, those worthy Scotch-Irishmen and women who in the past have been such a mighty force in our State and Nation, that they may continue, by their examples, to be a living force for righteousness, religion, and true patriotism. (Applause.)

HON. JOHN STEWART:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, I beg to interrupt for a moment the printed programme of the evening. We miss to-night the presence of one whom we have been long accustomed to meet at these annual gatherings; one whom we highly honored, and in whose fellowship we took great delight. As I recall, this is the first occasion on which his chair has been vacant. There is deep sadness in the reflection that he will never again occupy it. Since our last meeting he has added one more to the great majority. It is needless to say that I refer to our late associate, Col. A. K. McClure, one of the founders of our society. As an expression of our regard for his memory, I propose the following minute:

Alexander Kelly McClure, born January 9th, 1828, in Perry County, Penna., died at his home in Wallingford, Pa., June 5th, 1909.

Mr. McClure's close identification with this society calls for special recognition by us of the event of his death. He was one of the founders of the society; it was organized largely through his instrumentality; he actively participated in its direction and management, and with ever-increasing interest and enthusiasm in its aims and purposes delighted in its growth and development. His zeal in its behalf was inspired by a deep and profound reverence for the race whose history and achievements we annually celebrate, and from which he traced descent. Mr. McClure was distinctively a Scotch-Irishman. Born and reared in a community where this element of population then largely predominated, what he there acquired by association and education only helped to strengthen in him his inherited racial characteristics, so that when he stepped from the narrow province where his early years had been spent into the larger field of activity towards which he instinctively and early yearned, he had nothing about him to distinguish him from the parent stock. He was then a young Scotch-Irishman, removed from Ulster by 3000 miles of sea and two generations of descent, but an Ulsterman nevertheless in feeling, disposition, and character. These racial traits, so marked in

him then, continued to assert themselves throughout his whole career, prompting him to high and large endeavors, serving him always against adverse conditions and steadyng him in seasons of success. He knew better than most of us the story of this race, its struggles, its persecutions, its endurance, its honorable and helpful participation in our struggle for national independence, its large contribution to the making of our form of government, and its controlling influence upon our state and national life. These were with him familiar and favorite themes. Proud as he was to trace his lineage to Ulster, he took equal pride in the fact that he was a Pennsylvanian. Entering into the public life of his State when little past his majority, at a time when questions of great public concern were engaging attention and the policy with respect to them was as yet undetermined, he soon became conspicuous by his intelligent and forceful advocacy of the policy he favored, and rapidly acquired and steadily maintained an influence and power which has left an abiding impress upon the Commonwealth. He early became the leader of his party in the State, and at a time the most critical in the Nation's life. By his skill and sagacity in this sphere of action he contributed largely to the accomplishment of those political results to which we rightfully refer our safe deliverance from the perils that beset the Nation.

His public service had required an abandonment of the law which he had chosen as his profession, and in the practice of which he had attained quick success. Released from public service, he returned to journalism and became the editor of a daily newspaper published in this city. In this capacity he spoke to a larger constituency and exerted a still wider influence. He was known and recognized as one of the leading journalists of the country, and his paper was everywhere accepted as the reflex of the man; notably in the wise, benevolent, and patriotic policy which as a journalist he was the first to assert, the ablest and most persistent to advocate, the bringing together in the spirit of amity and concord the two sections of our country which the bitterness of strife had separated. It is only just to his memory to remark that few men did so much as he to quicken the healing

processes which restored us to sound national health. Absorbing as were his duties as a journalist, his activities embraced much beyond. As a public speaker and orator he could adapt himself to any occasion, and none were in greater demand. Such service he gave liberally, never for his own profit, but always in aid of some benevolent or otherwise worthy cause. His permanent contributions to literature are to be found in these public addresses and the several volumes of his authorship upon matters of historical interest. His varied activities brought to Mr. McClure a most extensive acquaintanceship, and it happens to few to have so large a circle of personal friends. Antagonisms were inevitable to a man of his mold, and he had his full share of them, but to him the end of the controversy meant peace; and so were included among his warmest friends some of those he had at times most earnestly opposed. In the little circle of this society he was always at home among friends; and it is in appreciation of his life and character, and as an expression of our regard for his memory, that this minute is ordered to be recorded.

I move the adoption of the minute.

HON. W. U. HENSEL:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, by the special indulgence of the committee having in charge this occasion, I am granted, for the purpose of seconding this resolution, five minutes membership in a society to which I am not eligible. I came here primarily to-night to enforce an obligation and to collect a debt which I felt that this society owed me, and a debt as to which the statute of limitations seemed to be running with more celerity than it runs against any of my own personal obligations. It will be remembered that on that tragic election night some years ago, I was the chief victim and sufferer. (Laughter.) But it has seemed to me fit to recall a personal, biographical, and historical fact that was not alluded to in the paper which I then read upon the "Scotch-Irish." In the course of it I had alluded to a venerable Presbyterian clergyman of great learning and influence in the lower and particularly Scotch-

Irish end of Lancaster County, who for fifty years had faithfully served one of the most historic of our congregations, the Rev. Lindley C. Rutter. At the close of the paper Colonel McClure, who was sitting to my left, turned and said, "You perhaps do not know that I was a kinsman by marriage of that venerable man, and it is perhaps a fact known to nobody else in Pennsylvania than myself that my father did not intend I should be called Alexander. His name was Alexander, and he was resolute in his purpose, Scotch-Irishman like, that there should be no other Alexander in the family. When this Lindley Rutter was called upon to baptize me he turned to my father and said, "What shall be his name?" He said "Robert." Mr. Rutter expostulated. "It is not fit; he should be called 'Alexander,'" and a wrangle ensued. (Laughter.) The clergyman protested, the father was determined, and the clergyman finally said, "Well, sir, as you are the father of this boy and the husband of this woman and the head of this household, you shall have your way. I baptize thee 'Alexander.'" (Laughter.)

My acquaintance with Colonel McClure began in 1872, when he was chairman of the Liberal Republican State Committee, supporting the election of Charles R. Buckalew for governor and Horace Greely for president, and it continued down to the day of his death. I think it might be said of him, as some of my enemies in the late Democratic party say of me (laughter), that in the interval he belonged to all the parties that prevailed. (Laughter.) A part of that time, if you will permit me to strike the note personal for a very brief time, he exemplified in his experience, in his ambitions, in his aspirations, and in the realization of many things, two great professions, the law and journalism; and when it happened to myself, midway in our experience, that I was only enough of an editor not to be a lawyer and only enough of a lawyer to be disbarred, and when my very dear friend, Judge McPherson, who sits to my left, volunteered to keep me forever out of the legal profession, it was Colonel McClure who volunteered to keep me in. I have never been quite certain whether McClure or McPherson was the better satisfied that McPherson lost and McClure won his case.

But to one who had known him only as an editor, and who up to that time had somewhat possibly depreciated him as a lawyer, I learned to realize in his masterly defense of the rights of both professions in the case of *ex rel* Steinman and Hensel, the genius and ability that would have certainly made him successful in either to which he had consistently adhered.

It was, I repeat, my great privilege and pleasure to be his intimate personal friend for a period of thirty-seven years, and within a very short time of his death it was my special privilege to be his companion on the last journey which he ever made to the sunny Southland. I had the experience of seeing in the busy, vigorous, and prosperous cities of Birmingham and Atlanta, the kind feeling, the warm affection, the high respect the people of those two great representative cities of the New South felt for your late distinguished associate. I want here to bear tribute, from my experience of four or five days spent in his company, to the gentleness and the courtesy and the comprehensiveness and the humanity of his character. Because of this last experience with him, in which I saw to the full the better side of his nature, the kindness of his heart, the courtesy of his manner, the gentleness of his domestic relations, and all that in the "last analysis" is best of any of us, I cordially and sincerely, on behalf of "the country districts" of Pennsylvania, second this motion; and I trust that as God may rest his soul, the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania will forever keep his memory green. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

The National Scotch-Irish Society from which the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania sprang, was organized some years ago. The three men who perhaps took the greatest interest in the organization of that Society were Robert Bonner, of New York, Colonel McClure and Colonel T. T. Wright, of Nashville. Mr. Bonner and Colonel McClure have passed to the great beyond, and of that trio but one remains, their old friend and comrade, Colonel Thomas T.

Wright, of Tennessee. A day or two ago he wrote to Mr. John McIlhenny, the Chairman of our dinner committee, sending him this wreath of magnolia leaves from a tree dedicated a number of years ago to Colonel McClure. He accompanied the wreath by a letter which I will read before putting the motion for the adoption of the minute presented by Judge Stewart:

"Mr. John Mc Ilhenny, Chairman, Banquet Committee, Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

DEAR SIR:—I send you a wreath of magnolia leaves from a tree dedicated some years ago with tender ceremonies by distinguished men to the South's benefactor and friend, Col. A. K. McClure. Singing birds have rested in this ever green memorial tree. Its fluttering branches shade the resting place for the weary traveler. When the wires announced the passing from earth life of Col. McClure, surely sadness pervaded the South. The governors of Tennessee and of other Commonwealths ordered executive flags placed at half mast in honor of the friend who lighted the lamp of industry in the waste places and dispelled the darkness of poverty.

Respectfully,

T. T. WRIGHT."

The minute presented by Mr. Justice Stewart was then adopted by a rising vote, and on motion of Bayard Henry, Esq., a vote of thanks was tendered to Colonel Wright for the wreath.

THE TOASTMASTER (Governor Stuart):—

Upon two or three occasions since I have been a member of the Scotch-Irish Society and also on its committees, we have endeavored to have a gentleman accept our invitation, but he has always been so busy it was impossible for him to get time to do so. We found him at an off time on an off night, and he has very kindly come here to-night. I desire to introduce to you a typical Scotch-Irishman, General Thomas J. Stewart. (Applause.)

GENERAL THOMAS J. STEWART:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—This is the first time in my life that I have felt really uncomfortable and nervous following the "Presbyterian Banner." (Laughter.) When I

look over this assembly of Scotch-Irishmen and listen to the story as told by the first speaker of the evening, I am reminded of a story that is told of a Scotchman who has been, as you stated, mixing Scotch whiskey with his blood, and who was to go home one night about midnight, and some of his friends and companions thought they would give him a little scare. He had to pass the entrance of a cemetery, so they wrapped themselves in sheets and put on white caps and waited for him. He had a pretty fine Scotch jag on. He came up to the gate. They got out in front of him, groaning and growling, and said some peculiar things. He said, "Now, wait a minute. Is this a general uprising, or is it just a few of you going out for a lark?" (Laughter.)

As the toastmaster of the evening has just said, I have been honored with invitations on several occasions to be present at a Scotch-Irish dinner, and, to tell the truth, I tried to get away from this one because I knew what I was up against, but the Governor would not have it. He is my commander-in-chief. When he issues orders they have to be obeyed. I was in the position of the little Irish boy who was digging potatoes in a field. He was working very industriously. A gentleman driving along in a carriage stopped and said, "See here, bub, what do you get for digging potatoes?" The little fellow said, "What is it?" "What do you get for digging potatoes?" "Well, nothing if I do and hell if I don't." (Laughter.)

I am a good bit like the colored fellow when the team ran away, and two colored men were standing on the sidewalk as it came down the street. When they saw the team coming at great speed they backed up against the building and waited. It went by. The old colored driver had dropped the reins and was climbing out over the tail-board of the wagon. One colored fellow said, "Brother Washington, I tell you it is a great, inspiring sight to see a fine runaway horse." The other shook his head and said, "Yes, sir, yes sir, but I tell you, Mista nigger, it depends very much on whether you am standin' on the street or skinnin' over de tail-board of de wagon." I feel to-night that I would be very much more comfortable and enjoy this occasion more completely

if I were not trying to skin over the tail-board of the wagon, but my pain and fright, and yours also, will soon be over, like the ride the Irishman took in an automobile. Flannigan had been quite prosperous as a contractor and had got some money together and bought an automobile. He paid \$5000 for it. He had ridden around considerably, and finally was going up the street one day and saw McPhilomy on the sidewalk and said, "Mike, here, come over." Mike said, "What is it?" He said, "Did you ever ride in one of these?" "No, sir, I never did. They go too fast for me." "Come, get in. This is a fine one. You would be as safe in this as in your own home. Come on, get in and I will take you a spin and show you the beauties of the country. Come on, now." "I don't know about that." "Get in." So Mike got in. After awhile the Irishman who owned the automobile tapped the chauffeur on the elbow and said, "Let it out now." He kept letting it out. Finally they were going a pretty good clip. The invited rider was holding on his hat and turning up his collar. He said, "Say, you are going a clip, old fellow. You are going entirely too fast." Then they went faster. Mike said, "Say, I would give a thousand dollars to be out of this place this minute." Flanagan said, "Save your money. By hokey, we'll both be out in a minute." (Laughter.)

This is the first Scotch-Irish dinner that I have ever had the privilege and pleasure of attending. I was in doubt when I came here as to just what trend the exercises of the evening would take. I did not know whether the unreasonableness of the Scotch that has been referred to by Dr. Snowden or the kindly, genial, happy spirit of the Irishman would prevail, and I really have not found out yet. I am somewhat green—a good color for an Irishman—and am reminded of a story that is told of two Irishmen. Two Irishmen met on the sidewalk one day and one said to the other, "Well, good morning, have you heard the news?" "No, sir, I have not heard any news." "Do you mean to tell me you have not heard the news at all?" "I have not heard any this morning. What is it?" "Do you mean to tell me you have not heard it?" "I have not heard it. What is it?"

"Now, if you tell me you have not heard it I will believe you." "Be jabers, didn't I just say it?" "I will tell you, then. Our friend Murphy is dead?" "Oh, my! Is he gone? Dead? When did he die?" "He died last night." "What was the matter with him?" "I don't know exactly, but I think they call it gangrene." "Well, I don't know what it is, but thank God for the color of it, anyway." (Laughter.)

Though a stranger at a Scotch-Irish dinner, I am not altogether a foreigner. It seems to me I am a little nearer the real thing than some at the table, for I was born in County Down, of Scotch-Irish parentage, the real true kind, and amid the earliest recollection of that humble home is a picture that hung on the wall, in a cheap frame, a cheap picture, not by a great artist, but it was highly colored, and it represented two lovers sitting on the bank of a stream, and I can remember how often my mother repeated the words that were printed on the lower margin of that picture. I can remember them until this day:

"How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

That picture hung in a home that to my mind had too much religion in it. We always had to look sad and solemn on Sunday. Did not dare whistle unless it was a psalm. Did not dare to talk loud unless it was in the shorter catechism, and Hammerstein never got a troup together that could sing just like that Blue Stocking Presbyterian congregation of fifty years ago when Mr. McMeekin lifted the tune. (Applause). They were plain folk, intensely honest, intensely sincere, intensely religious, and were of that race and ancestry that, as has been said to-night, blazed the pathway of this great nation to its present high estate, where it commands the respect and challenges the admiration of every nation in the civilized world. They were of a race and ancestry

that always marched and fought wherever a war banner was unfurled that pointed the way to liberty and to progress. When there was fighting to do they fought, and when there was ploughing to do they ploughed. They were brave, they were resolute, independent, believed in the Bible, worshipped God, and could always be trusted to treat every man fairly, whether he was a Scotch-Irishman or a fellow-man, notwithstanding the fact that some poet has said the Irish are a fair people because they never speak well of each other. They like to debate, and I heard once of a debate that was held between a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, a real "true blue" man, and a man of the Catholic faith. They had discussed the existence of purgatory for about three months. The man of the Catholic faith was probably a man of a little brighter mind. He seemed to be getting the best of it. After three months' discussion of the thing, off and on, the Presbyterian met him one morning and said, "I have got you this mornin'." "How is that?" He said, "Have you seen the mornin' paper?" "I have seen no paper. I don't read them." He said, "Then you don't know the news? You don't know what has happened?" "No, I don't know what has happened. What has happened?" "The mornin' paper says that the bottom has fallen out of purgatory." The Catholic replied, "What a crushing the Protestants will get." (Laughter.)

It is not very far to hark back to the time when they used to sing in this country, "Paddy on the railroad, fifty cents a day." I think some one made reference to-night to the fact that to-day the Scotch-Irish are running, owning, and managing the great railroads that Pat built. When I look over this place to-night it looks like an annex to the greatest corporation in the world, the Pennsylvania Railroad, made wonderful and great by men who have been or are now members of this society: Thompson, Cassatt, McCrea, Patton, Creighton, and many others, and Dice, of the Reading, who is a member of this society. The Scotch-Irish not only run the railroads, but they run the State. Look here (pointing to the Governor). They not only run the State, but they have got a Scotch-Irishman who is teaching the people of this country how to make chickens lay eggs that will keep

fresh for six months—Wilson, the great Secretary of Agriculture. Then they have a member of this society in Washington who is saying to all nations in the Irish vernacular, "Don't you tread on the tail of our coat," our friend Senator Knox, now Secretary of State. They are not content with running the railroads and the State and the government, but they are running the courts, and when they cannot do any one of these things they go on the police force. (Laughter.) I heard of a Scotchman who was on the police force in London, and he was told to keep the highway clear, that some of the royal family were to pass that way at a certain hour in the day. He had done very well, kept the street very well cleared. Finally a carriage drove up. He went out and stopped it. The lady said, "What are you doing, sir? I am the wife of a cabinet minister. I must pass." He said, "I am very sorry, madam, but you could not pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister." If they cannot get on the police force they run trolleys. I heard of a Scotchman who was a conductor on a trolley line. He had not been on very long, but he was faithful and trusty. One morning a Jew, understanding that they made long trips for five cents, stepped up and said, "Where can I go to with five cents?" The Scotchman looked at him and said, "What is that you say?" "Where can I go to with five cents?" The Scotchman said, "I dinna like to tell ye." (Laughter.)

I asked a member of this society just what the term "Scotch-Irish" meant. He said, "It means half Scotch and half Irish," but I was up against it when Dr. McCook said he was half Scotch-Irish and the other half Puritan. This man said it was half Scotch and half Irish, each one understanding that he had the virtues of the one and the sins of the other, and each content that he had the virtues and the other fellow had the sins. They were glad to have either, but they were proud to have both. He said the objects of the society were the preservation of the history of the Scotch-Irish and to keep alive the *esprit du corps* of the race, and to encourage fraternity and social feeling among all the members now and hereafter. I said, "How do you get in that hereafter?" He said, "I don't know. That is just what it says, 'Now

and hereafter.'" That put me in mind of a story told of Rab's dream. Rab was a fellow knocking about town who used to receive a little gratuity at times from the minister. This had not been attended to for some two or three weeks. Rab and the minister met one day. The minister said to him, "Weel, how's a' wi' you the day, Rab?" "Oh, well," he said, "it is just about and about." "I dinna' think you are doing so weel yoursel.'" "Oh, I dinna' know." He said "Mr. Minister, I had a dream, an awful dream. I dreamed I was dead and I gaed awa' to the guid place. When I cam there, there was a big yett. I knocked at it and waited a wee. Then there was a man put his head over the top of the yett. I think it was the Apostle Peter. He said in a loud tone, 'Who's there?' 'Rab Hamilton,' says I. 'Where are you from?' says he. 'Frae the auld town of Ayr,' says I. 'Hoot, mon,' says he, 'but I am glad to see you here. There's been neither man or woman come here frae that place for five or six years.'" He got square with the minister.

I have thought to-night, in listening to what was said by the first speaker, and then in listening to my dear friend Dr. McCook, what a wonderful story could be told, if told in all its fullness, of the aggressiveness, the industry, perseverance and loyalty of this great Scotch-Irish race. Whenever this nation has had her flag unfurled in war with a foreign power they have been among the truest, the bravest, the most constant defenders of that flag, and when we were divided as a people and the great question of the continuance of this mighty republic was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, on both sides of that controversy there came great leaders and mighty legions of the Scotch-Irish people. I have been told that in that great army of Northern Virginia, whose bravery and whose courage and whose persistence the world will never question, eighty per cent. of the names of the men who made it up indicated a Scotch-Irish ancestry, and the world knows with what persistence and with what courage they supported the cause they had espoused. Take the records of that old Union Army that conquered the veteran legions of Lee, and the history of that army and the

history of this nation pertaining to that period glows and glistens and flames in tribute to the Irish and Scotch-Irish soldiers, both the leaders and the led, Catholic and Protestant, not claiming that they did it all, but claiming that none did better and none did more. The qualities that made the Scotch-Irish race great in conflict they took with them into the walks and paths of peace. To-day the past of this great country tells the story of their fidelity, the story of their glory, tells the story of their value as a people to this Nation. They helped to frame its constitution and its laws. They helped to develop its resources. They helped to build up great Commonwealths and great States, and they furnished the hardy men and hardy women spoken of by the first speaker of the evening, who in the early days fought and forced their way into the wilderness, who met the savage, who built the church and who built the school-house, were steady and stuck close to their religion and to the virtues that made them great and made this Nation great. To-day the church and school house are safe. To-day the wilderness blooms as the rose, and the mighty desert that seemed the mother of all desolation has been transformed into a garden, the Indian that they contended with is gone, but the times are troublous, and there seems to be abroad a spirit of unrest. As Burns said:—

“It is hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae bein' sour
To see how things are shared.”

There probably never was a time in the history of this great nation of ours when there was as much need for the sterling manhood and the magnificent qualities of the Scotch-Irish race as at this very hour and this very day. Let them, then, live up to the traditions and glories of the past, standing all the time and always only for the things that shall advance the country in greatness, in honor, in glory, and that shall bring contentment, happiness, and prosperity to her people.
(Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

In 1677 there landed at Upland, now Chester, Pa., an Englishman, Richard Buffington, and to him was born the first child of English descent in the Province of Pennsylvania.* We have with us to-night one of that Richard Buffington's descendants, the seventh in line, Hon. Joseph Buffington, Circuit Judge of the United States Court from Pittsburgh, Pa., whom I take pleasure in introducing to you and who will take for his theme "The Due of the Scotch-Irish."

HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:—

MR. TOASTMASTER:—In rising at this hour, I am reminded of the clergyman who asked the college president how long he should make his sermon in the college chapel. "Sir," was the reply, "I have no advice to give, but there is a tradition here that no soul was ever saved—after twenty minutes." And when to the late hour there is superadded a manuscript, one feels he may run amuck that savory morsel the elder handed to his dominie about his sermon. "A' weel," said Sandy, "firstly, you should ha' had your discourse on your tongue and na' on your paper; secondly, so long as you must read it, you readed it sair bad; and lastly, there wa' na' muckle ye read tha' wa' worth readin'."

Now the truth is, Mr. Toastmaster, I did not mean to be here to-night. Indeed, I told our good Scotch-Irish Governor I would not come, and when I said it I meant it. That I am here is due to Scotch-Irish stubbornness, if such a quality pertains to the breed. I know there are those who charge them therewith. Indeed, some one said the world's stubbornness was largely centered in Scotch-Irish and mules. I leave Balaam to speak for the mule; but so far as the Scotch-Irish, present company excepted, are concerned, I

* Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, Vol. I, page 599.

am inclined to concede the charge. Now my particular Scotch-Irish stubbornness brought me here in this way. While I had the Governor's invitation in mind, I was browsing around one of your Philadelphia book stores and I chanced on a new work. My Scotch-Irish dander got so high that I have forgotten its title and author, but suffice to say it was by a wise New England professor and bore on race influence in the making of our country. Having somewhat settled notions myself—thanks to the mule or Scotch-Irish strata of my make-up—as to the part the aforesaid Scotch-Irish had in that formative process, I naturally and innocently looked to see what share was portioned off to us of that strain. In the two or three hundred pages I found a most thorough and comprehensive summary of the Scotch-Irish as American nation makers, from the standpoint of a New England historian, for, with a brevity that, like Mr. Harrigan, "deserved him a monumint," this discriminating author devoted the actual length of one digit, to wit, a quarter of a page to you and your forbears, and, like Casey at the bat, the Scotch-Irish were fanned out with a goose-egg. There it was, in cold, hard type; a quarter of one page to the Scotch-Irish, and two hundred and ninety-nine and three-quarters, net, to the Pilgrim paternals and to the other races. In my wrath I did not stop to take them all in, but they were there, sure enough—French Huguenots, Amsterdammers, Quakers, and what not, with Parthians and Medes and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, and the whole bunch from Spitzenberg to Cape Town. Now, gentlemen, there are finger lengths and finger breadths and there are times when the Scotch-Irish, be it conceded, are not adverse to finger breadths, for was it not Kipling or some other choice spirit who said:—

"But there is neither east or west,
Border or breed for by
When the Scotch-Irish race
Stands face to face
With three fingers of good old rye."

But fellow compatriots, when it comes to transmuting three horizontal finger breadths into a single vertical finger length and making that finger length the measure of Scotch-Irishism in American nation making, the finger length doesn't toboggan down the Scotch-Irish throat with the same gurgling unction the three finger breadths do. And so I am here, if apology be needed, to enter my protest against such historic injustice.

But, gentlemen, apologies and excuses are for the gentiles, not for us. The Scotch-Irish do not need to apologize for what they do or do not do, for everything they do, being foreordained, why should they apologize therefor? It's "forninst the cult." You recall that small lad who had done something that warranted the downfall of the paternal rod, and as his father drew it forth and prepared for an application *ab libitum* on his part and *ad nauseam* on the boy's, the latter, true to catechism, sobbed, "But, Daddy, I could na' help it; it wa' foreordained." "Ay, ay, Sandy, it wa' foreordained, and so wa' this, contemporaneously," as he brought down the birch of the foreordained genus.

Now some people don't understand this foreordination exactly; in fact, I have heard explanations that have left me in a bit of uncertainty, but I am inclined to think that that boy knew that his foreordination was of the type the old colored mammy described. Well, the son of this mammy was studying theology and when he came home from the school feeling a bit chesty, he undertook to explain to Aunt Sally the doctrine of foreordination and election. She listened with growing disgust to the sesquipedalian dissertation of the incipient theologian and, brushing him aside with a gesture of deep-seated pity said: "Now, look yere, chile, I don't know what your theologicum school says, but dis is jes de way dis chile has worked dis yere matter out. Now, dis yere thing that youse been talking about is the very same thing that old Paul and Peter war bof talkin' about, only ole Paul, he used the big words. You know he was trained by lawyer Game-a-lie-all—and he called it two or three or four ordination, or something like

that, but ole fisher Peter, he talked common-talk and jes called it plain 'lection, and old Peter, he said: 'Make your callin' and 'lection sure.' Now, chile, that makes this 'lection business all plain. When you was born, honey, the 'lection was started and the Lord, he said to the Devil, 'Now, Mr. Satan, we're goin' to have a square deal; you get one vote, Mr. Satan, for dis chile and I gets one vote;' and Mr. Satan says 'that's square,' and they bofe 'lowed to give you one vote yourself: And so, chile," said old Sally, as she held up three black fingers to typify the three ballots, "the 'lection goes just 'cordin' whether you vote over yeah for Mr. Lord or over yeah for Mr. Satan."

But all this is apart from my subject and any just judge would rule it out as immaterial, irrelevant, and hearsay, for I think I was talking of New England writers failing to appreciate us Scotch-Irish. Now, I have no quarrel with New England. I spent four very happy and profitable years in her most beautiful city and at one of her sturdy, modest colleges, and I can doff my hat to Bunker Hill and to the measure of my gastronomic ability, follow the lead of a thoroughbred Bostonese—though several laps behind—in eating his Saturday evening stent of baked beans. I recognize the fact that Bunker Hill is in Massachusetts and that, Concord and Lexington having been fought, the Revolutionary War—beyond a few minor, inconsequential, subsequent details—practically ended there at Bunker Hill in the year of grace 1775. For outside of a few cannon fired in Boston harbor during the siege, no British soldier ever shot off a gun in Massachusetts after they scampered—down Bunker Hill that June day in 1775. So, of course, that ended the Revolution—in Massachusetts. And if I need any further proof that dear old New England had completely whipped and annihilated the British soldiery and ended the Revolution at Bunker Hill, I find it in the fact that during the whole Revolution no British soldier ever slept over night under a tent pegged down to Connecticut soil, save on a three-day jaunt some British grenadiers once made up to Danbury, but history doesn't say that even they "tented on the old camp-

ground."*. I know well, for have we not been brought up on it, and been taught it from books written by New England school teachers and songs written by pious New England clergy and have we not had it hammered into our stolid Scotch-Irish brain that we all, severally, individually, and collectively, live and have always lived in the "land of the Pilgrims' pride." Yes, we all know this and we are also sure about the pride—"the Pilgrims' pride." But as I ponder on that pride, and superadded thereto I remember the phlethora incident to the diet mentioned, my mind has turned to those words of the Psalmist as phrased in the Prayer Book Psalter, "Whoso hath also a proud look and a high stomach, I will not suffer him." And when I look over the shotless, tentless era of dear old New England during the five years that followed Bunker Hill and then turn to Long Island and Stony Point up in York State, to Monmouth and Trenton over yonder in Jersey, to our own Valley Forge and Brandywine, to Cowpens and Kings Mountain in the southland, and to Yorktown in the Mother of Presidents, I begin to think

* My authority for this is a well-known librarian of New England descent, who writes me:—

"In regard to the statement that after Bunker Hill or the siege of Boston there were no British guns fired in Massachusetts, I can find no mention of any firing in Massachusetts on the mainland after March 17th, 1776, the date of the evacuation of Boston, although there was firing in Boston harbor. During May and June, 1776, some of the British ships remained in the lower harbor of Boston, and one was captured May 17, 1776, by the American vessel, the 'Franklin.' The Americans fortified Nantasket and several islands in the harbor, and there on June 14, 1776, our cannon played upon the British fleet, which retired.

"Concerning the other statement, that no British soldiers ever slept under tents in Connecticut during the Revolution, I find only one mention of British soldiers staying over night in Connecticut. That was April 25 to 28, 1777. The British landed at Cedar Point April 25, marched about eight miles that night and encamped in the township of Weston. Next morning, April 26, they marched to Danbury, arriving there about 2 o'clock, took possession of the village, and spent the night. Next day, April 27, the British soldiers set fire to the village, and marched back toward the seashore. In the meantime the American militia had been gathering under Generals Wooster, Silliman, and Arnold, and attacked the British along the road on the 27th. The British encamped at Ridgefield that night and the next day managed, although under fire, to get back to their ships and sail away. If the statement about the tents is to be taken literally, of course that statement may still be true, but the British troops certainly spent three nights in Connecticut."

that "the Pilgrims' pride" is the genuine article. But in archaic words I have read somewhere I just simply "do not covet or desire other men's goods," for there is no doubt the Pilgrims got away with the Revolutionary goods. Yes, I just simply and philosophically accept "the Pilgrim's Pride" in the same spirit that moved Sandy. He had ordered and paid for ten gallons of grog. And when the canny wine merchant sent his ten gallons in an eight gallon keg, Sandy dryly remarked: "He did na' so much mind paying for the extra twa' gallon, but he was oneasy anent the onseemly strain on the hoops." So I leave my New England friend to the enjoyment of his pride and his beans, and as the parson, in opening his sermon said: "Brethren, I turn from these worldly and profane matters to the pious subject of our present meditation," to wit, the Scotch-Irish.

Now, I may discount my racial rating by confessing in this Scotch-Irish atmosphere that I am not Simon pure. But what Pennsylvanian is, barring, of course, the Scotch-Irish élite, the Simon pures, the Nabobs of the Cumberland Valley? In the intermixture of races that two hundred odd years have seen in this province, I, for one, plead guilty to absorbing some gentile bacilli: the Chester Quaker, the Germantown Dutch, the Brandywine Welsh, *et al.* But may I not plead, in extenuation of my seemingly deficient Scotch-Irish blood that no matter how powerless that strain may be in the making of a nation, when it comes to the making of common, ordinary, everyday men, the strength or stigma of red corpuscle, Scotch-Irishism has an "onseemly strain." It is somewhat akin to Booker Washington's claim that the negro blood is the strongest in the world. "Give a man," said the sage of Tuskegee, "nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of your best Caucasian blood and inject one-thousandth part of our African. The African will dominate and the composite is, for time and eternity, negro." So I suppose that a bit of Scotch-Irish leavens the heap, and that to-night we are all (the Cumberland Valley Nabobs included), in the same boat, and privileged to eat our porridge with the same Irish horn spoon from the same Scotch porringer.

But the ethnologist tells us that we are no race; that we are neither Scotch nor Irish; that we have no habitat, no language, no homeland of our own. Well, between ourselves, there is a great deal of truth in it. We *are* allied to the genus tramp. Like the Wandering Jew or Noah's dove No. 1, we found no land where our feet have tarried. I am reasonably certain you could not truthfully classify us as doves, but I am not convinced, as I study our characteristics, that there are not some grounds for card-cataloguing us with our Hebrew friends. Our tendency to get, and get on, and get at, and get getting would some time make some of our Hebrew brothers look like a score and a half of our minor coinage. You remember the two Irish highwaymen who, after a fierce tussle with a Londonderry man, knocked him down, rifled his pockets, and found a single shilling; and one said to the other: "Begorra, Pat, if he had had two shillings he would have murthered us both." I think it was Mark Twain who called attention to the fact that in all the migrations of the Hebrew he had never found lodgment in Scotland. The why he did not explain, but the experience of two Hebrews who were sent by a London Jewish house to start a branch in Scotland may be enlightening. They were to report in one year. Their letter at the end of the twelve months was substantially this: "We have done business for one year; we have made no money; we have lost none. As to continuing business here we are uncertain, but of one thing we are certain, we have found up here the ten missing tribes of the House of Israel."

Now, whether our neighbors in Scotland a couple of hundred years ago thought the climate of Ireland would be more salubrious for our forbears, or whether they concluded that St. Patrick, having driven all the snakes out of Erin, our forbears should be sent over as seemly substitutes; or whether the Irish thought the shillalah ought to get busy—as busy as the big stick—and that the Scotch-Irishites could afford some entertainment in that line; or whether, having tired of running down in the lowlands and forming a combine with English cattle, our forbears thought matters were getting too warm for a beef trust in Scotland

—well, whatever it was that led them, these wandering patriarchs of ours hiked over to Ireland and the ruction began. There were Londonderry and Enniskillen and the Boyne Water and other savory and interesting episodes, and the strenuous life was not restricted to America's twentieth century. And then either the wanderlust came over the forbears or else the Irish concluded they knew when they had had enough of a good thing, or maybe the Lord felt He would like to try the patience and forbearance of the Quakers to its limit, but for some good old cause, over the seas, with a "back from Elba cry," came the Scotch-Irish pilgrims (no; that sacred name is copyrighted for Massachusetts, so let us style the forbears "Scotch-Irish Pilgrimettes") to the new world. And did they stop and stay with those quiet Quakers and phlegmatic Pennsylvania Dutch when they landed, not half but whole "seas-over" on the banks of the Delaware? "Na', na'," quoth Sandy. Why, after his experience of a hundred odd years cracking skulls with the Irish just imagine Mr. Scotch-Irish reposing, yes, reposing, if that word is in his vocabulary, in a Pennsylvania Dutch-Quaker environment. No, gentlemen, races and men must have safety valves, and you might as well have asked the Scotch-Irish to have stayed in Berks or Chester as to expect a certain gentlemen whom we all love to prefer a pink tea to tackling a white rhinocerous with a Winchester over yonder in darkest Africa. No, no; you cannot mix the Dutch and the Scotch-Irish. Do you, over yonder, my brother of the Supreme Court, you man of Scotch-Irish name and face and humor—do you remember our old Scotch-Irish friends over the mountain in the Godly Parish of St. Michaels? For was it not a Godly Parish when dear old Tommy McClellanahan, who was so deaf he could not hear a word of the parson's discourse, put the stamp of his pious approval on the new parson's trial sermon by saying: "As for the matter o' the maan's discourse, I canna' say, owing to my infirmity, but I will confess his jistures were highly Godly." And you remember, Judge, how our old friends Micky and Aleck strolled one summer Sunday past the open door of that

weather-stained church at Echo and how they mounted the high steps and peeped in, thinking the worship was the same as up yonder at the little church under the trees at St. Michaels. And you remember, Judge, how, to their unspeakable surprise, they found the worship was going on in German. And do you remember how Aleck was speechless and that finally Mike, pointing to the German pastor who was leading in prayer (and just imagine a German prayer falling on Scotch-Irish ears), turned away in disgust and in an awed and mystified tone gave vent to his deep-seated Scotch-Irish antagonism to the Teuton with—"Whist, Aleck; whist, Aleck; yon thinks God's Dutch."

And don't we know that moving on genuine pilgrimaging has been the one unchanging experience and instinct of these Scotch-Irish fathers. It is the wanderlust of pioneering civilization that makes him the explorer, missionary, founder. He may go in to possess the land, but, having "gat it in possession," the setting sun lures him on. And so, when they reached the banks of the Delaware, it was the old story of Scotland passing them on to Ireland, and Ireland passing them on to America and the peaceful Quaker and the stolid German followed suit, for the cousin Quaker and the cousin German bought scalper's tickets for cousin Scotch-Irish and started him for the west to get into business with the Shawnee-Wyandott-Delaware combine. And they thought they were done with the Scotch-Irish, maybe. But on the breed went and, true to the Highland instinct, they found in the Blue Ridges that which appealed to those who sprang from the Highlands and Trossachs. Down the Cumberland and Shenandoah, through the Old Dominion and the Carolinas, along the Juniata, Kiskiminetas, Monongahela, Allegheny, Youghiogheny, over the Chestnut Hills and the Laurel Ridges. And here, where the serried tread of Braddock's best soldiery of England failed to find a footing, they rooted and stayed and thrrove—for where will you find greater stayers and fewer quitters—and along the slopes and valleys of the Appalachian chain these warders of the nation's forthcome made the on-march of America's future. There, in that long line of determined men and

women, lived and bred the nation builders, because their faces and hearts were set to the west. There they stayed, these sandy-haired, freckled, big-boned, steel-blue-eyed men; these grapplers with hard conditions, whose thews and sinews were as iron and whose hearts as flint; whose rest was other race's work; whose achievements gained was not the Mecca of an ended journey, but a stepping stone to higher heights; tireless, purposeful, unyielding, persistent, obstinate, dogged, mulish, Scotch-Irish; they surged on and on and on, the vanguard of advance, the fellers of forests, the bridgers of streams, the builders of school and church and home, and, when needs be, the scalpers of savages when savagery came athwart their purpose. It was no place for weaklings and no weaklings were there. Their history writing was in deeds, not books, and it was oftenest written in their life blood. There was no Macedonian cry to German, Quaker, or Pilgrim: "Come over and help us." Life was too dependent on keeping eyes to the front to give thought to the rear, and the Scotch-Irish who surged out over the Allegheny and down the Cumberland, the Shenandoah, the Blue Ridges of Virginia and clear through to the Carolinas were the skirmish line that on the western foot-hills held the nation's future against the European cabinets of Spain and France and England that sought to make the new nation a mere Atlantic strip. Here they stood and stayed, these underwriters of the nation's future, these men with the prophet's sight of the nation's westward boundary, and in the same quiet spirit that marked one of their breed a hundred years later in another wilderness, they too said: "We propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer."

But you turn to me and say, "Granted; but what, after all, was this but a contest between the savage and the civilized? What was it but the old story of the white and the red? What was it but a repetition of New England with the Algonquin; New York with the Huron; the contest between the resistless onwave of civilization and the hopeless ebbing of savagery?" Ah, friend, search deeper for the true significance of history. They tell us that an iceberg, traveling

high as it does, has six times its visible bulk below the water line and the undercurrents pushing against its hidden base will often cause it to plow along in the teeth of an opposing surface current. Read deeper and you will see the savage with his scalping knife was not the real foe. He was the puppet, the chessman, the mere instrument, in a titanic, world-power struggle that was being fought on the sunset side of the Blue Ridges for the Mississippi Basin; for the dedication of that valley to democracy or to the absolutism of monarchy; for the possibility of any blending of the thirteen colonies into a union at all; and finally, to my mind, for the answer to that great question, which the child and spirit of that great basin, coming a century later from that sunset side of the Blue Ridges to the sunrise side, coming to a little Pennsylvania country town named for a Scotch-Irish founder, put up to humanity, whether "a Government of the people, by the people and for the people" should perish from the face of the earth. It was these Scotch-Irish winners of the West who made possible Lincoln and Gettysburg. The thoughtless reader closes the Revolution with Yorktown in 1781. My friends, the measure of success in a lawsuit is the size of the verdict; in war, the terms of the peace treaty. These terms, and these alone, clinch and secure war results. And so, when you come to the real significance, the material gain of the Revolution, you go to the Treaty of Paris of 1783. That the independence of the thirteen colonies was secured by Yorktown is, of course, true, but the great question remained: Where shall their western boundary be? Shall the Blue Ridge be the measure of the rising spirit of democracy? All men knew the savage must go, but who was to go in and possess the land? Who was to be his residuary legatee? And so around that Council Board of Paris came, not the Shawnee or the Delaware, not the English and the American alone, but with them joined the French, our fighting ally, and Spain, the ally of France, and both of them determined that since Spanish-French coalition had failed to take Gibraltar for Spain, the Mississippi Valley should be ceded to her by England. Talk of a partition of China. What means it but the

open door of commerce? But here at the Council table of Paris was something far beyond commerce and nationalities and flags. It was a line-up of civilizations, of essentials in religion, of absolutism and republicanism in government, of Latin against Saxon, for when France became our ally in 1778 we had agreed we would make no treaty with England without her approval. It was a titanic struggle of giant old and new forces that stood face to face. It was the old world's monarchism, which denied that all men are to be equal in opportunity, wrestling with the new evangel that in opportunity to work out their destiny all men are created equal. And to my mind, my friends, the issue of that question for humanity turned on whether the Blue Ridge or the Mississippi should limit the republic, whether Europe or America should hold the great Mississippi Valley. Why do I say so? Let me remind you it was six years after Yorktown before the thirteen colonies made a tentative constitution of union and the acceptance of that constitution running over years was made possible only by the dangling prize of the great Northwest Territory, comprising substantially the five great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, which Virginia generously ceded for the use of her sister States. You ask me what that meant. Why, gentlemen, what part of that great Virginia gift each of the other States of the Union afterwards received I do not know, but I think I am right in saying that to-day one million dollars of the invested school funds of the State of Connecticut represents the share and accretions of that State alone from these public lands.* Now, gentlemen, if it had not been in the power of generous Virginia to give this northwestern territory, there are grave reasons to doubt whether the Union would have been formed. What the future of those thirteen colonies, in helpless separation, the prey of designing

* Connecticut sold her share of this land for \$1,200,000, and by an Act passed in 1895 appropriated the interest thereof to the support of its schools, the principal being styled the "Connecticut School Fund." By 1849 the fund had almost doubled. In 1897 the interest on the fund was transferred to the State Treasurer and its separate administration ceased. Since that time and in lieu thereof the State has paid to each district \$2.50 for each child between the ages of four and sixteen.

European nations, would have been I leave to imagination to picture, but assuming the Union would have been formed with the Blue Ridge as its western boundary, can any thoughtful student of American history doubt that this ocean fringe of the old thirteen colonies had within it the germ of its own disintegration and destruction in human slavery, and that from this, as time went on, the thirteen colonies, standing alone, never could have escaped? No; when, a century later, those thirteen original states were about equally divided on this issue of slavery, the balance of power to decide that question lay beyond the Blue Ridges. For from the fenceless fields of the great West sprang that great host chanting the pæan, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." And from one State alone of Virginia's generous gift sprang that great emancipator, who in seer-like prophecy said: "Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" And with Lincoln from that same "over the Blue Ridge" basin came that Scotch-Irish Grant, who made possible for a reunited nation the sublime fulfillment of his wish: "Let us have peace." No, no; had the thirteen evenly balanced colonies been left to settle this great slavery issue alone, it seems to me that by mutual consent they must have said it was impossible; that they must divide; and then freedom would have taken the shears of inexorable fate and with averted face portioned off Old Glory—seven stripes and seven stars to the northland and the pine; six stripes and six stars to the southland and the palm; and then, like creation's dawn, "the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Bancroft summed this all up when he said of the Treaty of Paris: "While the absolute monarch of the Spanish Dominions and his minister thought to exclude the republic from the valley of the Mississippi, a new power emerged from their forests to bring their puny

policy to naught.”* And this new power was possession—possession, which is always nine points of the law—the possession of conquest. And it was Roger Clark, the Virginian, and back of him in goodly number these Scotch-Irish of the Blue Ridges, for at that time Augusta County, Virginia, extended half way into what is now Pennsylvania. These were the men and this the possession that enabled Franklin to stand up and to say at Paris to Shelbourne, of England, and Vergennes, of France, and Blanca, of Spain: “You may claim it on paper, but the land is ours; we got it, held it, and have it.” Go read the story of that getting and holding and having of this land and it is a story which the Scotch-Irish share with the Virginian.† The roving spirit of the Scotch Highlander and English spirit of the Armada; Bruce and Wallace; Drake and Raleigh. The strain of Scotch freebooter and English rover blending in the new world to the making of the new nation. The great figure of Roger Clark, the Virginian, in the front and in the rank the Scotch-Irish of the Blue Ridge; shoulder and shoulder to Kaskaskia, to the Mississippi, and from that vantage ground I look out and see that seething west in line, forcing the Louisiana Purchase, and then I see that great West that knew its due and the significance of its future grasping and gripping the shore line of the Pacific, and from these early and prophetic extensions made by the West came from the nation as a whole the impetus that in time has moved it on to girdling Hawaii and the Philippines, thwarting the partition of China, ending the Russian-Japanese War and to our standing to-day as a mighty world power, without world lust, and using that world power only as a step to world peace. And in the light of this mighty outcome from what these forbears did and dared, shall history say that in this grand on-march the men of our breed laid no foundation stone, or rather that this stone, “The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.” And

* Bancroft’s History, Vol. V, page 309.

† In the list of Clark’s officers and soldiers, English’s Life of Clark, Vol. II, pages 839 and 1060, will be found the names of Angus Cameron and about a hundred others of Scotch origin.

does it not seem meet and right that as these great world policies that flowed therefrom are being worked out that the man at the helm, whose great services as Attorney-General are prophetic of his success as Secretary of State, should be a Pennsylvanian, uniting the typical traits of Pennsylvania heritage, the peace-loving heart of the Quaker, with the clear head and firm hand of the Scotch-Irish, Philander C. Knox, born and bred at the very place on the Monongahela where Roger Clark started for the winning of the West.*

Mr. Toastmaster, I hesitate to infringe longer on the hour. I wish I might emphasize what I have said of these Scotch-Irish nation makers by telling you the story of one who is but a type of hundreds of others, brave Scotch-Irish, over-the-Blue-Ridge hearts, the forbears of those I see around me. I wish I could tell you at length the story of my Scotch-Irish captain, of his going into that western frontier, of his taking part in that frontier settlement over yonder at Hannahstown where English justice was first administered in the Mississippi Basin. Of him there joining, within a month after Concord and Lexington, in that clarion note of the Revolution, when on May 16th, 1775, the Hannahstown declaration from old Westmoreland in words that Jefferson re-echoed later in the declaration, resolved: "That when the British Parliament shall have repealed their late obnoxious statutes and shall recede from their claim to tax us, and make laws for us in every instance, or when some plan of union or reconciliation has been formed and accepted by America, this, our Association, shall be dissolved; *but till then it shall remain in full force; and to the observation of it we bind ourselves by everything dear and sacred among men.*"† Of his taking his rifle-

* Brownsville, Pennsylvania, then known as Red Stone. "Meeting with several disappointments, it was late in May before I could leave the Red Stone settlement with those companies and a considerable number of families and private adventurers. Taking in my stores at Pittsburgh and Wheeling, I proceeded down the river with caution." Extract from Clark's Memoir, 1 English's Life of George Roger Clark, page 128.

† This remarkable document, The Hannahstown Declaration, is found in full in Boucher's History of Westmoreland County (Penna.), page 123.

men to join Roger Clark in his attempt to take Detroit,* the last semblance of British sovereignty in the west; of his capture by the Indians; of his shattered arm, in spite of which he saved his brave life by running the gauntlet; of his march across Ohio to Lake Erie;† his captivity at Detroit; his voyage through the Great Lakes on to Montreal, where for two years my captain stayed as a prisoner of war. I wish I might tell you how at the end of two years' imprisonment—and what that meant in a frontier jail of those days God only knows—and how, when the Treaty of Paris set him free, the brave Scotch-Irish heart, hundreds of miles from home, instead of sinking down in despair, as weaker breeds would have done, compassed water and wave and forest, through and around all New England and the Middle States, back to his frontier post, back to give his day and generation to the making of the nation. And as he tramped these weary leagues, as I have heard from lips that, as a little child, heard it from his own, he cheered his solitary path with those words which seem well nigh prophetic of his race's share in building the bulwarks of the nation, the old 107th Psalm;

“O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

“Let the redeemed of the Lord say so whom he hath redeemed from the land of the enemy.

“And gathered them out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

“They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

“Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

“Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and he delivered them of their distresses.

“And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.”

Mr. Toastmaster, as men of that strain it is well for us to touch shoulder to shoulder for a brief hour to-night, for I believe the mission of the spirit of the Scotch-Irish is not

* Capt. Robert Orr in Clark's Detroit Expedition, 2 English's Life of Clark, page 722. Hassler's Old Westmoreland, pages 139, 144, 145.

† Anderson's Journal, Pennsylvania Archives, Second Series, Vol. XIV, pages 685-689.

ended. I believe it has in it that which went not only to the nation's making, but that which in these later days shall go to its saving. This nation and its upbuilding is of a composite sort, and, thank God, no race or no strain has a monopoly in its creation. I respect New England; its conscience, its devotion to learning, its industry, its sound common sense. I give to Holland and the German all credit for their thrift, their conservatism, their domestic virtues, and their fostering of art. I lay my tribute at the foot of Virginia as I recall those broad-viewed men who gave us in a word so much of the Constitution, and in its interpretation well nigh all. I am thankful for the Quaker who exemplified the religious freedom others theoretically proposed, but practically denied. To all these our country owes much, but when old Uncle Sam was being girded together and he got the Dutch thrift and the New England conscience, the broad Virginia spirit and a kindly Quaker heart, I thank God for the Scotch-Irish backbone that went into his dorsal make-up. It has seeped down through I don't know how many of his Presidents; it is found in his governors and statesmen, business men and courts. In fact, wherever in the West land you find a head striking a bit out from the mass, three times out of five you will find some of the Scotch-Irish taint in him, and usually it has filtered through the Cumberland Valley. With no country or race of his own, he has garnered from all. In him you find the canny thrift of the Yankee, the German, and the Jew; bubbling in quieter vein, his keen humor is akin to the merry-hearted Irish; in his deep-seated sense of justice he pulls square with the English; in imagination and romance he vies with the Italian; in devotion to learning with the Greek; in love of nature with the Norse; and in wandering with the restless Arab. But even in these we look in vain for the hall-mark of Scotch-Irish character. Let me tell what I think it is: To the Scotch-Irishman, outside his family and his home, life has but two real factors. One of these is the Scotch-Irishman himself; the other—I speak it with all reverence—is his God. These two to him sum up: life, time, eternity. Steeped in this sublime and selfish union of God and self he has suffered no one to come between him, his

conscience and his life on the one side, and his Maker on the other. Like Moses of old, he goes to God face to face, and this directness with God explains his religious individuality, his unchanging faith, his choice of democracy, his industry, his self-centering, his unmatched, personal, individual success. Sprung of this self-centering has come individuality, self-reliance, the habit of leadership, and from his self-forgetful devotion to God, and his self-remembering devotion to self, has come that which makes men brave and true, when once a strong, flint nature has been the fierce battle-ground between the selfishness of that love that knows nothing but self and the unselfishness of that other "that seeketh not her own." Would the nation have been as well off without this race? No! a thousand noes from the lips of those who know Scotch-Irish worth, who feel the tingle of its blood in their veins, and who at knee and breast have drunk into their being Scotch-Irish heritage.

And, so to-night, my brothers of the breed, in words borrowed from an uncrowned laureate across the seas, let us take with us as we go back to world duty, his inspiring words:—

"Go to your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half won
For an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods,
But plain Scotch-Irishmen."

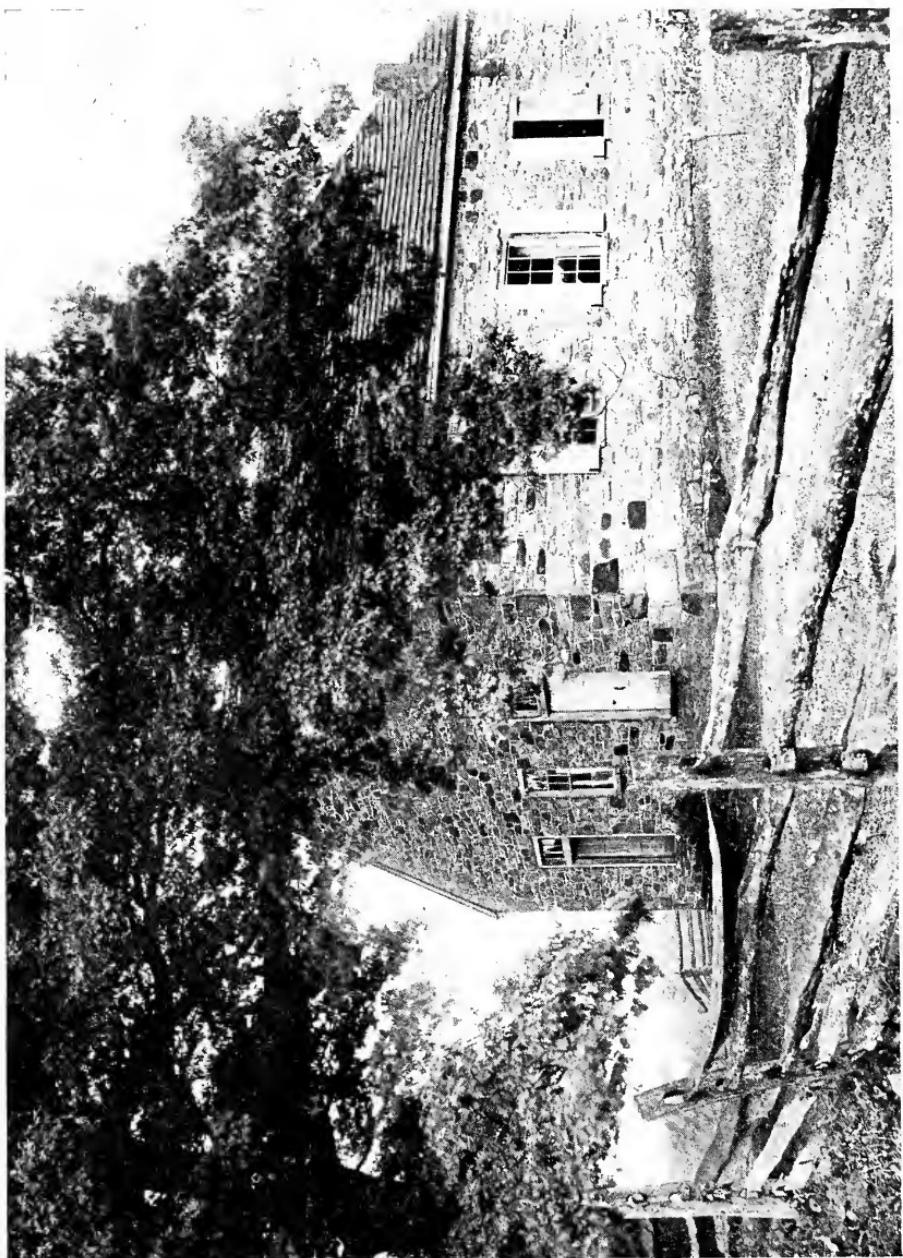
(Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

The last paper is a paper on "The Old Seceder Church of Ayr Township" in Fulton County, by one of the most enthusiastic members of the Scotch-Irish Society, Mr. T. Elliott Patterson.



THE OLD SECEDER CHURCH OF AYR TOWNSHIP.



THE OLD SECEDER CHURCH OF AYR TOWNSHIP.

A Paper Read Before the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, February 24th, 1910, by T. Elliott Patterson.

Carlyle was proud of the work of his stone-mason father, and liked to look on the houses he had built, for he knew "they were honest masonry;" and with like satisfaction may we look on the work of our fathers.

Early in the last century, a congregation of Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Covenanters, and descendants of the Church of England, settlers in the Great Cove, then part of Bedford, now Fulton, County, after worshipping for some years in a log building on Nelson's Run, in 1828 built a stone church south of McConnellsburg in Ayr Township. The name of the township indicates the stock of people that comprised the settlement. As early as 1777 it is mentioned as part of the fourth election district of Bedford County.

Packers' Path, the old bridle trail leading over the mountains, passed through it, and on it tradition locates an Indian trading post about two miles south of McConnellsburg. Following the pack horse and his narrow footway came the Conestoga, and the stage coach period, when the turnpike (built 1814-15) leading from Philadelphia and Baltimore to the west, from that point, became the great highway across the State. A half mile east of McConnellsburg, the Philadelphia and Baltimore turnpikes joined, and at the point of their intersection was fought the first * full cavalry engagement between the Federal and Confederate forces, and a mile south of it were lighted the last † camp-fires of the confederacy north of the Mason and Dixon line. Two Confederate graves mark the former, a letter of the late Confederate General Bradley

* First Cavalry Fight, June 29th, 1863.

† Last Confederate Camp-Fires, July 31st, 1864.

T. Johnson confirms the latter. Of the customs and manners of the Conestoga and stage coach days, we are not dependent upon Buchanan Read's "Wagoner of the Alleghenies," nor upon the forsaken and dilapidated wagoners' inns that mark the entire route from the Chesapeake and the Delaware to the Monongahela and the Ohio to tell us, but from eye witnesses, and from father to son we learned of the overcrowded stables compelling the teamsters to feed their horses in the streets of the smaller towns at the great wagon troughs, part of every well-equipped conestoga, that, like the box over the "lazy board" for the convenience of the driver, had enough of the stuff within easy reach "to drive dull care away" and break the monotony of the long wearisome trip. The stage coaches, too, were crowded, and the four-in-hand was no unusual sight down to the opening of the Civil War. But the days of the wagon train, stage coach, and long droves of cattle on their way to the eastern markets, like their belled teams, coach drivers' horns, and the cattle call of the drovers, have passed to their only successor, that great Scotch-Irish transportation company, known to this Society as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has supplanted the wagon and stage coach, and has taken over into its cold storage embrace and protection the entire cattle business, "hoof, horns, hide and hair."

Of the early settlers attracted to this locality were a number of Scotch-Irish families from the Cumberland Valley, who established homes that in many instances are to this day in possession of their descendants. Their names (McConnell, Kendall, Taggart, Logan, Patterson, Hunter, McClelland, Sloan, Johnston, Nelson, Alexander, and later, McNaughton, McCullough, and Peoples) suggest the line from which they sprung. In that township is buried the first white woman of the settlement—Margaret Kendall—whose descendants are among the most substantial citizens of that valley to-day. And with but three or four exceptions, all of the above families were worshippers in that old stone church that for many years was the centre of the most pronounced type of Scotch-Irish and English Puritan training within the State.

Archibald Johnston—Lord Warriston—the distinguished lawyer and eloquent speaker whom Cromwell elevated to the bench and Charles II condemned to the gallows, on which he was executed July 22d, 1663, has to-day a descendant by the same name—Archibald Johnston—over eighty years of age, a member of the same old Seceder congregation, in which fifteen or eighteen of the descendants of John Cromwell (whose father came to Virginia in 1620) were also members, and together they sang in Rouse's version the same old Psalms that had inspired their fathers before them to deeds of sacrifice and honorable service. The 30th of January, with memorial services to St. Charles I, had no place in their ecclesiastical almanac.

The First Elders.

From the lips of a grandson, himself an elder and now living at the age of eighty-six years, the following description was given of his grandfather, one of the first elders of that congregation. "Tall, well-built, and in his old days wore his hair long and parted in the middle." He was a soldier in the Revolution, a member of the last Legislature that sat in Philadelphia in 1794, a Federalist in politics, and his reverent and devotional manner in addressing the Deity—"Great, Great and Holy"—is spoken of among his descendants to the present time. He was born June 12th, 1749, and died May 18th, 1846, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-seven years. Two of his grandsons succeeded him as elders in the same church, and two of his great-grandsons are now elders in the United Presbyterian branch of the same congregation; for, true to the traditions of their fathers, the day came when the old stone church was not large enough for their differences, which like those of their Scotch-Irish brethren in the mountains of Virginia, were possibly more imaginary than real, for even the counsel for the latter, old Col. Baldwin of Staunton, said he did not understand their difference unless "one set sang through their noses and the other did not." That they were tenacious goes without saying, and down to the early sixties it was no unusual sight on the Sabbath day

to see three branches of Presbyterians pass and repass each other on the same common highway, but leading to different portions of the common vineyard committed to their sacred keeping. And this in the face of the biblical descriptions given to their own land-holdings, as in the case of the old elder above mentioned, a portion of whose farm is described in the records in Bedford County as "Nebuchadnezzar's Defeat," and the grantor's name was Abednigo Stevens.

Of the other elders, the venerable forms of Sloan, Nelson, Johnson, and Kendall are still within the memory of the older worshipers of that congregation.

Membership.

Their membership was a little community of itself, and though black and white alike sat at the same sacramental table, there was no "occasional hearing," and in matters of faith and discipline the Pope himself ruled with no firmer hand than did the Scotch-Irish preacher and schoolmaster of those times in both secular and religious affairs alike. And so deeply impressed was the late Judge Trunkey with the sturdy teachings and customs of that community, while on a visit among them, that he said they reminded him more of what he had read of old New England Puritanism than anything he had ever witnessed.

*Their Civil War Record.**

Of those old elders, three of them each sent a son into the Union army and a fourth sent three, one of whom, John Kendall, deserves more than passing notice. As orderly of his company, and knowing the detail for picket duty on a certain dangerous night to which his younger brother was assigned, went to him and said: "James, exceptionally heavy lines are being thrown out by both armies to-night. You are the

* Johnston, James Walker; 1st Lieut., Co. H, 77th Pa. Vol.
Kendall, John; Orderly Sergeant, 126th and 205th Pa. Vol.
Kendall, James; 126th and 205th Pa. Vol.
Kendall, David; 121st Pa. Vol.
Nelson, James; 121st Pa. Vol.
Patterson, D. H.; 14th Pa. Minute Men, Co. C.

younger and must remain in camp; I go in your place." The chivalrous offer was declined by James, who, in speaking of it said: "I could never forget John for that affectionate and considerate offer." The younger has since died and John is now an elder in the same old congregation. Knowing them both and remembering the day their company was welcomed home after completing their full term of service, I take pleasure in referring to the incident. But the men of the congregation were not the only exponents of strong and forceful character. There were daughters of the Revolution among them, the genuine, real, article, and without frills. Elizabeth Bourns, the revolutionary cannon-maker's daughter; Henrietta Maria Ashman, whose father, Col. George Ashman, of the firm of Ashman, Cromwell & Ridgey, built, owned, and worked the first iron furnace west of the Susquehanna (built in 1780); and Isabel N. Miligan, grand-niece of Dr. Samuel Young, of Hagerstown, whose beautiful intellect, unimpaired through a long and useful life, mastered the larger and shorter Westminster Catechisms, all of the Psalms, and the entire New Testament as a memory exercise in the religious training of her youth. Two others, sisters, during a Confederate raid that threatened the capture and imprisonment of the husband of one of them, were standing in the doorway of their home, when the younger, becoming hysterical, began crying, "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, the day of judgment has come, the day of judgment has come." Elizabeth, turning to her, with the raiders standing about them, said: "Keep quiet, Rebecca; keep quiet. I hope the day of judgment will see a better looking crowd than this." A worthy granddaughter of a revolutionary colonel. When I tell Justice Stewart, and Alexander and George, of our membership, that those women were first cousins of one of the border raiders—Dr. Ash. Hamil, of Martinsburg, Virginia—they can tell you more about the Confederate doctor than I, and claim as close relationship. Their ministers were men of power and influence. Lind, of Greencastle; Clarkson, of Mercersburg; and Finly McNaughton, of McConnellsburg. The last, a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, in 1822, had a long pas-

torate of nearly thirty years, and, not unlike some of the Kings of Israel, at its close found his kingdom divided. He was followed by Dr. James Bruce, father of former Lieutenant-Governor Bruce, of New York, whose pastorate covered the early period of the Civil War. His successor, Rev. Robert Gracy Ferguson, LL.D., a graduate of Jefferson College and a lieutenant in the Union Army, brother of one of our members, William N. Ferguson, M.D., and cousin of our member Hon. William C. Ferguson, was one of their later and most successful pastors. The last to officiate in the old church is the present pastor of the United Presbyterian branch of that old congregation, Rev. J. L. Grove, whose pastorate covers twenty-five years.

Form of Worship.

Their form of worship was simple, but direct. No anthems nor instrumental music, or, as our Judge Campbell's grand-uncle expressed it, "no dom fuddlen'." A psalm was read, explained, lined out, and sung; a prayer offered, all standing like soldiers at attention, eyes and ears open, "and no loafin' around the throne," as John Hay put it; a chapter read; another prayer and psalm; and sermons, two of a kind, both long, with but a short intermission; and home by sundown.

But of all services, those connected with the observance of the Lord's Supper were the most impressive. Preceded by a fast on the Friday before the communion, it was followed by the Monday after communion as a day of thanksgiving. All ordinary work ceased on that Friday, which was kept as carefully as the Sabbath itself, and attendance on divine service was imperative. On that day the leaden tokens, commemorative of the days when Claverhouse's followers spied out the meeting places of their fathers on the "hethered hills," were distributed to the intended communicants as a pledge of their acceptance and right to the communion table on the coming Sabbath when the elders carefully received them back from every communicant. The elements were served at a long table in front of the pulpit or extending down the aisles, and the members rose from their pews,

coming forward singing a psalm until seated in their places at the table, and after participating, they returned to their pews singing another verse or two of the same psalm, and often to the same tune. On these occasions, the men of the congregation came in "their blacks," and the women in their best new gowns. There was a dignity and reverence attached to this solemn service that in itself forbade indifference or carelessness in approaching the table of the Lord. They looked upon it as His table, not theirs, and have often been severely censured for their vigilance and care in guarding it from the impure and the profane, but none can gainsay or deny the honesty of their purpose in so doing.

*Military and Civil Service.**

In military and civil life they were active and efficient. From Valley Forge and the Brandywine to the Philippines that old congregation was represented, and from the same township of Ayr a great-grandfather, grandfather and grandson represented that community in the Legislature, and the great-granduncle of one of them, Benjamin Elliott, represented the old county of Bedford in the State constitutional convention that sat in Philadelphia, July 16th, 1776. But their services were not limited to the narrow field of their own settlement. There is something in the atmosphere and companionship of the mountains that invigorates and inspires for higher things. As Ulysses said of his native Ithaca: "It is a rough, wild nurseland, but whose crops are men." And to-day a daughter of Sergeant Kendall, above mentioned, is giving her young life to a service more beautiful than that of cloistered novice or mannish suffragette—a missionary among the mountaineers of the South, of whom Major Hess, who served throughout the whole war from Ayr Township, told the following incident, illustrative of the latent colonial fires that had not died out among that

* Patterson, William; (Revolutionary War); Ensign, 8th Pa. Battalion, Co. 7, July 31st, 1777.

Patterson, Ralph B.; (Spanish-American War); 38th N. G. Vol.; died at Manila, March 19th, 1900.

physically and mentally vigorous people, many of them of our own stock:—

“When General Thomas’ division was crossing a mountain in East Tennessee, they halted for a short rest near an apparently deserted mountaineer cabin on the road. In a few minutes a child’s face peeped out, and later the mother ventured out and, coming to the color bearer, asked if they were ‘Yankees.’ Assured that they were, she asked if that was the American flag. Thinking she was guying him, he made a flippant reply, and the General, noticing it, stepped forward and said: ‘Yes, that is the old stars and stripes; don’t you know it?’ She replied: ‘No, I never seed it afore, but sumfin told me it was it.’ Then, raising her voice, she called her children, some seven or eight of all sizes and ages, making an odd group in their homespun dresses, poke bonnets, and coonskin caps, to whom she briefly explained that that was ‘our flag.’ Then, asking her children to join her, they all reverently fell upon their knees, while she thanked God for sparing their lives to see the flag. The King’s English was murdered in the presence of men who were scholars and thinkers, but there was not a dry eye among them, from the grizzled general to the raw recruit. And when, on rising from her knees, she told them her husband had been taken out and hanged in the woods the night before because he was a Union man, the pathos of the scene was impressive.”

An Abandoned Fortress.

To-day that Old Seceder Church of Ayr Township stands like an abandoned fortress on one of the rough, rocky hill-sides in that little valley, for they choose not where the south winds blew softly. But it still stands, and while it does, memories of earnest and faithful home teachings and the godly steppings of those who went in and out from its venerable walls will be to the descendants of that people, as to many of you with like experiences, among the most sacred and tender of life.

MR. JOHN McILHENNY:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I hope you will not be impatient and will remain a few moments longer, although it is now late.

After listening to the magnificent speeches we have had to-night, I have a duty to perform, imposed upon me by our good Secretary, Mr. McKeehan, and a very pleasant duty it is. It has been customary for this Society to give its honored presidents a token of its regard in the shape of a spoon. We have had as president of this Society one whom we all know and honor and one who is worthy of the high esteem in which he is held, not only by the members of this Society, but by the people of Philadelphia. (Applause.) He is the successor of a long line of Scotch-Irish Governors of this great commonwealth, all of whom have been an honor to themselves and to their State, and none more so than our beloved governor. (Applause.) Not only that, but this Society is largely in his debt. He has been one of its most earnest advocates and of its wisest presidents and upholders. He has done a great deal for us, he has brought many speakers here, he has exercised his authority, has even commanded them to come; and they have come and you see the result. When we have such speeches as we have heard this evening, I think of the time when Sheridan made the great speech on Warren Hastings and India. As a compliment to him, Parliament adjourned after hearing that wonderful speech, and it would have been only a fit compliment to Judge Buffington for us to adjourn. We next heard the fine address of Mr. Patterson, for which we all sincerely thank him. This is the kind of history which should be gathered and put into permanent form. While I am here I wish to emphasize what Dr. McCook has said—"that we have very much neglected the gathering of history." It is one of our faults. The gentleman whose memory has been so kindly remembered here to-night, Mr. McClure, used to say, and to say truly, that "the Scotch-Irish in America have been too busy making history to write it." But while our fore-fathers did not write history, there is plenty of talent in the

race now to do so and I trust the advice of Dr. McCook will be taken, that some genius in this Society or somewhere else will write the history of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania. It would make one of the grandest histories that I know of. The Germans have written one, even the French have one, and it becomes us to take up the pen and do something for ourselves and leave a living record of what our people have done.

This brings me, Mr. President, to the presentation of this beautiful spoon. This has been the gift of the Society to all its presidents, and I hope that our worthy Governor, who has honored our Society by being its president, will accept it with the love and esteem of the members. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

I appreciate this spoon very much. It will remain with me as long as I live as a reminder of very pleasant association in this distinguished society, and what makes it especially gratifying to me is something partially personal to myself. It is presented to me by a man for whom I have the highest personal regard, one of the very few men living who was a friend and associate of my own father in the Presbyterian church, particularly dear to me, and the recollection that I will carry with me will be one of the sweetest memories, not only of my association with the Scotch-Irish Society, but I may say of my life. I now take great pleasure in presenting to you the honored president of this society from to-night until this time a year from now, Hon. William P. Potter, Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER:—

GENTLEMEN:—I appreciate very much the honor you have done me on this occasion. I can only say that nothing remains now to crown the exercises of the evening but to adopt the suggestion made by Mr. McIlhenny and entertain a motion to adjourn.

On motion duly seconded and carried, the Society then adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

**REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR
ENDING JANUARY 1ST, 1910.**

1908.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$277 86	
Membership dues.....	\$442 00	
Subscriptions to Twentieth Annual Dinner....	720 00	
Interest on deposits.....	9 93	
	1,171 93	
	\$1,449 79	
<hr/>		
	CR.	
James Brown, carving spoon.....	\$42 50	
William M. Clift, stenographer.....	25 00	
C. H. Magill, clock and expressage.....	98 15	
Bayard Henry, expenses incurred on behalf of Mr. Bryce.....	12 00	
Lewis Neilson, supplies on private car for Mr. Bryce.....	1 10	
The Dreka Company, 200 menus.....	27 00	
Wm. Hoskins Co., 250 engraved invitations...	14 50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, circulars, envelopes, table plan, etc.....	44 75	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 150 covers at \$3.50, wines, cigars, etc.....	636 00	
Clerical services.....	20 00	
Postage, expressage, and miscellaneous ex- penses.....	30 00	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing Twentieth Annual Report.....	196 99	
	\$1,147 99	
Balance in bank January 1st, 1910.....	301 80	
	\$1,449 79	

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$301.80 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1910.

JAMES A. DEVELIN,
JAMES POLLOCK,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be de-

terminated by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

HON. E. F. ACHESON	Washington, Pa.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ALEXANDER	Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES	220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
D. G. BAIRD	228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD	Haverford, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.	Villa Nova, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD	Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD	United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR	1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY	Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY	Buffalo, N. Y.
ROBERT O. BEATTY	Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL	1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE	Carlisle, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS	Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
THOMAS BOGGS	Melrose Park, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D.	1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN	815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D.	1414 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON	Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE (Honorary)	Washington, D. C.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL	Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
WILLIAM H. BURNETT	400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
A. A. CAIRNS, M. D.	1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER	5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Union League, Philadelphia.
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MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,
HON. HARMAN YERKES,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
	HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D., *Chairman*, MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

MR. M. C. KENNEDY, *Chairman*, MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING, MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

MR. BAYARD HENRY, *Chairman*, MR. JOHN McILHENNY,
HON. JOHN STEWART, MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D., HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.







TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-second Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday, February 9th, 1911, at 7 P. M., the President, Hon. William P. Potter, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending January 1st, 1911, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 47.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, MR. JOHN McILHENNY.

First Vice-President, REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.

Second Vice-President, MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.	

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. William H. Roberts, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Hon. William P. Potter, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY AND GUESTS OF THE EVENING:—The pleasant duty falls upon me of extending a hearty welcome to our honored guests and a cordial greeting to our worthy members. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society makes no attempt to have the largest dinner of the year, but it does aim to give one of the best dinners of the season. When I say that, I do not of course refer merely to the quality of the viands that grace the tables, but I refer rather to the feast of reason and the flow of soul that is always provided, and which alone makes a dinner of this kind really worth while. And at this early stage in the evening I venture to suggest a serious thought. I know it would not be well later on. (Laughter.) I take it that occasions of this kind ought to be something more than mere places for self-congratulation upon the history of our ancestors. We know that they were all right (laughter), and we know that they did their duty in their day and generation, in laying the foundations of civil and religious liberty in this land. But what we ought to be more concerned about is as to the way in which we are upholding the traditions of our ancestors. The Scotch-Irish can claim no monopoly of virtue or of goodness in their ancestral line; but this is Scotch-Irish night, and we may be pardoned for emphasizing that strain in our blood, and for dwelling upon the traits that we inherit from our Scotch-Irish forebears. We know that they were saturated in piety and patriotism—(a voice, “And other things.”) (Laughter)—but it is doubtful if it was in the brand that you are thinking about now. I do not know that the charge of being immersed in piety and patriotism could be truly made against the people of Scotch-Irish blood to-day. I suspect that there has been some degeneration in that respect. But they have been true, in large measure, to the faith, and to the religious convictions of the fathers. In the Church they have done their duty.

In the nation, no great crisis has ever found them wanting, nor would it find them so to-day; but when it comes to giving close attention to the details of the public business of the people, as it is carried on now; in other words, to the politics of the day, I fear that the Scotch-Irish, along with many others of the best men of the country, are not doing their full duty. The crowning sin of the American people to-day is their indifference to the details of the public business; that is, of the politics of the country. (Applause.) The miserable idea has found lodgment in the minds of many people that in some way politics is not quite a respectable business. There never was a more pernicious or more mistaken thought. Politics in itself is merely the carrying on of the business of the people, and it calls for just as high a code of morals as any other department of human effort, be it in the professions or in the ordinary business circles. The service of the American people is indeed a high service, and no man is too great or too good to give to it his best thought and his best endeavor. (Applause.) Let me give you a simple illustration. Some years ago Mr. Cassatt, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was living in one of the suburbs nearby. The highways in that region were in poor condition. As much in the way of a joke as anything else, his neighbors elected Mr. Cassatt to the position of Road Supervisor, and he accepted the office, and gave to the discharge of its duties the same careful thought and attention that he gave to any problem connected with the welfare of the great transportation company of which he was the head; and the result was that the highways of that section became models for the rest of the country. That illustrates what I mean by proper devotion to the public service.

Of course we know that the Scotch-Irish are the salt of the earth, and you know what the boy said in his essay about salt—that it was “the stuff that spoils the potatoes if you leave it out.” (Laughter.) So the Scotch-Irish are the stuff that spoils the body politic if you leave them out. (Applause.) The American people have the right to insist that the Scotch-Irish and all the other good people of this

country put themselves into the politics of the country, as an element that will season the public service aright and keep it sweet and clean. When I think of those who have given their lives to the uplifting of the country, year after year putting themselves into the service of the state and of the nation, there is one name that always comes to my memory. That is the name of Bishop John H. Vincent. I can recall no man who has rendered better service to this country than he has; and those of us in Western Pennsylvania who in years gone by had the habit of going to Chautauqua, and are familiar with the great work of that institution, the model of hundreds of other similar institutions, have learned to know, to respect and to cherish the work that has been done there, and not only there, but in all the other institutions that have followed it throughout the country. The mantle of the father in that great work has fallen upon the son; and we have with us to-night one who has taken up that great work for the people which his father carried on for so many years, and is carrying on to-day. I know of nothing that has done more for the uplift of the people throughout the length and breadth of the land than the work of these Chautauqua Assemblies. Our guest of the evening, Dr. George Edgar Vincent, not only gives his time, labor and effort to the work of the uplift of the people in this way, but he had for many years been identified with the prominent educational institutions of the country. He has been for years Dean of the Faculties of Arts, Literature and Sciences at the University of Chicago. He is now President-elect of the University of Minnesota. I have great pleasure in presenting to you Dr. George Edgar Vincent.

DR. GEORGE EDGAR VINCENT:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—In addressing an audience like this, alert, keen, analytical, astute, without the protection of a manuscript, I am not only doing a dangerous thing but am sinning against light. For when I was an undergraduate I came under the influence of one of the most cautious of Scotch trained philosophers. This man bid us

never make a public address without complete manuscript or copious notes, so that in case anyone, after we were through, were to be a captious critic we should be able to protect ourselves by calling attention to what we had or had not said. Our mentor was consistent, for even in casual and colloquial lectures of the class-room he was careful to use a large number of prophylactic phrases. He never left behind him an unqualifiedly definite and positive statement. He used many protective phrases. One of his favorite phrases was, "what might be called." He never spoke definitely of this, that or the other, but always alluded to it as "what might be called," this, that, or the other. An irreverent undergraduate who timed him through an entire lecture of thirty-five minutes declared that he used the phrase twenty-seven times and the story goes--although I suspect that this is apocryphal--that once in chapel when he was a trifle somnolent he cautiously asked the Lord to forgive us what might be called our trespasses.

In spite of this training, in spite of the warning I have had, I propose to speak to you without manuscript. I shall rely upon two things: first, upon your hospitality, which is well known; second, upon the fact that you will remember precious little I have said within a very short time after I have concluded.

There are three things which I am not going to elaborate this evening. First of all, I shall make no attempt by any ingenuity of argument to show that my ancestry can be connected in any way racially with yours. This must be as great a source of regret to you as it is of satisfaction to me. (Laughter.) This much is true, however, that I come of good French, Huguenot stock. It is, therefore, through theology that our ancestors have had some sort of connection. Yes, in the far past they have been united by a common faith in eternal punishment and infant damnation. So much we have in common. (Laughter.) But to push the matter any further would be to attempt retroactive measures in the matter of ancestry--an obviously futile undertaking. In the second place, I shall make no effort to show what remarkable contributions you have made to American civiliza-

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tion. I do this for two reasons: first, because I have not that grasp of historical facts which would enable me to speak of this without exposing myself to criticism; second, because you have been subjected to this sort of thing almost to a point where it might be a positive damage. (Laughter.) In the third place, gentlemen, I shall not sadden an otherwise joyous occasion by suggesting even for a moment what might have been the condition of this country if at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century prosperous economic conditions and religious toleration prevailed in the North of Ireland. It is too awful a thought. (Laughter.)

In passing I cannot refrain from a digression suggested by the allusion just now made to our theological affinity. There are friends of mine who are not at all familiar with human nature and have not had the advantage of academic pursuits in the more intricate studies of human psychology who are never able to understand the co-existence of predestination, and a hilarious and exhilarating type of life—in short of Presbyterianism and Pittsburgh. (Laughter.) The difficulty is at once cleared up if you realize that to people who sincerely hold and get great comfort from the doctrine of predestination and of eternal punishment, “a hot time in the old town to-night” is not in the nature of a debauch, it is merely a necessary hygienic precaution.

I advance, gentlemen, to the theme which I have chosen for the evening. What could be more appropriate in discoursing to men who trace their ancestry even remotely to Scotland, than some philosophic topic? For after all in spite of everything you may say you represent a noble philosophic tradition, however difficult it might be for any one to detect this from personal intercourse with you. (Laughter.) Nevertheless you do bring to us a magnificent philosophical tradition which in spite of some damage that was done to it in the North of Ireland persists as one of the greatest glories of your race. You stand for something. You stand for certain qualities of mind. You stand for a certain way of looking at human life. And that way of looking at human life is essentially the philosophy of individualism. There is a good old story of a revivalist in the

North of Scotland who was holding meetings in which something like emotion--so far as emotion ever appears among Caledonians--was being developed. People were actually expressing, under the impulse of the moment, interest in their souls. Some people were betraying a desire that something might be done in their behalf, but this was really unimportant emotional excitement and affected only those who had come from the Lowlands. The revivalist went on with considerable enthusiasm; finally having aroused a tidal wave of feeling from the standpoint of that cold and phlegmatic population, he asked all those who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Under the inspiration of the moment everybody but one very hard-headed Scotchman in a back seat got up. Whereupon the man in the pulpit said, "Brother, don't you want to go to heaven?" "Yes," said the man, "but I don't care to be personally conducted." (Laughter.) That seems to me, gentlemen, to strike the key note of your race. You do not care to be "personally conducted." You want to do your own thinking, or at least you cherish that delightful illusion. (Laughter.) You are independent, accomplishing personalities created by imitation and emulation of your ancestors who have been alluded to this evening, and who have been preserved in your memories. These people represented collectively that robust individualism which is the very foundation of our society, which has developed itself under our extraordinary civilization as nowhere else in the world, and which is the glory of certain strong, enterprising dominant gentlemen who believe that as a result of their own efforts and their remarkable capacity this country has been brought to the highest degree of prosperity that any nation in history has ever attained. (Laughter.)

This is a philosophy, a distinct way of looking at life; in spite of yourselves you are philosophers. I know there is a persistent prejudice against the academic philosopher. The philosopher is believed by the hard-headed, business man to be someone who detaches himself from life and is absorbed in books. No wonder your practical, accomplishing, capable man who brings things to pass in the world

scorns the philosopher. I belong to that small group of people who are tolerated in a patronizing sort of way, who are invited to address pragmatic folk at dinners and are favored in other pleasant, amiable ways. I am of the academic fraternity who are impracticable and are to be quoted only when we say the things that obviously are of value to your interests, but who are to be derided or at best deemed negligible, when our views happen not to correspond with some theory you have worked out and made so successful in practice. (Laughter.) You have a scorn of philosophy, yet I venture to say each one of you is a philosopher. Anyone who has any theory whatever of what he does, anyone who has any conception of what life means, anyone who acts upon any such theory, is a philosopher.

I would not for a moment flatter you. I do not mean to say you are very good philosophers—far from it. You are very bad philosophers. You make principles up as you go along and reconstruct your principles so they never interfere in the slightest with what you want to do. When you do something and someone suddenly asks you why you did it, it very likely dawns upon you that you do not know why you did it. You show gratifying intellectual agility in producing forthwith some more or less intelligible explanation; to that extent you are philosophers. But from the standpoint of a complete philosophy you leave much to be desired. You take great pride in being hard-headed. If there is any way in which to flatter a business man it is to call him "hard-headed." Usually his only soft spot is his vanity about his hard-headedness. (Laughter.) What is it to be hard-headed? To be hard-headed is to have a sort of cranium into which no one can interpolate a ready-made idea when you are not looking. (Applause.) To be hard-headed is to have one entrance to your mind, to be always on guard, to examine every intellectual package which is delivered, to see what its contents are before you accept it, to reject everything which does not fit into your purposes, to admit only those things which will play some harmonious part in your view of life. Thus such a man is a philosopher but his philosophy is fragmentary. He holds views of various kinds,

admits them at different times, and puts them away in compartments provided for the purpose. Why are you not for the most part distressed by a lot of philosophical problems? It is very plain. You have your minds divided up into thought-tight pigeon holes. In one you keep religion, in another science, in another mortality, in another business—and you never take anything out of two pigeon holes simultaneously. So you go through life with perfect serenity (applause), never disturbed for a moment by the reflection that your hat covers the most astounding assortment of motley, inconsistent, mutually destructive ideas that could possibly be assembled in any museum. (Laughter.) The true philosopher on the other hand has everything out on the table at once and makes an honest effort to think these things through, by selection and by organization, into some kind of unity. He tries to see life steadily and tries to see it whole. It is a ridiculous thing, you say, in a practical world, but nevertheless there are idealists. There are impracticable people who get great satisfaction out of just this kind of intellectual exercise.

You and I need not go into these abstract realms. Every man holds a philosophy of life. He may not be aware of it. He may never have thought it out clearly, but there it is implicit in his thought and conduct. There are popular philosophies of life; there are popular ways of thinking about human nature. No man can live with anything like satisfaction unless he sees what he does and what he is in some sort of relationship. I know you better than to believe that a great many of the things you say about yourselves are true. Many of you are so anxious not to seem sentimental, many of you are so determined to seem practical and hard and even cynical, that you will not admit that down underneath that shell of yours there is a sentiment and there is an idealism, that you have a philosophy and that that philosophy after all is what makes life worth living.

Let us review rapidly a few of the familiar popular philosophies which are embodied in figures of speech, in metaphors, and analogies. Life—you must have heard of it before—life is a great highway with milestones on it. A very good

figure. Some people trudge along in sorrow, in dissatisfaction. You wonder why they go at all, why they do not jump in the nearest stream. What is there in it for them? Yet they plod and stumble blindly on. They have heard that there is a city called Happiness yonder, beyond the next hill, and so they go on pitifully along the highway of life. Other people march briskly. They are well shod, vigorous, young. On they go to the city of Happiness, which is elusive, just a little farther than they expected, but they know it is there. Other people are mounted on good horses and go at a good pace. Every now and then we hear a "Honk, honk." Everybody jumps for the ditch as the favorites of fortune dash past leaving behind them, if not the odor of sanctity, at least that of half-burned gasoline. That is a good picture. You may translate it into homiletic material if you please. Our good friends from the pulpit will feel I am trespassing upon their territory when I point out how we are all stirred with hope and eagerness as we go along the road of life. But after all this is no longer a road in which every man goes for himself. It is the old individualistic philosophy which penetrates everything. These are days when we organize means of transportation. These are days when we work together to get on to the City of Happiness, when we organize railways, and all other means of transportation. The man who in this day depends upon his own feet for going about is seriously handicapped. These are days of collective activities, of comradeship and co-operation. These are days when we must work together as we go along the highway of life.

You are also aware that life is a stream. You know that in this stream you are expected to paddle your own canoe. What a beautiful figure it is! You know that under all circumstances you must row upstream, always against the current. There is moral value in it. It does not make any difference whether you want to go down stream. Always go against the stream. You need not row very hard. Thwart the current in some way. There used to be moral discipline in rowing against the stream. We all paddle our own canoes. Some are motor boats. Some spark well; others break

down and drift with the stream. A beautiful figure! But how utterly inappropriate to conditions in these days! Again the old individualistic philosophy. There was a time when in western rivers people paddled their own canoes. There was a time when in frontier life men were isolated. The necessity for co-operation was relatively slight. Then stress was laid upon the individual. He had to take care of himself. His splendid qualities of independence and initiative were undoubtedly those things which at that time needed emphasis. They have stirred our imaginations and appealed to us as splendid qualities of character. In these days when we go to sea we go to sea effectively only in great ships. These are days of organization. These are days of great crews. These are days when there must be co-operation, unity, loyalty to some great enterprise in which the individual, however energetic, however able, must make himself part of the common undertaking, must compel his energies to bear upon a common purpose to which all are loyal. Therefore if we are to translate life into the philosophy of navigation we must translate it into the philosophy of the great ocean liner, must join fine crews, be loyal to them, and make the best record we can.

Again life is a battle, and all have to fight. You get a general impression from the use of this figure that life is a kind of Irish fair where you hit every head you see. Again the too narrowly individualistic idealism. You want to charge into life's battle armed with your own trusty sword. Most of this imagery comes from the mediæval period and from the Bible. We put on armor, gird our loins, take a sword in the right hand and fight the battle of life. The old individualism again. There was a time when men fought individually. These are days when we join great organizations and form regiments, battalions, armies. There is marching shoulder to shoulder. These are days when if you are going to translate philosophy into the battle of life, you must re-translate it into battle under modern conditions. These are days of organization, comradeship, common loyalty.

Once more life is a drama—with a very poor stage manager. The parts are not at all appropriately assigned; the great

roles are very unintelligently assigned. Some of us are in the search light most of the time. Other people come in and say, "My Lord, the carriage waits." Others have walking parts. A good many are merely among the members of the chorus. This is a good figure, if you please, but these are no longer days when the drama is mere vaudeville. It is not made up of individual stunts. The true drama is an organized unity in which every character fits into every other in order to make an effective whole. Again for homiletic purposes you can urge people to play upon the stage of life with fidelity whether there are "stars" or the humblest members of the chorus. Let them remember that the drama can be effective and unified only as each one plays his part and plays with loyalty to the common purpose.

So too life is a university. You hear a great deal about the University of Hard Knocks. No doubt gentlemen are here this evening who take satisfaction in the fact that they have been graduated from that severe Alma Mater. Far be it from me, because of a certain academic prejudice which I may entertain, to deny that the university of life has turned out some extremely effective graduates. It is an unsettling thing to those engaged in ordinary academic pursuits, that this competing university should be able to do as good work as it does. The University of Life is admirable in many ways, although the course of instruction is not systematic and the faculty have been chosen without any particular regard to the ordinary standards which apply to the professions. There can be no doubt there is a great deal of valuable education to be derived in this large, rough and tumble institution. But again it is not that education in the University of Life which is individual that counts. It is the instruction in the University of Life which comes from good comradeship, from co-operation, from working together, from team-play and organization. These things are characteristic of the University of Life to-day when it is doing its most effective educational work.

There is another figure we may dwell upon for a few moments. Life is a game. But it is not a lottery. This is a vital distinction. Unless there is some connection between

individual ability and the rewards of the game life ceases to have meaning and a goal. If there is no causal relation between a man's capacity, endeavor, contributions and the rewards which he receives, then indeed our whole society totters and disintegrates. It is a game, not a lottery. To be sure, the game is not so very well played. The judges are often prejudiced if not incompetent. The handicapping is sometimes abominable. The most capable people are given the longest start and the weakest, short-winded runners put on the scratch. Oftentimes the prizes dealt out at the end are not what they were supposed to be. There is a great deal of favoritism. In spite of all that, life is a game in which there is a connection between individual capacity and ability and the rewards which are dealt out.

In the game of life there are two types, the sportsman and the "sport." It is of first importance to distinguish between them. It makes a very great difference whether you play the game like a sport or play it like a sportsman. What are the distinctions after all between the sportsman and the sport? They are easily discovered. Before the game is played you can tell the one from the other, because a sportsman never boasts about what he is going to do, never tells you the extraordinary things he is going to accomplish, but always with modesty expresses the hope that the best man will win. Not so the sport. Before the game is played Heaven resounds with his loud boasting. He is going to annihilate the other side. He is going to "wipe up the earth" with his opponent.

When the game is over and the game has been lost you can tell the sportsman from the sport, for the good sportsman takes the loss like a gentleman. He has no complaints to make. He does not whine. He never plays the "baby act." He extends the hand of congratulation to the victor and carries himself with self-respect and with dignity, having pride in his qualities as a good gentleman and a good sportsman and a good loser. Not so the sport. When he has been defeated again Heaven resounds with his exclamations and his wailings. He has been robbed by the umpire. He has been the victim of all kinds of chicanery. He was not feeling well, he could not give the best possible account of himself,

and he apologizes and explains and shows his "yellow streak" when he has been beaten. (Applause.) When the game has been won you can tell the sportsman from the sport. The sportsman wants to win. He is not so sensitively attuned to human sympathy that he wants the other side to win just because he cannot endure the pain of their suffering. No, he is no "mollycoddle." The sportsman wants to win; he is keen to win; when he has won he is glad of it, but he never "rubs it into" the other side. He has dignity and self-control and he respects himself too much and he has too much regard for others to vaunt himself when he has been victorious. Not so the sport. How he rejoices in victory! How he gloats over those who have been defeated! What joy he takes in their humiliation! When the game has been lost you can tell the sportsman from the sport.

When the game is on you can tell the sportsman from the sport. The sportsman always plays not only within the letter but within the spirit of the rules. He is scrupulously cautious to do nothing that might be misinterpreted, to do nothing that could be in the slightest degree regarded as unfair to an opponent. I know a good American tennis player, champion for years. Whenever he got a close decision in a match, whenever the judge gave him a very close line decision this fellow always gave the next point to his opponent. This it seems to me is the very essence of good sportsmanship. There might be a doubt. Rather than take advantage of that close decision he would present his opponent with a point. He scorned a victory shadowed by the slightest cloud of unfairness. A good sportsman plays not only within the letter of the rules, he plays within the spirit of the rules. His self-respect will let him do no other thing. Not so the sport. If he can win fairly he is willing to, but not very keen about it. But to win by some cunning scheme, by deception of the umpire, by some devious process, gives him joy. Win by hook or crook, that is the ambition and aim and passion of the sport.

There is another good way in which you can tell the sportsman from the sport. The sportsman plays for the team; the sport plays for himself. Here we have again the dis-

tinction between the old individualism and the new collective comradeship which is growing in our time. A good sportsman makes the "sacrifice hit" while the sport makes the "grand stand play." You can always tell the sportsman from the sport by the devotion of the former to the welfare of the team, his utter self-abnegation, his desire at all hazards to make himself count most for collective purposes. Again, in playing the game there is a joy and enthusiasm that no one but a true sportsman can fully understand. I hope you are able to do your duty. You have a reputation in the community, how well deserved you yourselves in your inner hearts only know, for being conscientious and high-minded. This means that you are able to hold yourselves to your duty. I hope you are able to do your duty in an emergency, but I also hope you do not have to do it very often. I cannot imagine anything more dreary than doing one's duty constantly. To be a lawyer from a sense of duty, however difficult it seems for a lay mind to conceive that situation, may be on the whole an admirable thing, but you know that if you practice law with the real professional spirit, you lose yourself in the joy of it, in the sense of efficiency, the sense of keen zest for the element of the game that enters into it. All these things give a fine exhilaration and joy. I pity the business man who does business solely from a sense of duty. What a dreary thing it must be! So I pity the college professor who is a college professor from a sense of duty. Unless he has joy in it, unless it seems to him one of the most important things of life, unless the comradeship with young men is to him a source of inspiration and exhilaration, unless he feels this spirit and is swept away by it, he has no business to be a college professor and ought to get some other job. The men who enjoy themselves in life are the men that lose themselves in the thing they do, carried away by enthusiasm and loyalty for it. (Applause.)

What does it mean, your being here to-night? Do you come here simply because you get a good dinner (and a capital dinner it is)? No. In reality you must admit it, although you may be sheepish about it; your being here

symbolizes this very sense of comradeship, this loyalty to a fine tradition. You get satisfaction and joy out of the thrill which comes as you look back upon the heritage of race and achievement which has been brought down to you, which you cherish, which you pass on to those who are to succeed you. Is all this sentimentality? No, it is the very essence of life. It is a fine feeling that makes life worth living. To always get the true horizon, to be truly effective, calls for science, but nevertheless fine feeling in itself is one of the great joys of life. Until men make love by logic, until they cherish their children from calculation, until policy spells patriotism, sentiment will bind men together and may inspire them to noble purpose. Sentiment is a fine thing and the sentiment of being carried away by comradeship and loyalty is one of the greatest joys which man can know. Playing the game is a fine philosophy. It is a good, red-blooded, virile philosophy. It stirs the pulses of every man, especially every man who has good Scotch-Irish blood in him. It is a game your ancestors played. If they were alive now they would be playing that sort of game. You cannot translate your life into the terms of the isolated frontier. You cannot any longer go into the wilderness and lead a great people into the possession of a continent, but if your ancestors were here to-day they would not respond so eagerly to the philosophy of the frontier and its intense individualism. They would respond keenly and warmly and enthusiastically to the philosophy of the game, the philosophy of team work, the philosophy of good sportsmanship and the joy which comes to those who play the game on the high ground of good and loyal comradeship.

It is a philosophy that is so easily translated into life to-day that I will not bore you by "elaboration of the obvious." We have it in politics to-day, in spite of the somewhat despondent remarks of our president. I could tell of good men who are playing the game of politics like good sportsmen and playing it on a high plane—but we need a lot more. We want more men who conceive politics not only as a thing to which you devote yourself with a sense of duty. Politics is a fine thing to join men in a great under-

taking, to give them a sense of loyalty, to give them a sense of common efficiency as they undertake a collective task. We need more sportsmen, and we need to drive out of politics the "sports" who are a source of danger, the sports who play for all there is in it, the sports who do not care for rules, the sports who cheat the umpire, the sports whose only thought is to get the results and prizes of the game, and who have no respect for themselves and no respect for the higher laws and prizes of good sportsmanship. (Applause.) In commerce and industry we have high-minded sportsmen who are playing the game of business. What an exhilarating game it is! No wonder men enjoy the game of business. We are proud of our great captains of industry and others who play the game like good sportsmen and play it for the exhilaration which it gives them and play it fundamentally for the team play of the Nation, for the welfare of all of us. We need in business more men of that kind. And want to drive out of business men who play the game of business like sports and not like sportsmen.

So in every department of life we need men who hold the philosophy of the game, the philosophy of good sportsmanship. I congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the cherishing of this loyalty to your ancestors. I congratulate you upon the virile ideals of the old individualism which they have handed down to you. I congratulate you upon the opportunity of translating the virility of the old individualism into the team play and loyalty to the community and common public service of to-day. The same qualities of steadfastness, the same qualities of independent thinking, the same courage, the same manly qualities that made your ancestors what they were at that stage in the development of our civilization, will stand you in good stead as you play the game under new conditions, a game in which team play is emphasized more than individual ability, a game in which subordination and comradeship are essential if there is to be true success.

I congratulate you upon perpetuating a society which must be a source of joy to you in your social intercourse, but which, if it is to have true meaning, must be a source of

idealism and inspiration. A gathering like this should send everyone of you away with a resolution to translate this seemingly evanescent enthusiasm into terms of service, into terms of personal life, into terms of wider community loyalty. Your society can serve the purpose that that public school in England served which is described in the verses of John Newbold, an English barrister, who sets forth what playing the game means in English life. His verses seem to me so admirably to sum up what I have in mind that I want to repeat them in conclusion:—

“There’s a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win,
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it is not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season’s fame,
 But his Captain’s hand on his shoulder smote:
 ‘Play up! play up! and play the game!’”

“The sand of the desert is sodden red—
 Red with the wreck of the square that broke;
 The gatting’s jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of Death has brimmed its banks,
 And England’s far and Honor a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 ‘Play up! play up! and play the game!’”

“This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind—
 ‘Play up! play up! and play the game!’”

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—Did I not give you fair warning that we had provided for your entertainment a flow of soul which would surely be on tap? The stream has fairly started, and the next instalment will be delivered to us, to our very great

pleasure, by Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, Secretary of the Board of Ministerial Education of the Presbyterian Church. I have great pleasure in introducing Dr. Cochran.

DR. JOSEPH WILSON COCHRAN:—

If I were disposed to question the wisdom of the Program Committee I should charge a deliberate attempt to produce an anti-climax. An Irishman on being told that the last car of the train was the most dangerous, remarked, "Why don't they take it off then?" I greatly fear, lest, being a preacher, this place on the program will compel me to collide with the eternal fitness of things. But as those who have left are evidently simon-pure Scotch-Irish, as evidenced by their retiring disposition, I am comforted in the reflection that I shall have the freedom of my ignorance within the brief compass of the remaining time. A friend from New York, to whom I had confided the gracious honor accorded me this evening, asked "Will it be a real speech, or only a collection of stories?" I replied that it was one of the duties of the Scotch-Irish Society to furnish good stories for speakers at the Holland and New England Societies of Manhattan.

The loyal sons of the Puritans and the Knickerbockers have troubles of their own at their annual banquets. They must stand with one foot firmly planted on Plymouth Rock and the other upon the Aurora Borealis, or the Day of Judgment, with the always imminent danger of short circuiting the universe. The Scotch-Irishman, however, with the shrinking modesty of the violet simply goes away back and sits down in the Garden of Eden for an explanation of his origin and destiny. We do not claim to have discovered America, that being a mere detail in the vast chain of events beginning with the founding of Presbyterianism when Adam first saw Eve in her arboreal troussseau and became a United Presbyterian, and then again when he failed in the fruit industry and became a Cumber-land Presbyterian.

But in all his subsequent wanderings the Sctoch-Irishman never acquired the touch of true greatness until he was lured

to these shores by fair promises, dubbed an undesirable citizen on arrival by the nestlings in the Cradle of Liberty, and found sufficient provocation to really tear things wide open. It was the third time he had received an official slap in the face. Little wonder he rose up and did things the like of which had never been seen in the world's history.

Even since reaching this country we have been in hot water. The original inhabitants have even objected to our name. They shudder to think of a hyphenated creature. They call loudly for real Americans. However, the only non-hyphenated American we know of is the poor Indian. A hyphen simply means two good men rolled into one, as in the case of our distinguished fellow-townsman. Bishop-coadjutor Mackay-Smith. When he was a rector in Washington a lady asked one of his members what exactly was his real name. "Oh," said the lady, "don't you know? It is Mackay-Smith. The names are connected by a syphon."

Whether we connect with a syphon or a hyphen I think we can bear with becoming fortitude the soft impeachment. Blood is thicker than water, and the only blood that needs to be forgotten is the blood with a taint in it. Those hyphenated Babylonians could not forget, and it was the spirit of the prophet rather than of the historian that broke forth in that tragic lament, gathering up the passionate devotion of Israel to those ineradicable aspirations that had been wrought into the very fibre of their hearts: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

If the Scotch-Irishman is a composite, remember it is a blend and not an agglomeration. That process, bringing into one the sternness of the Scotch covenanter, the vivacity of the Irish and the dash of grace contributed by the French Huguenots, was not a cold metal welding. The vicissitudes of generations of struggle and persecution conspired to produce a type perhaps the most pronounced and sharply outlined in ethnology.

The Scotch-Irish have been accused of a certain sullen refusal to exploit themselves in the pages of history. But

long years ago we resigned the Chair of Elocution to the Yankee. It has been said that whenever a Yankee baby is old enough to sit up it at once proceeds to call the nursery to order and address the house. It may be that we have seen such horrible examples of racial volubility that we have cherished the more heartily the now almost antedated habit of minding our own business. New England has written our school histories with scant recognition of the part played by our ancestors in the stirring events preceding the establishment of the Republic. All the Revolutionary plums were quickly knocked off the genealogical tree by Pilgrim pens and Purtian imaginations, and the Scotch-Irish have been left historically about in the position of the old lady who was on her way to Sterling Castle. She had intended going up by the Doon and Callender branch, the little "jerk water railway" leading to the castle. At the main line junction the guard threw open the door of the compartment and shouted, "Any one here for Doon and Callender?" Receiving no response he slammed the door to and the train went on. Twenty miles beyond the old lady allowed an expansive smile to spread athwart her face, and nudging the ribs of her seat-mate remarked, "A'm fer Doon and Callender, but I wouldna' tell the likes of hem.".

Ex-President Eliot in preparing his "Five Great Racial Contributions to American History" ignores the contribution of the Scotch-Irish. But, poor man, he admits it later on, confessing his ignorance due, as he says, to provincialism. Then we are treated to the spectacle of a Philadelphia historian deliberately consigning his history of Pennsylvania to the waste-basket by his evidently malicious attempt to rob the Scotch-Irish of their rightful place in the upbuilding of this commonwealth. Ah, but wasn't it a brave fight when one of the distinguished members of this Society quaffed the blood of the false history maker out of the skulls of heroes dug from King's Mountain and the Cowpens!

We have been told that the Scotch-Irish are unschooled in the gentler arts of literary and artistic production, scantily endowed with the appreciation of the beautiful and graceful. Ah, the more deeply interested they in the vital concerns of

living. The sterner facts of life cut deep channels through their souls, draining them of those elements that produced soft and spongy characters. Rentals, tithes and petty persecutions operated to exile them across seas to the shores of the New World. Several hundred years of struggle with the forces of labor, government and the Church had made them men to be reckoned with wherever red blood was flowing into the channels of trade, or into the laws of a nation, or into the ordinances of worship.

We can see, therefore, the more plainly why the Scotch-Irish have been history makers rather than history writers. Their philosophy of life crystallized swiftly in achievement. They were not men of meditation but of action. Life to them was not lotus eating. The grain of character did not split easily, but was gnarled and tense with the stern realities of time and eternity. The only drama they attended was the tragedy of this mortal life. The only poetry they read was the epic written out of the gray matter of their brains and the red corpuscles of their blood. The only imagination they used was that which foresaw before them giant tasks, heavy sorrows. Their wisdom was the fear of the Lord.

Your Scotch-Irishman in the early days recked little of kings' palaces and cared naught for soft raiment and polished manners. Oatmeal, fresh air and the Bible combined to filter the iron of steady resolve and infinite faith into his arteries, giving him a hard fist, a cool head, a hot heart and an unconquerable soul.

While you have been treated to brilliant and informing papers and addresses dealing with the influence of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, Ohio, the Virginias and Carolinas, I have not been able to find any tributes paid by this Society to those Ulster pilgrims who sought asylum in the New England settlements in 1718. Their reception was lamentably different from that accorded our ancestors who entered the ports further south. Recent historical researches have traced the influence of the Rev. Cotton Mather and others upon this earliest exodus. Mather appears to have violated the judgment of his neighbors who generally viewed this movement with sullen, suspicion and ill-concealed alarm. A.

prominent Pilgrim writing to Governor Winthrop expresses the fear that the whole north of Ireland will be over in a short time and he hopes "their coming shall not prove fatall in the end." Cotton Mather exclaims, "May much be done for the Kingdom of God in these parts by this transportation." But Governor Winthrop's correspondent cries, "I should be glad you would send my gunn down. These confounded Irish will eat us all up, provisions being most extravagantly dear and scarce." He admits that they are not servants but men of estates, and "have come over hither for no other reason but upon encouragement sent from hence that they should have so many acres of land given them gratis to settle our frontiers as a barrier against the Indians."

The magnanimity of such a proposal must have struck our forbears with grateful admiration. Land for nothing after they had cleared it of timber, rocks and savages! They were the chosen of God to be the human barrier twixt the blood-thirsty Indian and the peace-loving Puritan. Oh, Boston, Boston, truly not a locality even then, but a state of mind and such a state as to insist that the Scotch-Irish, unless they sought the wilderness, must needs be deported to their native heath.

But why should any one expect Plymouth Rock to grow soft green moss for the sons of Erin even though of the same faith? Most of them for the third time in their history accepted the lot of Ishmael. But there were a few who had the hardihood to remain in the City of the Pilgrims' Pride. They organized in 1727 "the Church of Presbyterian Strangers." In Worcester their church was torn down by the children of the Mayflower.

When they began to form the long thin line of frontiersmen, stretching from the main coast westward through New Hampshire, thence south-westerly from western Massachusetts into New York, thence through Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, we cannot doubt they were God's predestined people for the moving westward of the course of empire. More than forest levelers and Indian fighters were they, for by one of those mysterious beckonings of Providence they had already taken possession of the territory beyond the Thirteen Original States

and thus made possible the vast chain of pregnant events issuing from the greatest *coup d'état* of American statesmanship, the Louisiana Purchase. Had their nerve failed them the union of states, stretching from sea to sea and from the lakes to the gulf, all under the starry folds of one banner, would never have become, as it is to-day, the asylum of earth's oppressed and the guarantee of the world's peace.

They paved the way for our diplomat at the Court of Napoleon. "Louisiana was added to the United States" asserts Ex-President Roosevelt, "because the hardy backwoods settlers had swarmed into the valleys of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio by hundreds of thousands. It is doubtful," he remarks, "if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by the stern, virile people, the Irish whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin."

Just before the battle of Yorktown, Washington was approached by a friend who said: "But, General, we are lost if you are defeated here." "No," replied Washington, "I should make for the mountains and fight it out with the Scotch-Irish."

While standing before this broad expanse of carefully laundered bosoms I wondered how those homespun, raw-boned forbears of ours, if they could be looking down upon this festive occasion, would regard our sophisticated memorializing of their homely virtues. Are there sardonic smiles upon their homely faces as they listen to these belated appreciations of their services to country and to God? No, surrounded though we be by creature comforts to which they were strangers, I believe we can justify ourselves. We are here in behalf of a cause that means more than bidding defiance to our digestions and emphasizing the far cry from potatoes to terrapin, or, if you please, from mountain dew to apollinaris water; not for the purpose of wreathing literary chaplets for mouldering tombstones in country graveyards are we met. We are justified in the language of the ugly little Irishman quarreling with Dr. Hutton, the Dutch preacher of New York. The son of Erin had expressed regret

that he had ever left the auld sod. "Then why did you ever come over?" asked the angry Doctor. "Why shure, to improve the breed, Sor!" This, gentlemen, is our justification, and if there ever was a people that began and continued to improve the breed of American citizenship, a people that cut deeper into the history of our past two hundred years, a people that hewed better stone and mixed better mortar for the foundations of this Republic, a people that gave more and better blood and brain and brawn to the shaping of the ideals of their adopted country, let such people now speak, or henceforth forever hold their peace.

What is the meaning of it all to us Calvinists? Why do we behold the gradual relinquishment of a hemisphere by successive European powers? Though permitted to discover and people this continent, the sons of the Old World tyrannies were not given ownership. From all eternity it was ordained to be free, and as those powers stretched their hands across the blue Atlantic, God struck away their sceptres, palsied their arms and gave them confusion of tongues. While adventurers, pirates and buccaneers were allowed the glory of discovery and the ephemeral joys of plunder, they could not bequeath this golden land to their posterity. This cradle of freedom had been preserved for those whose passion it was, for those whose spirits had been kindled with Reformation flame, who hated the rack and thumb-screw, who would fight for breath and life and home and God against every form of oppression, and who knew that

"Once reach the roof,
Break through and there is the sky above."

On "Fame's eternal bede roll" shine the illustrious Scotch-Irish names of Stark, Knox, Thornton, and Wilson in our Revolutionary history; Greeley and Halsted and Motley among our writers; Morse and Fulton and McCormick among our inventors; Jackson and Polk, Buchanan and Lincoln, Grant and McKinley among our Presidents. And for Presidential timber retrospective and prospective we might name James G. Blaine and Woodrow Wilson.

Coming down to our own Keystone history, it is a satisfaction to recall the names of Justices McKean, Gibson and Black; Governors Curtin, Geary, Johnston, Pollock, Patterson and Stuart. Henry Cabot Lodge in the early nineties examined the biographies of over fourteen thousand distinguished Americans, finding that, while the English, German and Huguenots fall off in their percentage of ability to population, the Scotch-Irish are the only race whose percentage of exceptional ability exceeds the percentage of population.

But let us never forget the unnamed and unsung heroes who played their unacknowledged part in the building of a highway into the unmeasured heritage of the present. The secret of it all, the one word summing up every other quality, the mystic lure beckoning them on to fresh conquests over the savage forces of nature and of savager men, as the pillar of cloud and of fire leading on the children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land? What was it but that "substance of things hoped for, that evidence of things not seen" which we call faith—faith in God, faith in themselves, faith in the common task?

Let one illustration suffice. It is the Scotch-Irish community of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo in western Pennsylvania, in the days of the Revolution. Pastor Smith's salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum has not been paid for several years. There is plenty of wheat to be had, but no coin. The nearest market is New Orleans, two thousand miles away. Twelve miles down the river is a miller, but how is the flour to be marketed? At the church meeting aged Elder Smiley rises and says, "I will go." The flour is milled and placed on board a great scow. The day for embarking has arrived. After solemn services, to which flock people from all sections of the countryside, Elder Smiley steps on board with two strong helpers, and cuts loose for the long journey of two thousand miles. For nine long months tidings are awaited from the voyagers, but one Sabbath morning, in his accustomed place under the pulpit, sits Elder Smiley. He and his companions had reached the mouth of the Mississippi in safety, marketed their flour and

walked the entire distance home carrying a large bag of gold. The pastor's arrears of salary are paid and a handsome balance left in the treasury.

“ ‘Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;

* * * * *

“ In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life’s unalterable good;
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation.”

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN the next course of the entertainment will be laid before us by Professor Francis Harvey Green, of West Chester.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS HARVEY GREEN:—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN:—What shall he do that cometh after the kings? The rapid flow of the pedagogue and the earnest praising of the minister have been followed by you with interest and delight, and there is seemingly no necessity for additional words here to-night. I hope, however, that you will not feel in regard to what I say as did the young man who at the close of a church service remained in the back part of the room. The pastor of the congregation, desirous of having a meeting of the church officials at the close of the services, made, amongst other announcements, a statement that he would like to have the Board remain. Having preached his sermon and the gathering having made its exit, a lone fellow remained and was approached by the preacher who said to him, “My friend, we are pleased to have you worship with us this morning; but I do not understand why you are staying here.” “Why,

Dean Swift; without being stirred by the oratory of the greatest master of metaphor that the world has ever known, Edmund Burke; without being aroused by the dramatic utterances of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. We cannot give attention to these great spirits, however, here and now. There are two elements in the Scotch-Irish character about which I want to speak hastily, and it will be wise for me to do so at once or you may feel that my talk is like the Irishman's gooseberry pie, in regard to which you may remember he said, "If a gooseberry pie with a few apples in it is good, what would a gooseberry pie made entirely of apples be like?" I must give up many of the points to which I should like to hold, but in one sense I am like the long, lank, lean woman, who was about to be received into church and was asked the usual question as to whether she would renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil. She replied, "I am quite willing to give up the world, because I have never had much pleasure in it any way, and in so far as the devil is concerned, of course I am coming into the church to get rid of him; but I be hanged if you ask me to give up my flesh, I won't do it, because my clothes won't fit me if I do." (Laughter). So I cling to a few of my main ideas and trust that in my presentation of them, I shall not be in the sorry predicament in which an Irish minister was. He was about to conduct his first marriage ceremony and thought it would be a clever idea to speak the words without any reference to his manual. So he studied the phraseology until he believed he knew it perfectly. When the time came for the wedding and the bride and groom were before him, he was so embarrassed that his memory failed him utterly and he could not remember a single word of the marriage vows. He knew not what to do in his despair, but finally resorted to the first Bible passage that came into his mind and exclaimed, as the couple stood in waiting "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Laughter).

It is impressive to observe the tenacity, determination, perseverance and shrewdness of the Scotch; the dash, the spirit, the fire, the kindliness, the approachableness, and the cleverness of the Irish. An interesting story is told that an

Irishman was once passing through a Scotch cemetery. Over the grave of a Scotchman a tomb-stone had been erected, bearing the name of the deceased Scotchman and beneath it the statement "I still live." Pat looked at it and on reading it exclaimed, "Begorra, it seems to me if I were dead, I'd own up to it." (Laughter and applause). I want you to think with me of the goodness and gladness of the Irish and the gladness and goodness of the Scotch, for I would contend that in the Scotch-Irish genuine goodness and glorious gladness admirably intermingle. These are pre-eminently desirable qualities in any and every life.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Stability and nobility of character have long been recognized as virtues distinctly peculiar to the Scotch-Irish. Their strength of character and real genuiness have made them an effective force for righteousness, wherever they have figured. Such qualities are things which this weary old world needs. Wise are we, if we are up-right, down-right, in-right, out-right and all-right in character. Permanence and progress of our nation depend upon the existence of real virtue in the hearts of our people. Character is that which most truly counts in the end. While Bacon announces that knowledge is power, we may better still claim that character is power. (Applause). Character cannot be hidden. People may put Joseph into the pit, but he'll shine out over all Egypt; they may put Daniel into prison, but all Babylon will bless the brighter and better days; they may put Paul into prison, but it will be high noon over the Roman Empire; they may put John into prison, but the *Ægean* Isles will kindle with a glory which is indescribable; they may put John Bunyan into the midst of Bedford jail, but he will seize his inspired pen and write the immortal story of "Pilgrams' Progress," and the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols. (Applause). Notwithstanding the desirability of righteousness, there are still many Scotch-Irish as well as other

mixtures of the blood that are in the condition of a little boy who was tormenting his sister. In his teasing spirit, he said, "Aha, young lady, you belong to the wrong crowd. You are a little girl and after while you will get to be a woman. Do you know what the Bible says about woman? It was a woman that had seven devils cast out of her. You never heard that about a boy or a man." "No," said she; "they are still in him." (Laughter). That story often cited in pedagogical circles is likewise a good illustration of the condition of some people. It was in the days of object lessons—the anxious pedagogue, desirous of being helpful to the young hopefulls before her, thought, in order to discover their tendencies and inclinations toward business or professional life, represented them as eggs in a nest. She asked the one at the head of the class what he would like to hatch out and be. He answered, "A preacher," which was very commendable. The next replied, "A teacher," which was almost as commendable. The next, "a lawyer," the next, "a doctor," the next, "a farmer," the next, "a mechanic," and so down the row they expressed their desires until she came to the one at the tail of the class, a proper place for the little rascal to be, when she said, "Johnnie, what are you going to hatch out and be?" He replied, "I ain't a-goin' to hatch, I'm a bad egg." (Laughter).

"So should we live that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every word and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need."

Well for us is it if we bear in mind and obey Scott's dying injunction when he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here." The fervor and devotion of the Scotch-Irish character have meant much in the make-up of American civilization. It may well be borne in mind that the individual or the community of such stripe makes for righteousness. We cannot estimate

the influence exerted by single souls of fine fiber and strong spirit.

It is to be noted that in a strong and impressive character greatness needs to intermingle with goodness. The community and commonwealth and country has no need of whiners. A Garden of Gethsemane may come into every life, but thank God, there is an angel in every Garden of Gethsemane. We may well

“Look forward cheerily,
Hope to the last;
Wouldst thou live drearily?
Cling to the past.”

The inscription on a sun-dial is most suggestive and sensible:—

“I record only the sunny hours.”

What a philosopher that fellow was who, being wrecked on a ship largely laden with soap, washed himself ashore! Recall Riley's inquiry:—

“Is there anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?”

But I must not weary your patience further. Unless I soon conclude, there may be appropriate the remark of the porter to Bob Burdette on a certain occasion. The latter tells us that one time after lecturing in a little town, at whose station an express train occasionally stopped, and for whose stopping on that particular evening he had some hope, he got the porter to carry his grip down to the depot, there, with him, to await the coming of the express. As in patience they stood together conversing, the train turned a corner and went whizzing by. The humorist says he turned to the porter and said, “Well, she didn't stop, did she?” “No, sir,” said he, “she didn't even hesitate.” Allow me at this time to remark that in much of the best humor there is a tenderness which brings a mist to the eyes. The Irish element in your nature is required to make you tender-hearted. Beecher was right when he said, “Tears and laughter are

twins sleeping in the cradle, when one wakes and stirs, the other wakes also."

The time for us to manifest these two elements that I have pointed out as peculiar to the Scotch-Irish, goodness and gladness, is *now*. It is the usual and best time to do a thing anyway. "Now is the only bird that lays golden eggs."

"Ne'er hath been for men or angels
That which is; and that which is, hath ceased to be
E'er we have breathed it, and its place
Is lost in the eternity."

I am no fertile framer of an imaginary republic, to modify the language of Edmund Burke; I can not portray for you the glories of a Plato's "Republic" or a Harrington's "Oceana," or a Bacon's "New Atlantis," or a Moore's "Utopia," or a Bellamy's "Looking Backward"; but I see splendid things in the future for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the country over, when these two qualities, that I hold are characteristic of the Scotch-Irish, make themselves everywhere manifest. Let us all cultivate them and we may come down to the close of life with that calm and quietness peculiar to us as suggested in Tennyson's "Swan Song":—

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam;
When that which came from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

As I thank you for your courtesy to me, let me express in regard to you the Irishman's wish—"May you live forever and die happy," and pronounce upon you Pat Murphy's benediction:—

"May the world bless you,
And the devils miss you,
And the angels kiss you with their wings while you sleep."

(Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN, we have now reached the final course in this entertainment, and I am sure you will all agree with me in saying that it has been complete and satisfactory, and the last course in this entertainment, which is the real spirit and the real life of these dinners, will be presented to us by one of the lawyers of whom Dr. Vincent spoke, one who practices law not from a sense of duty but from the pure joy of it. I present

WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER, Esq.:—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—The tendency of all mankind is to be fooled by sounds and by the names of things, not to look beyond the pleasing veil of attractive names or formulas to see what the real thing is which is behind.

The race of men to which we belong is more singularly free from this defect than any other clan which ever lived. The stern-faced, square-jawed, gray-eyed, sinewy-bodied, high-purposed Scotch-Irishman has always had a faculty of examining propositions, tearing them to pieces, exposing their weakness and seeing them exactly as they are.

I suppose no man knows just who the Scotch-Irishman is. That he was a distinct type is manifest; that he evolved from men who had cultivated self-reliance, high courage, clear minds and a cohesive, clannish, almost tribal feeling and brotherhood, with a desire for knowledge and fixed habits

of industry is beyond dispute. I know that it cannot be demonstrated; and yet it has often seemed to me that it might be hazarded that he possibly is the blending of the Northmen and the adventurous spirits who at the break up of the Roman Empire plunged into the wilderness and went North and still farther North until Sweden and Norway and Scotland and Northern Ireland marked the limits beyond which they could not go, carrying with them traditions of knowledge and a desire to learn, faint remembrances of a higher civilization and a protest against the trammels of convention, and that in the North they met the daughters of the Viking and the Northmen, of the sun-crowned men who dared the wave and the forest and the gloom of the Arctic night and crossed and brought forth the race, the tincture of whose blood runs through all of us.

They thrust their heads above the concourse of other men when all Europe was enslaved, because it seems to me that the reader of philosophic history to-day must conclude that the protest of the Middle Ages, the protest of all England, Scotland and Protestant Ireland against James the Second, the rise of Holland against Spain, the endeavor of Protestant France to assert itself, the struggle in Italy and the swing of the Reformation in Germany was the protest of men against being regulated and the desire of strong characters to initiate things on their own account. All the civilization of the Middle Ages was a regulatory civilization, it was a prescribing of conduct according to rule, it was the limitation of the initiative of everyone, it was the bringing of man down to a formula, and the protest was necessarily a protest along religious lines, because all the world at that time was dominated by religious thought and held in leash by religious control.

The men who marched out from Enniskillen, who did not wait until the enemy advanced to the attack, the grim, stern-visaged, almost primal representatives of the race to which we belong who raised the gallows on Londonderry's wall and threatened to hang every captive in the face of the Army of James the Second, if that Army, outside the walls, attempted to carry out its threat to starve to death its cap-

tives, within sight of the besieged, represented and typified the protest of the age, men who had made up their minds that their initiative should not be trammelled, the men who were the fathers of the doers of things in the years since and in the years to come.

No man can look into the town of Moville on Ireland's northern point, stand under the ruined walls of Green Castle or look down into Londonderry's harbor and conjure up that great hive of men and women who swarmed from thence to here to tame two wildernesses, one in these United States and the other in Canada, without realizing that more than any other race of men upon the earth, these men have accomplished in the last two hundred years. They accomplished, it seems to me, not because they were always right, but because they were always brave and strong. The supreme attribute for success is not brains but courage.

Why is it that the Scotch-Irish contractor, who could not run a level or a line, built the roads, dug the canals, and built the railroads and made the money from the undertakings rather than the civil engineer, who exceeded him in ability a hundred fold? Was it because the one man possessed the courage to do and to dare which the other did not have, and was that the thing which he owed to an ancestry which always has been willing to do and to dare and which has made the Scotch-Irishman distinctive above all other men in every land and clime as a formulater and achiever?

These past one hundred years have been the most wonderful in all recorded time. It seems to me that all modern thought at least English-speaking thought dates from about 1680 and the coming of William of Orange. Certain it is that the trial of the seven Bishops and the coming upon the scene of John Somers marks the modern lawyer and the modern concept of justice judicially administered, and the time, the beginning of the idea that trade, culture and peace are the things to be sought after rather than war and spoils and slaughter and death.

It took mankind another hundred years to prepare for the hundred years which are closing, to think out the problem

of steam, and great ships and steam boats, the canal and railroads and electricity; to give him the hope to dare and the courage to execute beyond the confines of his immediate vicinity, to make him know the trackless deserts were his to subdue, mountains his to climb, oceans his to cross, great cities his to build, space and time his to annihilate, famine and disease his to conquer, and our race led in all these things, because we were the doers of them.

When the epic of this continent shall come to be written by the poet of some distant age, its heroes will be no warriors and its theme the conquest of no other people on the field of war, but he will pick the men who dared the West, who crossed thousands of miles of prairie, who on the crags of mountains far above the snow line, on deserts where the laying of almost every tie meant the giving up of a human life, toiled and worked and struggled and built the transcontinental railroads; and think how many of the men who did this were of the same blood as you and I!

I would rather to-day be James J. Hill, or Strachcona, or Mount Stephen, I would rather have looked on a wilderness as yet untamed and tamed it, I would rather have stood in the great passes of the Rockies and the Selkirks and solved the problem of swinging civilization's iron horse across them than to have lead the gayest band of soldiers that ever lived. I do not believe that the ends and aims of these men and men of their ilk were mean and sordid. I do not believe that to them it was a mere matter of money-making. I do not believe that the men who organized the forces that made these railroads and the other great undertakings of to-day possible, who tempted 4 per cent. money out of the coffers of the frugal and the rich, who made them see their dream as they saw it, worked only for sordid aims. I cannot credit that the great men who built and steered the Standard Oil Company did not get a glimmer of the thought that with the fluid which was brought forth from the bowels of the earth they would light the farthest flung cabin in the Arctic wilds and make possible some of the pleasures of civilization where no such thing was possible before. I cannot credit that the men who invented and made a commercial possi-

bility of the reaper and binder and the modern plow did not have the concept that they would aid in bringing peace and plenty to the steppes of the Sierras, the plains of India, the South African veldt, and among all the races of men; that they were forging the swords with which to fight famine. It is unbelievable to me that the men who garnered together and organized the wealth that made possible the modern steel industry did not conceive that this meant farther reaching and safer railroads, greater and stronger and better buildings, better living and greater peace and contentment for other men. I will not be forced to the conclusion that the men who have organized the forces to care for civilization's food supply did it with the idea of starving men rather than of feeding them and raising their standards of living. I do not believe that the men who built the railroads with other people's money, and voted to themselves stock which had no value save in their own minds, were dominated only by the purposes of the swindler and not with the idea that they were doing a real part of the world's work and entitled only to something if their dream came true.

None of these things could have been done at the time that the Scotch-Irishman appeared head and shoulders above the rest of man. The world was in leash. It was held down and regulated by commission and code that strangled initiative. It stood arrayed against the men who dared to be the doers of things.

Is the tendency swinging that way again? Is the creation of commissions composed of men who cannot dare, to regulate the man who can, a baleful influence and against the tendency of the age? Has any man of you stopped to think how many desert places are yet to be conquered, how many mountains are yet to be capped, how many waste places are yet to be made to smile and how much demand there is for the doer of things, and how dangerous it is to shackle his initiative? Are we of the Scotch-Irish race to be put in grooves and march by formula? Is the coming civilization to be a civilization of one type, in lock step, with no place for the spirit of the Viking and the Northmen and the Scotch-Irishman? Are we to create tribunals endowed with powers greater than

the courts, with the right to initiate legal remedies, with power to strangle every scheme too bold for them to execute? Are we to have some other concept of what law and legal regulation is than our ancestors fought and struggled for? Are we to so hem in the man who dreams great dreams that he is to be denied the price to buy the canvas and the palette and the brushes and the paint? Is it true that the price of these sordid things measures what can be done by the doer of things? Is the man who has not the divine fire to sit over Michael Angelo or Rembrandt and to say there are enough great paintings in the world and that it is waste of money to buy any more canvas and palettes and brushes and paint? Will the man through whose veins runs the blood tinctured as yours and mine is, be willing to submit to this, and if we put him in leading strings to be held by other men who feel not as he feels, who aspire not as he aspires, who dream not as he dreams, who can execute not as he can execute, will, he not do what our forbears did and swarm from among us to some land where his mind will be allowed to dare and his energies to do?

The spirit of consecration has not passed out of the world. Men's sense of duty, their feeling of obligation is just as high now as it ever was before. Good men, strong men, sane-minded men still dominate and control the bad and the weak and those of meaner mind, and always will.

The thought of the poet in the lines:—

“A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood,
And millions who humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,
Some call it consecration,
While others call it God,”

still dominates all the men who are worth while in the race to which we belong.

Is it not time that we look through the attractive guises of to-day, that we take account of whether new creeds are right or whether they are shout and clamor? Shall we not

pause before we bind ourselves in thongs and shall we not hesitate lest we destroy all initiative and ham-string the men who are fit to be the doers of things in the days that are to come? Is it not better even to have some wrongs done than nothing done at all? Are not the so-called "Progressive" creeds of to-day really against all progress, at least of the material kind?

Progressivism and conservation and regulation sound so well that we are captured through our ears, but in their final analysis do they not mean the shackling of initiative in the individual, the circumscribing of his willingness to dare, the command that he shall not commercially be brave and execute and do? Are we not again creating a society akin to that of the Middle Ages against which our forbears struggled and won, the society of the guild and of regulation?

Is there not a great lesson to be learned from the experiences of our ancestors in the creation of special judicial tribunals with functions executive and legislative made part of their equipment of power? Is there not a great thought in their conception of the differentiation of public duties and the non-blending of the power of the three co-ordinate branches of government in one? Did they not learn in the bitter dregs of a chalice held out to them by power, that the only safe tribunals to sit in judgment over them were those composed of trained lawyers, great experts in knowledge of the customs of the people, measuring the duty of the hour, not by its demand, but by a knowledge of past performances? In the light of the fagot lit by the inquisition, had they not learned the danger of tribunals with power to initiate prosecutions to sit in judgment and to condemn? Had they not the star chamber still in their minds when they wrote into what they believed to be immutable constitutions that courts and judges are the only tribunals safe to trust with liberty and property and human lives?

In this, a commercial age, is there less danger that specially-created tribunals in time of clamor and excitement may do the same oppressive things to men following the spirit of this age that were done to other men following the spirit of the other age, which was religious?

If all tribunals thus to be constituted had a Scotch-Irish judge at their heads, no alarm would be felt and we all would be lulled into security, because by whatever name called we would know he would always be a judge and his tribunal always a court; but Scotch-Irish judges will not be in all tribunals given the great power contemplated for new commissions which legislation to-day is seeking to constitute, and will they, when excitement comes, clash with the courts in this business age as their prototypes in other ages clashed with the conservative forces then regulating society?

My appeal to-night is that we shall not be fooled by the names of things, that no clamor or cry shall lead us to be false to the attitude of our race or forget the lessons which they learned on the rocky roads which made them strong men; that we shall not be afraid of the "shouting and the tumult," that we shall continue to believe ourselves a race of picked men, carrying the burdens of the world, making possible its most splendid achievements, daring to stand in the open and proclaiming our strength, and vowing that as things are to be done we will do them; resolved that nothing shall shackle us and nothing shall hold us back, that as our ancestors examined the creeds of their day and their tendencies and attacked them, when they conceived them wrong, that we shall not do a less duty than they did, but fearlessly examine, unfooled by names, these new propositions, so vital to the prosperity and civilization of the age; and if our conclusion shall be that they emasculate the spirit of our race that we shall dare to fight them in the open, and proclaim the Scotch-Irishman's right to do things unhampered and uncontrolled by weaker and less daring men.

(Applause.)

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING JANUARY 1ST, 1911.

DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$301 80
Membership dues for 1910.....	410 00
Subscriptions to 21st Annual Dinner.....	670 00
Subscriptions to Memorial Fund in honor of King Edward VII.....	50 00
Interest on deposits.....	9 64
	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
	\$1,441 44

CR.	
Postage, etc.....	\$30 00
Dues returned—twice paid.....	2 00
John Maene, carving spoon.....	45 00
Subscription returned.....	5 00
James H. Snowden, traveling expenses.....	22 00
Dreka Company, menus, dinner cards, etc.....	47 00
Bellevue—Stratford Hotel, 141 covers at \$3.50, cigars, wines and music.....	637 15
Geo. H. Buchanan Co., printing.....	5 25
Allen, Lane & Scott, circulars, table plan, envelopes, etc.....	38 25
Wm. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations	13 75
Clerical service.....	20 00
William M. Clift, stenographer.....	19 50
Wilfred Powell—Subscription to Memorial service in honor of King Edward VII.....	100 00
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Annual Report and two addresses.....	230 86
	<hr/>
	\$1,215 76
Balance January 1st, 1911.....	225 68
	<hr/> <hr/>
	\$1,441 44

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$225.68 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1911.

WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
ROBERT A. WRIGHT,

Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

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2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be de-

terminated by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- HON. E. F. ACHESON Washington, Pa.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ALEXANDER
LOUIS H. AYRES 4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
- D. G. BAIRD 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR. . . . Villa Nova, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD Hueneme, Ventura Co., Cal.
JAMES M. BARNETT New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT O. BEATTY Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
EDWARD M. BIDDLE 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE Carlisle, Pa.
SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
THOMAS BOGGS Melrose Park, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D. . . . 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADENT 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN 815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D. 1414 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
(Honorary) Washington, D. C.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
WILLIAM H. BURNETT 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- A. A. CAIRNS, M. D. . . . 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER 5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR. . . . 1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third
below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D. D. . . . Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON . . . U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL . . . Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.

JAMES F. CAMPBELL	Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON	937 W. Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON	Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON	205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER	Doylestown, Pa.
A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D. .	Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D.D. (Honorary)	Chambersburg, Pa.
GEORGE W. CREIGHTON . . .	Altoona, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN .	304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M.D. . .	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN DALZELL	House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
H. C. DEAVER, M. D.	1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D. . . .	1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HENRY T. DECHERT	West End Trust Building, Phila.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN .	400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
AGNEW T. DICE	Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
PROF. W. P. DICK	West Chester, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D. . . .	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON	Devon, Pa.
J. S. DONALDSON	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DORNAN	Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D. . .	Newville, Pa.
PETER S. DUNCAN	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
THOMAS P. DYER	1013 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D. . .	1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
IRWIN CAMERON ELDER . . .	Chambersburg, Pa.
REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN . . .	1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. NATHANIEL EWING . . .	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES . . .	617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D. . .	2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON .	114 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D. .	125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM M. FIELD	1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER .	500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER .	1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
D. FLEMING	325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING	32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

HARRY C. FRANCIS	315 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
W. H. FRANCIS	Union League, Philadelphia.
HUGH R. FULTON	Lancaster, Pa.
GEORGE D. GIDEON	1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
HARRY B. GILL	328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. W. RUSH GILLAN	Chambersburg, Pa.
COL. JAMES R. GILMORE	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL F. GIVIN	2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM B. GIVEN	224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM A. GLASGOW	Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
HON. JAS. GAY GORDON	1829 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
FRANCIS I. GOWEN	Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT GRACEY	Newville, Pa.
DUNCAN M. GRAHAM	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN GRAHAM	Newville, Pa.
REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D.,	2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM	413 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN	Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia.
DAVID C. GREEN	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN M. GREER	Butler, Pa.
ROBERT B. GREER, M. D.	Butler, Pa.
J. M. GUFFEY	341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE	Indiana, Pa.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM	1209 Pennsylvania Building, Phila.
REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,	
D. D.	Carlisle, Pa.
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 WILLIAM PENN LLOYD Mechanicsburg, Pa.
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THOMAS PATTERSON Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. H. PATTON 226 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
RICHARD PATTON Wayne, Pa.

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W. W. PINKERTON	537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES POLLOCK	2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia.
A. NEVIN POMEROY	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER . . .	Hotel Schenley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WM. W. PORTER	2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM POTTER	Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
HON. WM. P. POTTER	Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City Hall
REV. S. R. QUEEN	The Kenmar, 1001 Pine St., Phila.
SAMUEL REA	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
GEORGE RICE	Pottstown, Pa.
ROBERT A. RICHARDS	Carlisle, Pa.
H. A. RIDDELL	Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON . . .	Media, Pa.
W. D. ROBINSON, M. D.	2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS	Fortieth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.
ADAM A. ROSS, JR.	516 Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia.
GEORGE ROSS	Doylestown, Pa.
THOMAS ROSS	Doylestown, Pa.
J. E. RUTHERFORD	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER	Chester, Pa.
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CHARLES SCOTT, JR.	Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
GEORGE E. SCOTT	21 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN SCOTT, JR.	2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. SCOTT	1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
J. A. SEARIGHT	Uniontown, Pa.
W. N. SEIBERT	New Bloomfield, Pa.
MAJOR THOMAS SHARP, U. S. A.	Carlisle, Pa.
JAMES W. SHARPE	Newville, Pa.
WALTER KING SHARPE	Chambersburg, Pa.
W. C. SHAW, M. D.	1017 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
E. A. SHULENBERGER, D. D. S.	Carlisle, Pa.
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GEORGE F. SPROULE	Golf Road and City Ave., Philadelphia.
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WILLIAM S. WALLACE	Bailey Building, 1218 Chestnut St., Phila.
WILLIAM W. WALLACE	1802 North Eighteenth St., Phila.
DAVID H. WATTS	1522 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. FRANK T. WHEELER . .	Newville, Pa.
ROBERT F. WHITMER	Girard Trust Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES S. WILLIAMS	711 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
PROF. J. CLARK WILLIAMS . .	Pittsburgh, Pa.
STANLEY WILLIAMSON	1827 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
REV. DAVID WILLS, D. D., LL. D.	The Cecil, Washington, D. C.
ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D. . .	4143 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
M. J. WILSON, M. D.	4143 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
CYRUS E. WOODS	Greensburg, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH M. WOODS . . .	Lewistown, Pa.
RICHARD W. WOODS	Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM H. WOOLVERTON . .	1323 Broadway, New York.
ROBERT A. WRIGHT	1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
COL. THOMAS T. WRIGHT (Hon-	
orary.)	Nashville, Tenn.
HON. HARMAN YERKES	Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

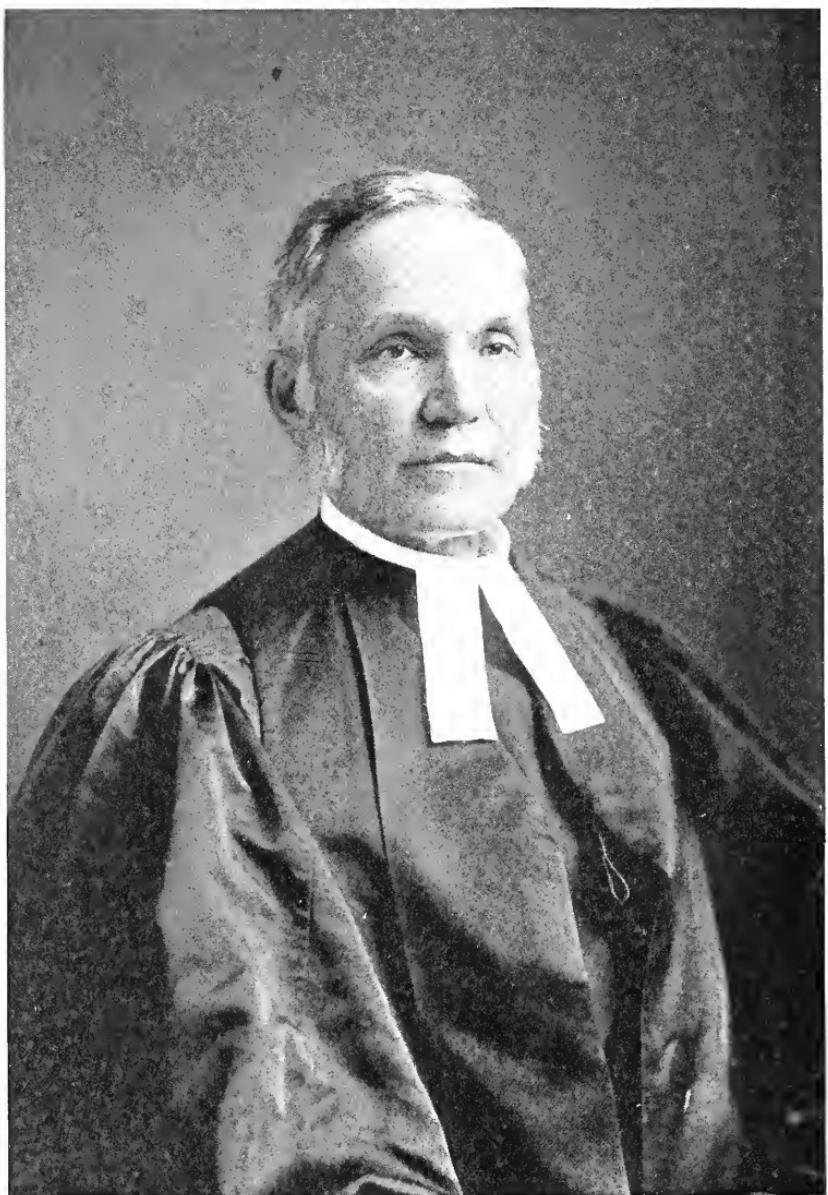
W. J. ADAMS.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL AGNEW.....	Beaver, Pa.
JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN H. W. CHESNUT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
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H. H. HOUSTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY HOLMES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE JUNKIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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H. P. LAIRD.....	Greensburg, Pa.
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WILLIAM P. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES F. MAGEE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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ROBERT PITCAIRN	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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TALBOT MERCER ROGERS	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN B. SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 20th, 1912

PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

1912



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HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,
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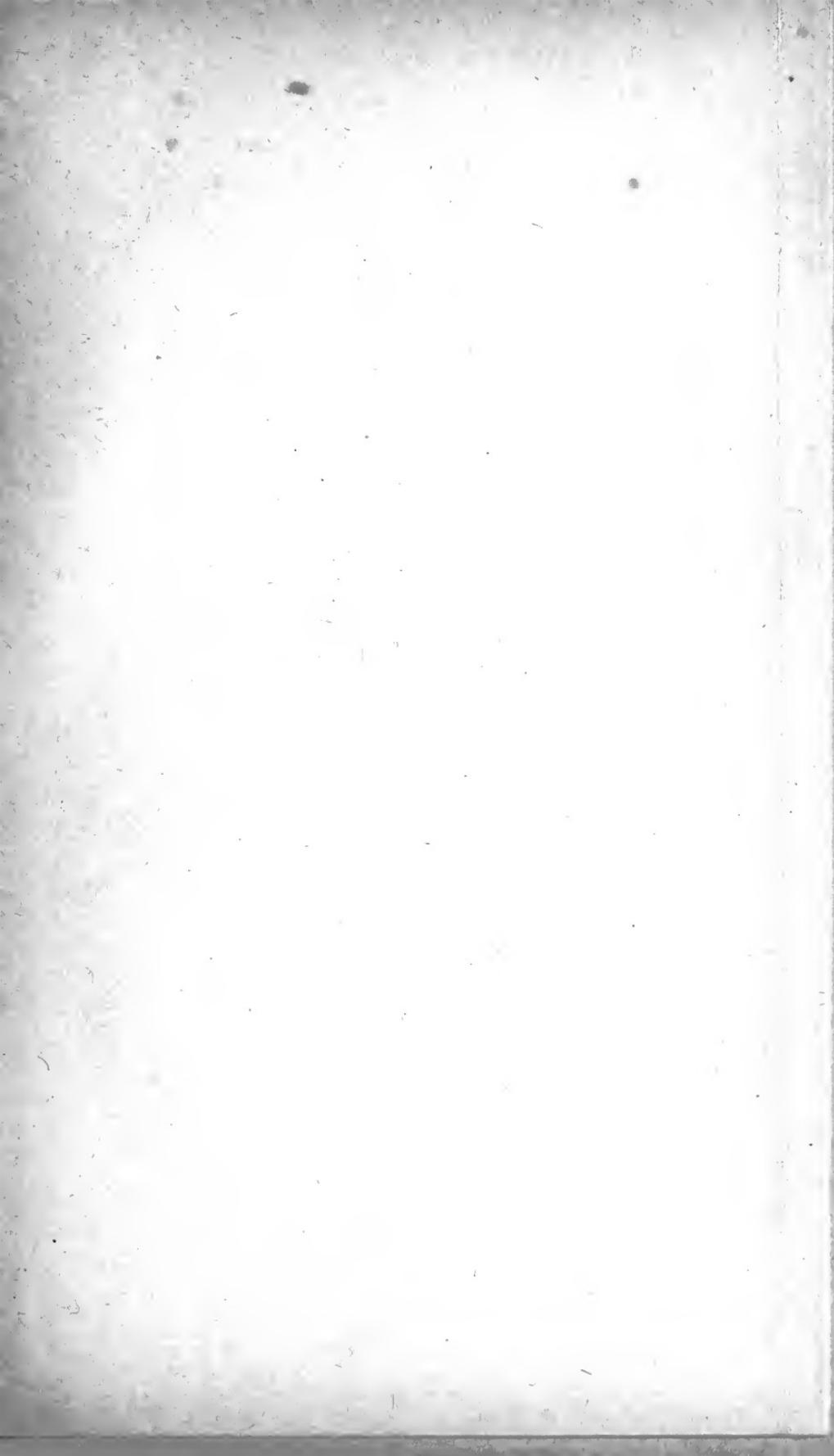
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MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.	

ENTERTAINMENT:

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HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.	

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

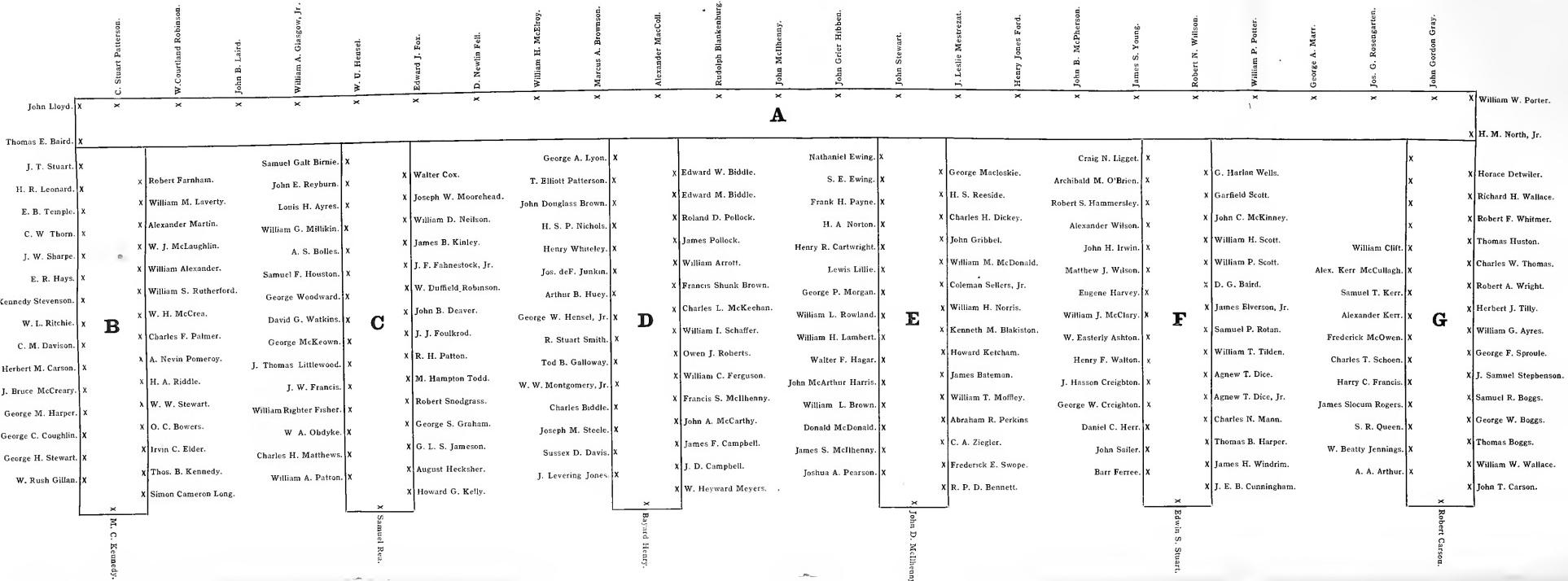
MR. BAYARD HENRY, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. JOHN McILHENNY,
HON. JOHN STEWART,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.	





PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 20th, 1912.



Nichols, William D.	C	Sauer, John	F		
Nichols, H. S.	D	Schaffner, Charles T.	D		
North, H. M.	B	Scott, Garfield	F		
North, H. M., Jr.	A	Scott, William H.	F		
Norton, H. A.	E	Sellers, Coleman, Jr.	E		
O		Sharp, W. W.	E		
Oladkoye, W. A.	C	Shaw, Robert	D		
O'Brien, Archibald M.	F	Sindermann, Robert	G		
P		Steger, George	G		
Palmer, Charles F.	B	Stephenson, J. Samuel	G		
Patton, R. H.	C	Stephenson, John Henry	G		
Patrick, William A.	A	Stewart, George H.	B		
Patterson, Stuart	A	Stewart, John	A		
Patterson, T. Elliott	D	Stewart, John	F		
Payne, Frank H.	H	Stuart, Edwin S.	F		
Peterson, Carl	E	Stunt, J. T.	B		
Perkins, Abraham R.	E	Swape, Frederick E.	E		
Potter, James C.	D	T			
Pullen, James D.	D	Temple, E. B.	B		
Pomeroy, A. Nevins	B	Thomas, Charles W.	B		
Porter, William W.	A	Thompson, John	B		
Potter, William F.	A	Tilton, William T.	B		
Q		Tilly, Herbert J.	G		
Queen, S. R.	G	Todd, M. Hampton	V		
R		W			
Rea, Samuel	C	Wallace, Richard H.	G		
Rexside, H. S.	E	Wallace, William W.	G		
Ridgway, John E.	C	Watson, Henry F.	G		
Ridder, H. A.	B	Watson, John	F		
Ritchie, W. L.	B	Wells, G. Hartlan	D		
Roberts, John J.	D	Whitley, Henry	D		
Robinson, W. Courtland	A	Wilson, John F.	G		
Robinson, W. Courtland	G	Wilson, Robert N.	A		
Rogers, James Stephen	A	Wilson, Alexander	F		
Rosenberg, Joseph G.	A	Wilson, Christopher	F		
Rotan, Sam W.	E	Windrim, James H.	F		
Rothell, William F.	B	Woodward, George	B		
Rutherford, William S.	B	Wright, Robert A.	B		
X		Y			
Young, James S.		A			
Z		Z			
Ziegler, C. A.		E			



TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-third Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, February 20th, 1912, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. John McIlhenny, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1911, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 48.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.

First Vice-President, MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

Second Vice-President, MR. SAMUEL REA.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
D.D.,	HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. JOHN MCILHENNY.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Mr. John McIlhenny, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I appreciate the honor and privilege of extending a cordial welcome to our guests and to the members of this Society. I hope you will all enjoy the occasion and have your just pride of ancestry strengthened and the usefulness of this Society enlarged by spreading the knowledge of the share our race has had in establishing this great country out of the wilderness.

Bishop Berkeley, on leaving Ireland to come to America, wrote with prophetic vision:—

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way—
The first four acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

The descendants of all the groups of settlers, who came in the Colonial times, have organized societies to keep alive the memory of their forefathers, and of their noble deeds in helping to establish the Republic. It is no wonder the descendants of the different races who settled here in Colonial times are proud of the share their people had in building up this great, free and enlightened Republic that has stood and is standing to-day a beacon light to the whole world.

Our Society is one of the latest, and in this we have been negligent, for none have a better right to be proud of and to cherish the memory of the character and achievements of our ancestors, of the hardships they bore, the sacrifices they made and the services they rendered in the cause of freedom.

It is the object of this Society, and the duty of all who have Scotch-Irish blood, to stand for civil and religious liberty, and to see that no harm comes to this great inheritance of ours. Sometimes I fear that in the excitement of heated political discussions, and theorizing on economic questions, we are forgetting the inestimable privileges and blessings we enjoy in this land of opportunity.

Who are the Scotch-Irish and whence came they? With your permission, I shall endeavor to give a brief account of them. But first I wish to qualify what I am going to say by relating an incident that occurred when Mr. Robert Bonner, Dr. John Hall, our own Dr. John S. MacIntosh, Prof. Macloskie, of Princeton, and your humble servant were attending a meeting of the National Scotch-Irish Society, which met in different parts of the country. Everywhere Dr. Hall was specially honored and received many invitations. On one of these occasions, dining at the home of a prominent Presbyterian lady, the question arose as to what denomination each guest belonged. One was an Episcopalian, one a Methodist, one a Baptist, &c.; but while all were Scotch-Irish, it happened that the hostess was the only Presbyterian present. Dr. Hall, whose great heart included all ages, turned to the little daughter of the house, and said, "Daughter, what are you?" She replied, "Mama says it is sinful to boast, but I am a Presbyterian."

I wish to say that if I make any large claims for the Scotch-Irish, please understand that I am not boasting, for I know that would be sinful!

For many years before James I. of England ascended the throne there was constant tumult and trouble in Ulster between the English and Irish. After the defeat of the latter their leaders fled the country and this event is known in history as "The flight of the Earls." James, being a Scotchman, invited his countrymen to go to Ireland and take up the lands thus abandoned. Quite a number of Scotch people responded, and, being farmers, and knowing the value of the virgin soil, they raised such good crops on these Ulster lands that many were induced to follow them; but as they were hated by the natives, no great immigration of the Scotch took place at this time. These conditions prevailed till 1641, when the natives, assisted by some Spaniards, undertook to exterminate the Scotch settlers, which proved to be a very serious affair, and is known as "the great massacre of 1641." The settlers appealed to England for help, but at that time the Civil War between Cromwell and the King was going on, and no help came.

Then the Scotch in Ulster appealed to Scotland. Scotland had no Exchequer and the people were suffering themsleves, but the cry of their kindred in Ireland touched their hearts, and one General Munro (an ancestor of our late member, Dr. John H. Munro), asked for volunteers to go to the help of their countrymen. None were asked to enlist unless they could provide their own horses and arms, and serve without pay. Under these conditions 10,000 of the youth and flower of Scotland volunteered. Only 2500 of them were required and they soon put an end to the strife.

I have the authority of Professor Robert Ellis Thompson for saying that this was really the beginning of the distinctive Ulsterman, and for this service they and the rest of the 10,000, and many more that followed them, got all the good lands in the province, and soon established peaceful and prosperous communities. They were the sons of these men who successfully defended Derry in 1688, which is known as one of the seven great sieges in history. They were the sons also of these men who, at the battle of Newton Butler, defeated in the open field three times their number of trained and paid soldiers of James II.

Macaulay, in his History of England, says: "It was a brilliant action, in which the King's forces were utterly routed." Macaulay also says in this connection that "the men led by Colonel Woolsley were not poor peasants, but were even above the average of those left behind them." Out of this action was organized that famous regiment in the Bristish Army, the Enniskillen Dragoons.

After this the country settled down and the Scotch flocked over to the North of Ireland in large numbers. They occupied all the tillable land, built up many prosperous towns, and laid at that time the foundation of the future prosperity of Belfast. These people were young, enterprising and earnest. Many men of note afterwards came out of these communities and wielded great influence in the affairs of the British Empire. Everywhere one goes through Ulster, in every village or country-side, the people have some historic character to speak of, and they will tell you that the ancestor of such and such a great man in America was born here, or his family lived there.

For example, at the small town of Port Rush, I said to a citizen there: "What historic characters have you here?" He replied: "Adam Clark, the great Methodist Bible Commentator, was born here and his monument stands at the edge of the town. Charles Lever, the novelist, was born here, and our great living General White, the hero of Ladysmith, lives here." Another man, whose father and mother were born, raised and married near Port Rush, is the present leader of the Conservation party in the House of Commons, Mr. Bonar Law, who is expected to be Prime Minister after the next general election and will be the first citizen of the realm.

Another man was born near there, across the line of County Down, one of the greatest men our race has produced. His family name was Robert Stewart. But in history he is known as Lord Castlereagh. He was the Bismarck of Napoleon's time and was the most powerful statesman of Europe. He has the credit of having formed the Continental coalitions against the great military genius who led the French armies to so many victories, which in the end defeated him and secured the peace of Europe. He had many enemies among the admirers of Napoleon, and none more bitter than Napoleon himself, who often, during his imprisonment in St. Helena, spoke of him as his arch enemy and said he feared this man more than he did the armies of Europe. On one occasion he said with much bitterness: "Your Castlereagh will soon be buried in the dust of oblivion, whereas the Emperor Napoleon will continue to be the subject and ornament of history forever." Allison, in his history of Europe, says "His success as a statesman is ascribed to his great talent for business, his invincible firmness or moral courage, and adroitness in the management of men." When the Congress of Nations assembled at Vienna, on September 14th, 1814, to settle affairs, after the overthrow of Napoleon, the delegates to this notable assembly were the most eminent statesmen in Europe. The Czar of Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, and the Emperor Francis, of Austria, were there in person. Some of these nations had more than one representative, but England, in compliment to her great organizer and statesman, intrusted

her entire interests to Castlereagh, who was the British Emperor's only representative.

The Laurence brothers, both generals and direct descendants of John Knox, on their mother's side, with General Nicholson and Sir William MacNaughton, all Ulster Scots, were the real saviors of India from the Sepoy Rebellion. The father of President James Buchanan was born in Milford, near my native place, General Montgomery, of Revolutionary fame, was born near there, and strange to say, Guy Carleton, Governor General of Canada, was also born in the same county. Rev. Francis McKemie, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in America, was born in the same neighborhood, and Mr. Allison, who started a Latin school in Philadelphia, out of which has grown the great University of Pennsylvania, was also born there.

After the defeat of our fathers, who adhered to the Solemn League and Covenant, a great multitude of them fled to Ireland and formed a refuge among their kinsmen, who had already moved to Ulster, but the change of residence did not change the blood or character. The descendants of the original settlers still call themselves Scotch. John Knox is still their patron saint and Robert Burns their poet.

They prospered in their new home and when they began to compete with Birmingham in the manufacture of woolen goods it excited the jealousy of England and their sale was prohibited there. Albert Cook Myers, in his history of the Irish Quakers, published in 1902, says that in the reign of Charles Second an Act was passed prohibiting all trade between Ireland and England or her colonies. This ruined the industry of Ulster, and, as Myers says, 40,000 industrious Protestant workmen were thrown out of employment and 20,000 of them came to America in 1699 and 1700. Many of them came to New England and started to manufacture there. To make a long story short, this destruction of trade and manufacture in Ulster, the act of conformity, the black oath, and the tything system, completely alienated the Ulster Scots in the North of Ireland, and there was nothing for them to do but to go to America. They brought with them their

wrongs and resentment, which added fuel to the flame that was starting in the Colonies, and for much the same reasons. Among the Scotch-Irish in the Colonies we have no record of toryism. The late Dr. Eagle, Historian of Pennsylvania, says: "I say here without fear of contradiction that had it not been for the outspoken words of bravery and the indomitable spirit of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, there would have been no independence, and the now glorious Union would be but an English Colony." Ploudon says: "It was the immigrants from Ulster that wrested the Colonies from the Crown."

Froude, in giving the causes of the great immigration from Ulster to the Colonies, says: "And so the immigration continued; the young, the courageous, the energetic, the earnest, were torn up by the roots and flung out to find a home elsewhere. The resentment they carried with them continued to burn in their new homes, and in the war for independence England had no fiercer enemies than the sons and grandsons of the men who held Ulster against Tyrconnel."

Our own historian, Bancroft, says: "It was not the Cavalier, nor the Puritan of New England, but the Presbyterians from Ulster that made the first call for the freedom of the Colonies."

No group of people in the British Empire but the Ulster Scot had any sympathy for the patriots in America during the revolutionary struggle, while all the others were offering King George "men and money to put down the wicked rebellion across the seas."

Fisher, in his history of the dissolution of the Irish Parliament, says: "The people of Ulster were in acute sympathy with their brethren in America during their struggle for liberty."

Wolf Tone, who was not in the habit of wishing our people much good luck or speaking well of them, said: "Those Presbyterians of Ulster I believe would welcome and shake hands with the rebels in America. They are dangerous, but they make the best soldiers," and intimated it would be unwise to offend them.

The Scotch-Irish came to this country in great numbers for a period of more than sixty years after 1714, and it is estimated that more than 600,000 came during that time.* I heard Dr. Grammer say at one of our meetings that he "thought every family of a hundred years standing, south of New York, had Scotch-Irish blood in their veins." An old book, written before the year 1800, gives an account of the early settlers and says in their movements from Pennsylvania southward, they made two roads, one leading into Kentucky and one into Tennessee. It is said that for years wagons with families in them could be seen on the roads, but always resting on Sundays, and if one looked into the wagons he would find a rifle, the Bible, the Psalms of David, and most likely the Confession of Faith. The ownership of land has always been a passion with them and they were intrepid pioneers and frontiersmen. If it had not been for George Rogers Clark and his two hundred Scotch-Irish riflemen, the Northern boundary of the United States would have been the Ohio River. It was General Sam Houston and his Scotch-Irish companions, largely from the valley of Virginia, who gave Texas to the Union, and, incidentally, Arizona, New Mexico and California. The history of this country shows us that all this great territory was brought under the stars and stripes chiefly by the restless energy of our race.

Lord Rosebery, a Scotchman, who presided at the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute, in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, on the first of last November, said: "We know that the term Ulster-Scot is generic and simply means Scoto-Irish. I love the Highlander and I love the Lowlander, but when I come to the branch of our race which has been grafted on the Ulster stem, I take off my hat with veneration and awe. They are, I believe, the toughest, the most dominant, the most irresistible race that exists in the universe at this moment."

Our Ambassador, the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, was present and delivered a splendid address also. I think it is a distinct honor that the two greatest nations in the world should

* See Dr. Henry Alexander White's history of Southern Presbyterians. Leakey—Professor in Columbia University.

be represented to-day by Scotch-Irish Ambassadors; Mr. Reid to the Court of St. James, and Mr. Bryce, a native Ulsterman, to the United States.

Time would fail me to further recount the history and achievements of our people, who heard and obeyed the command, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from my father's house, into the land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and be thou a blessing."

Coming back to the incident mentioned in the opening of this address, when Dr. Hall wondered why so many of the descendants of the Scotch-Irish in this country are not Presbyterians. Doubtless when they first came nearly all were Presbyterians. There were always, however, some Methodists and Episcopalian among the emigrants. Many writers tell us of the demoralization that followed the revolution, accompanied by a kind of joyous reaction following their great success. When the people took to sport and pleasure at that time, too, the whole civilized world was being swept by a great wave of infidelity, by the theories of Voltaire and the French school. Paine, too, made great inroads on Calvinistic doctrines held by the large number of the people of the new Republic. This, coupled with the fact that when the first census was taken in 1790 it showed that 94 per cent. of the people lived in the country, which was sparsely settled, and had few church privileges. Six per cent. only were in cities and towns.

The country people amused themselves by horse-racing, target rifle shooting, whiskey drinking, dancing, &c. It is a curious fact, and the court records show it, that, notwithstanding all this levity, there was little or no crime in the country. These conditions continued till after the War of 1812, when a great reaction took place and a wave of emotionalism spread all over the United States, penetrating to the remotest sections.

Then came the great revival of 1820. The Presbyterian Church refused to allow laymen to preach to the people, while the Methodists and Baptists sent their eloquent preachers and laymen everywhere and scooped in the people right and

left. At that time Dr. Campbell started the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which operated like the Methodists and Baptists, and held together a number of nominal Presbyterians.

The first Congress of the National Scotch-Irish Society was held in Columbia, Tenn., in May, 1889. The Congress continued for three days, with an average attendance of, it was said, ten thousand people. A leading man of that section told the writer that nearly all of them were Methodists and Baptists, and all of Scotch-Irish descent. Unquestionably the religious bond has proved much stronger than the racial one, for thousands of those people take no interest in where their ancestors came from, and in a general way in the lump think they are English. There never was any real great English emigration to this country like the Ulster hegira. A government report says that only 20,000 English Puritans came to New England. I wish to show by this that there are many more people of our descent than know it themselves.

I have already spoken about the National Scotch-Irish Society, and ask your permission to refer to it again. It was suggested as a means of bringing about better feeling between the North and South, and for healing the estrangement caused by the Civil War and restoring the old affection between brothers of both sections and of the same blood. I think it did a great deal of good, for nowhere were the delegates more cordially received than in the South, and the meetings were largely attended. Five of the ten meetings were held in the South and five in the North. Ten volumes of the proceedings of these meetings were published and are now often inquired for by libraries and writers of history.

THE PRESIDENT:—

As most of you know, Professor Henry Jones Ford, of Princeton University, has undertaken, at the instance and with the co-operation of our Society, to write a history of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania. He is now engaged in this

work, which will prove, I believe, a valuable and authoritative contribution to this very important subject. Professor Ford is with us this evening, and I take pleasure in calling upon him for some remarks.

PROFESSOR FORD:—

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I have been asked to give you some account of the work upon which I am engaged. Before doing so, I wish to say that the presence of this assembly has deeply impressed me with the honor which has been conferred upon me in making me the historiographer of such a society. In approaching such a theme it seemed to me that it was essential that I should give some account of the Ulster Plantation. To understand the characteristics of a people you must know something about the influences that have formed their character. Even a history of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish would be incomplete unless we started with the formation of that Scotch pool in the north of Ireland whose outflow to this country has been marked by such grand results.

When I began that work, I thought that that portion of it would be simply a matter of intelligent compilation; that the standard histories would contain the main facts, and all that was necessary for me to do was to set them in order in connection with my main theme, the diffusion of the Scotch-Irish through this country. But when I went on to study the authorities, I found them remarkably discordant. While the facts were there, yet facts may be so arranged, they may be so thrown out of focus, as to produce very untruthful impressions. Doubtless you have all seen the trick mirrors that they have in some cheap shows. When you get before one of them you appear as a remarkably elongated personage; before another you become as abnormally wide; and before a third, you are distorted in such a way that while you may believe it is you, yet, oh, how different! It seemed to me that there never was such an array of distorting mirrors as are encountered in the history of the Ulster Plantation. So I was driven to consult the original authorities—the official

correspondence of the times, the Scotch, the English and the Irish calendars—and there I found a remarkable collection of evidence casting fresh light upon that history and rectifying false impressions which have gotten into the standard narratives.

It is a curious fact, rather a paradoxical statement, yet I think it is true, that the very success of the Scotch-Irish occupation of Ulster—that grand ability by which they transformed the most backward province of Ireland into the most thrifty and prosperous—has of itself been the reason for this obscurity as to their character, their motives and their behavior, because the strength and the permanence of that occupation has given a continuity to their history that has kept alive prejudices and feuds, while everywhere else those belonging to that period have sunk into oblivion. This peculiarity becomes very striking when one examines historical writings. For instance, historians will write with serene detachment and calm impartiality of the events of the Thirty Years War. You can discuss the Sack of Magdeburg or the operations in Switzerland and the Palatinate of that period, without stirring up any controversy. But at every step that you take in Ulster history you find that the embers are still smoking. And yet the Thirty Years War was subsequent to the settlement of Ulster. The peace of Westphalia, with which the history of modern Europe begins—which bounds, as it were, the horizon of political thought—was forty years subsequent to the foundation of Ulster. And yet the animosities of that ancient period are still so acute, and so deeply do they color modern writings that it is necessary to exercise the greatest care to avoid being misled.

There is one work cited in histories of this period that is regarded as a work of fundamental importance in the treatment of this theme, so well is it documented. It was with great difficulty that I was able to analyze its statements. I had to compare them with the original records. I had to draft an elaborate chronology before I could clear my own ideas on the subject. I could not understand the bias of that historian until I applied to my friend Professor McCloskey here, who explained to me that he was one who cherished an antipathy toward the Presbyterian Church which, doubt-

less unconsciously, had biased his judgment and had affected the order in which he had marshaled his facts, so that he had procured a false impression.

As I say, in order to escape from those prejudices, from that coloring, I had at last to go to the original documents and spend upon that portion of my work a great amount of time and exercise a great amount of ingenuity in extracting the facts and bringing them into their proper order, from a voluminous correspondence concerning the privy councils of the three countries of the United Kingdom. I am afraid that you will get the idea, from my speaking of the extent to which my labors have been devoted to that portion of the subject, that I am giving it undue prominence and that it may resolve itself into a history of Ulster rather than a history of the Scotch-Irish in America. But that is not the case. After a chapter on the Ulster Plantation, a chapter on the land and people, next a chapter devoted to the causes that brought about emigration to this country, then the stream of the narrative will take me into the State of Pennsylvania, which thereafter will be the basis of my historical campaign.

While it is doubtless true, as your President has said, that you have started somewhat later than other historical societies in studying your past and collecting its records, yet you certainly have been diligent in that field. The address which has been made to you by your President is good evidence of that. You have a fine collection of material for historical use in the transactions of the Scotch-Irish Congresses that were held for a number of years, and in the transactions of this Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania; also in the numerous historical papers written by your members. All this material has been placed at my disposal. I have also a large collection of material dealing with the spread of the Scotch-Irish through this country—the motives that roused their energies, the paths they followed in moving westward and southward, and in general the effect which their activities produced upon the development of this country—a very deep and strong effect, supplying an instructive theme for historical treatment.

After covering the general subject the narrative naturally proceeds to details. Special chapters will be devoted to Scotch-Irish influence upon education, religion, jurisprudence, manufactures, transportation and all the varied aspects of our industrial organization—the deep, strong impress made upon the political history of this country, such, for instance, as the struggle of the Scotch-Irish in Virginia, which brought about the liberalizing of the state constitution. In many respects the activity of the Scotch-Irish breed in this country has made a most important factor in our constitutional development—aye, and still is. It will be a matter of great gratification to me to be able to trace step by step that influence, displaying its architectonic character, the effect it has had and is having upon the destinies of this country. In conclusion, it is my purpose to attempt some appreciation of the character of that breed; some valuation of its importance as an ingredient in our national history. I know that is a task of the greatest delicacy, a task which may well evoke criticism, and yet it is one that I think must be undertaken. The theme itself demands such treatment, and it is one that a conscientious historian must attempt in order to fulfill his task. All I can say to you gentlemen is, that I will approach it with the utmost candor and honesty. I shall do my best, and you must remember that the strong have no reason to hide. You are like Cromwell, the great, sincere man, who could say to the artist who was doing his portrait, "Paint me, wart and all." You can well afford to have the characteristics portrayed in all their rugged strength, even if some blemishes appear upon the picture. I am sure that a portrait done in that spirit of candor will be far more effective and more complete in its revelation than a more eulogistic treatment or a more timid depiction would bring about.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I will now call upon Dr. MacColl to address us. His addresses in Philadelphia are always very much appreciated, and I am sure that it will be a pleasure to listen to him.

DR. MACCOLL:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I assume from the degree which your Society has very generously conferred upon me this evening that I am intended to add an air of solemnity to this occasion which otherwise it might lack. I shall do my best to furnish that air as briefly as possible. It is a very great privilege indeed for a mere Scotchman to be allowed to enter, even for one evening, the ranks of the hyphenated aristocracy; for I assume that just in the manner in which a Smith-Jones or Jones-Smith feels great superiority over a mere Smith or Jones, so every member of this Society feels a kindly superiority to any mere Scotchman—and certainly any mere Irishman.

I wish very much that some of the speeches this evening would tell us just what traits of strength have been added to the Scotch character through their association with old Ireland. For the life of me I cannot think of any. For the life of me, I cannot see how there can possibly be any. You cannot paint the rose. You cannot add brilliance to the sunlight. Heaven cannot be any better until you and I get there.

But just the same, I am not disposed to dispute the superiority of the Scotch-Irish race to the Scotch to-night; indeed, in this presence, I am not disposed to dispute anything. I suppose every one of you has heard the old story which is told—all good stories are old—of Mrs. O'Donahue, who was asked whether she had been looking up her pedigree. She said, “My pedigree? What is that?” “The people you sprang from.” “I would have you to know that the O'Donahue's never sprang from anybody; they sprang at them.”

But doubtless there have been elements of strength which have been added through the experience in Ireland. I intended to quote those words of Lord Rosebery—who is the real thing—which your Chairman has already quoted regarding the Scotch-Irish race. I hope you noticed one of the words which he used. He said that you are “without exception the *toughest* race that exists in the universe at this moment.” It may comfort you to know that sometimes words have a

different meaning on the other side of the ocean from the meanings they have here. Only the other day a good sister of mine visited me from Scotland. She was walking across Rittenhouse Square with my brother on Sunday afternoon and she said to him, "It is delightful to get out into the open air. We had so much hot air in church this morning." Of course, Lord Rosebery's statement regarding the Scotch-Irish is due to the fact that you have the hyphen in the right place. It is not a mark of varied origin, but simply of the Scot's power and habit of clinging to his own, and adding to it in a perfectly proper way, in any environment. It is an evidence that while Ireland is a fine country, as we all know, a country which has in recent years been giving some evidences of respectability—although some recent rumors indicate that there is apt to be a relapse—the real strength of your race comes from the emphasis upon the Scotch side; and, as an entirely disinterested observer, I would counsel you to keep the emphasis there always.

It would have been a great help to me, and possibly to the other speakers, if the program committee in inviting us here had made some suggestion as to what we were intended to talk about. We would have tried to stick to the subject, I am sure, as closely as possible. I had thought of attempting to outline the triumphs of the race, as has already been so well done this evening. An admirable speech on that subject can be made on an occasion like this in a single sentence by simply quoting the famous remark of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look around you," perhaps improving upon it a little by saying, "Don't forget to look in the mirror." I had thought of endeavoring to solve once and for all the Irish problem. But that has been done so often that it seems hardly worth while. The trouble is that Ireland won't stay solved. Then I thought of speaking upon the relation between the shillelah and the shorter catechism, but that promised to be a little heavy (at either end) for an afterdinner speech. But in my perplexity I had a happy thought, for I remembered that within forty-eight hours we are to celebrate the birthday of one of the few great men in history who was not Scotch; and it occurred to me to show you how wonderfully George Washington over-

came his handicap. It was, of course, made easier for him by the fact that he had so many Scotchmen around him. In his first cabinet of four he had two Scotchmen, and an Ulster Scot. He had at least two generals who were Ulster Scots and three major-generals and nine brigadier-generals who were of Scotch origin. One would not be surprised to read, with an environment like that, that George occasionally spoke with a brogue. Certainly it is the case that he has been accused of a good many things which are commonly laid at the door of the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. For instance, he has been accused of being thrifty. General Porter tells that his daughter on starting for church on Sunday morning was thus counselled by a foxy Scot, "Keep yer eyes on the ground; its kind o' pious looking; and then forbye ye might find a purse or something." Put against that the story of George Washington and the plasterer who did the work on his house in the general's absence. When Washington came back (the man having been paid in the meantime), he measured the walls and found that an overcharge of fifteen shillings had been made. Shortly thereafter the man who did the work died, his successor married his widow, and published an advertisement that he was willing to meet all the obligations of his predecessor. On seeing this Washington at once sent in a bill for the sum. There is a story told of him that on one occasion he compelled an old ferryman, whom he employed, to collect something like a penny from a distinguished man who, he claimed, had underpaid in crossing the ferry. But the Scotchman's thrift after all is simply an expression of his caution, his foresight and frugality; and George Washington's thrift was, more than anything else, an expression of his determination that in the handiwork of life every man should give full measure. I find on one occasion when at a hotel a charge had been made of three shillings for his servant and three shillings and nine pence for himself, Washington insisted upon paying the nine pence for the servant on the ground that he had eaten just as much as he had.

Again, Washington, like the Scot and the Ulster Scot, has been accused of being cold. It has been said of him that he was reserved. That is constantly being said of the Scotch-

man, the reason being that the Scot, when alone, lives as a rule in such admirable company that he hesitates to share it with anybody else until he is entirely sure whom he is inviting to so rich a privilege.

On the other hand, no man has ever better illustrated that common sense which is one of the characteristic traits of the Scot, that gumption which is not simply the untranslatable knack of seeing and doing the right thing at the right moment, but which, even more than that is a power of sensing an atmosphere, the finding of a point of contact with the other man, that power which is expressed in our own day as the power of "keeping one's ear to the ground," without any ethical surrender. George Washington had in a singular degree this common sense; and a keen sympathy for all kinds of people, - and the work they were doing, was among his notable traits.

Many of you have used the phrase "From Land's End to John O'Groats," but perhaps you do not know the story of the beginning of John O'Groats, the northern-most point of Scotland. It is said that in very early days there settled there a group of three brothers, John, Gavin and Malcolm. In due course there were eight families of that name there, and they lived together in as much peace as a company of Scotchmen could; but at a family banquet which they held one year, when recalling the history of their clan, some argument regarding precedence arose which threatened to lead to a free fight, when John O'Groats, it is said, asked them to postpone the conflict for a brief period and he would find some means of solving it. The way he found of solving it, which it seems to me was a magnificent example of common sense, was by building an octagonal house with eight doors and windows, having within it a table similarly shaped. When the members of the clan arrived, he told each of them to go in by his own door and take his seat at the head of the table. He himself took the remaining seat. Every man felt that his position was one of dignity, and pre-eminence, and the quarrel about precedence ceased. Now just this power of meeting other men on their ground, of appreciating and caring for the interests of other men, was a pre-eminent quality in the character of Washington. It was illustrated in his thought-

ful care of his slaves. It was illustrated in that incident at Ipswich, when he was introduced to the parish minister, Mr. Cleveland, who came forward hat in hand. Washington said, "Put on your hat, Parson, and I will talk with you." "Sir, I cannot put on my hat when I feel in whose presence I stand." Washington said, "I have done nothing more than you have, sir." The Parson dissented but Washington insisted, "Yes, sir, you have done what you could, and I have done no more."

There is one more thing, in which, it seems to me, Washington resembled the Scot and the Ulster Scot, and that is, his distinct Americanism, which in both cases is not always recognized as it should be. You know it was not, Mr. Bancroft tells us, the New Englander or the Puritan, it was not the planter in Virginia, who raised the first voice for entire freedom from the British, but it was the men of Scotch-Irish birth, the Presbyterians of those days. Now it is sometimes said that George Washington was simply an English country gentleman living in Virginia and brought by accident into prominence in the Revolution; but as we read his words, we find expressed in them the elements of the strongest and purest Americanism. We find him writing to General Gage, that "there is no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power." We find him lamenting the tendency to send young men abroad for an education, saying that there they cultivate too frequently "principles unfriendly to Republican Government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind." In his private life, following his surrender of the Presidency, he showed constantly the spirit of true Americanism, serving on a petit jury, putting his shoulder to the wheel of a stranger's broken-down carriage on the road, ready, if need be, to respond again to the call to arms.

And then George Washington was like the Scotch and Scotch-Irish in his faith in a Divine Providence governing the destinies of men. It must have been with his Scotch blood in view that Mr. Labouchere, who died the other day, said once of William E. Gladstone, that he did not object at all to Mr.

Gladstone having an ace up his sleeve occasionally—whatever that may mean—but he did object to his assumption in every case that Providence had put it there. That has been a characteristic of the men of Scotland and of the Scotch-Irish as well as of George Washington. In the whole work which they have done in our national history, they have been men who believed profoundly in the present government of God in their lives and in their national life; men, some of them, who believed not simply that God and one man make a majority, but that God and one Scotchman are a unanimous vote.

I have wondered what George Washington would think of his country to-day. How marvelously it has grown beyond his farthest fancy; and what vast problems, of which he could have no conception, are facing us to-day! And yet I think that in some of his utterances George Washington showed a marvelous foresight, a marvelous anticipation of the problems which were to face the land of which he is so well called the father. I want before I close to read just two of those sayings of his which, it seems to me, are prophetic, and worthy of the deepest consideration in the days in which we live. He declared that even in that time—how much more in ours—“speculation, peculation and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day, while the momentous concerns of an empire are but secondary considerations and postponed from week to week.”

Every word of the prayer he suggested for the day of Thanksgiving, to which he called the people in 1795, may, I think, be offered to-day, as we approach again the anniversary of his birth:—

“Humbly and fervently beseech the kind Author of these blessings graciously to prolong them to us, to imprint on our hearts a deep and solemn sense of our obligations to Him for them; to teach us rightly to estimate their immense value; to preserve us”—listen to this, in that age—“to preserve us from the arrogance of prosperity and from hazarding the advantages we enjoy by delusive pursuits; to dispose us to merit the continuance of His favors by not abusing them, by

our gratitude for them, and by a corresponding conduct as citizens, and as men; to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries; to extend among us true and useful knowledge; to diffuse and establish habits of sobriety, order, morality and piety; and finally, to impart all the blessings we possess or ask for ourselves to the whole family of mankind."

I venture to believe that there is no better program for the days in which we live, as we stand face to face with the tremendous problems of our complex civilization, than these words which come down to us again to-night from the father of his country. Those problems, the gravity of them, their acuteness, we feel many a day; but they will be solved, and triumphantly solved, we believe, as we come more and more to emphasize in our national life, not those outward things—the fierce pursuit of wealth, the rivalries of social display—which are so apt to mark and to mar our life in these days, but rather the simplicity and contentment of a true human life, the simplicity of life as it was shown by Washington in his relations with the people he met every day, as it was shown by him in his emphasis upon the common tasks of citizenship which fell to his lot after he left the Presidency.

Those are but a few of the traits in which it seems to me that George Washington resembled the Scot and the Ulster Scot. I know he was not a Scotchman, but I incline to believe that he was the next best thing.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I would like to say in connection with what our good friend Dr. MacColl has said in regard to Washington that, while he had no children himself, his brothers married into five Scotch-Irish families. I get that from a book recently published by the president of one of the colleges in Virginia. It is very difficult to find a family in this country of any years' standing that has not some of that blood in it.

THE PRESIDENT:—

The next speech will be from our guest and friend, the honored Mayor of this city, Mr. Blankenburg. I am sure I ex-

press the opinion of every member of our Society, when I say that we feel honored in having him here. (Loud Applause.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—When asked to be your guest this evening, I accepted the invitation without hesitation, for I had taken part in your banquets on several occasions and had spoken once, I believe, some twenty years ago.

I am glad to address you to-night and to have the opportunity of paying my respects to the Scotch-Irish.

On looking over their history, if they have a history, I learn that when they first left Scotland to take possession of the northern part of Ireland, they did some good to the country which they blessed with their presence. I am also informed that at that time they were the most modest and unpretentious people. How bravely they have gotten over these characteristics! Some weeks ago I spoke at the annual banquet of the New England Society and there it was boastfully claimed that everything good, everything worth having, had come from New England and the New Englanders. It has been my lot to speak at banquets of many other societies, and nearly all claim to be the real thing, to surpass all the rest. I have not as yet been able to ascertain who among them all really deserves the first place.

You of the Scotch-Irish Society have, to some extent, eliminated yourselves from real American citizenship, because you persist in calling yourselves the Scotch-Irish. If you would call yourselves Scotch-Irish Americans, as the German-Americans, the Irish-Americans, and other Trans-Atlantic Americans patriotically do, you would deserve more credit, and might even be more successful in obtaining office than you are; this is one of the characteristics in which you outshine all the rest. It has been asked whether this country could have existed and prospered if it had not been for the Scotch-Irish. This question is paramount in the minds of many Scotch-Irish, but I feel, with all due deference to your greatness, your high appreciation of yourselves, that the country would have lived and acquired distinction even had the Scotch-Irish remained at home and never put in an appearance. You have no patron saint and are not even saints yourselves. The

Scotch have Saint Andrew and the Irish Saint Patrick, but you are resting on your own pinnacle. You do not owe anything to anybody, yet it is doubtful whether we owe quite as much to you as you think we do.

I read in a history the other day the story of what the Germans have done for America, and after reading two volumes—I think there are a number of others to follow—I came to the conclusion that the Germans amounted to a good deal after all—far more than their innate modesty ever claimed. Let me call your attention to the fact that the German Pastorius, in the seventeenth century, in Germantown, openly proclaimed against slavery, the first open declaration against this in-human institution.

A MEMBER:—Rosengarten.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—You know it was Pastorius, and if you don't you ought to know. From what history teaches us, the Scotch-Irish were not at all averse to keeping slaves, in Virginia especially, and in other States, but the Germans were the first ones to proclaim against slavery, and at that time it required courage to do so. Pastorius, even two hundred years ago, saw the viciousness of slavery. He recognized human right and he had the courage to denounce slavery.

We were told to-night that six hundred thousand Scotch-Irish came to this country within sixty years. In looking over this assembly and knowing how much you think of yourselves and the noise you are making about yourselves, one might believe that six million or even twenty million had come over.

MR. POLLOCK:—Came by the Hamburg-American.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—The Hamburg-American is the largest and best line in the world, and that is something for which the Germans claim, and ought to be given, credit.

MR. POLLOCK:—Too many Dutch here now.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—There is one too many here for you. If you look at Germany, with but a few miles of coast line, you must give credit to that country for doing what no

other country has done, given the world the largest steamship line in existence. It is a first class company; I have crossed on their ships more than once.

MR. POLLOCK:—They are subsidized.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—No, they are not. I do not know whether you are subsidized or not. If Mr. Pollock has been subsidized to interrupt me you had better have him return the money.

MR. POLLOCK:—You haven't bought anything to-night.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—I don't have to. That is one of the perquisites of the Mayor's office. He does not have to pay for his dinner, for his wine, nor for his cigars, but that will never be your good luck, Mr. Pollock. You will never be elected Mayor.

I listened with a great deal of interest and pleasure to the remarks of my friend to the right when speaking of George Washington, whose birthday we are to celebrate the day after to-morrow. Let me say a few words of an American equally as great as Washington, Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday we celebrated on the twelfth day of this month. To my mind no greater man ever lived in this country or is known in the world's history than Abraham Lincoln. He had the true conception of what Americanism means. When he called the people of our country to arms, he didn't ask or say, "I want none but native Americans, none but Scotch-Irish, none but Scotch, none but Irish, or Germans, or English, or none but French." No, he called upon all the people of this great nation to take up arms in the defense of the Constitution and the Union. And all responded, and they fought and bled and died until, after four years' struggle, this great Union of ours was saved.

My remarks, which will be brief, are addressed to you, my friends, not as Scotch-Irishmen, but as Americans, all of whom are anxious and desirous to do for our country what it is our full duty to do. There are many problems confronting us at this hour. It is not the Scotch-Irishman who is called

upon to help solve these problems; it is the American citizen, no matter whether native born or whether he came from foreign shores. The great problems confronting us are many, and especially those of municipal government. If we have good and honest municipal government the whole question is solved, for municipal government underlies all government; I care not whether it be in a city of five millions of people or one hundred thousand people, or whether town or hamlet. Let us work together for honest, non-partisan municipal government; if we accomplish this the country will be safe. This problem presents itself to-day in Philadelphia, and this problem will, if you assist—I know you intend to—in supporting the administration, be solved. Then every municipality in this broad land will loudly praise the symbol of liberty—our own old Liberty Bell—that shall again proclaim from our good Quaker City liberty in all the land from boss government, that has been hanging like a pall over us these many years.

I am trying, gentlemen, here in Philadelphia, where you elected me to the highest office in the gift of the people, to solve the problem of municipal government. If you will help this administration, not as Scotch-Irishmen, but as Americans, I can assure you that Philadelphia will in the near future be looked up to as the one great municipality that has set the pace for every municipality, for every town and for every hamlet. Then the echo will sound and resound, that a strictly business administration is the solution of a great question and must be adopted in every municipality so that the people will get their own and hold their own.

This I ask you, fellow-citizens, to help me accomplish. I care nothing for the honors of the office; I care nothing for the emoluments: all I desire is your support to give this city an administration that will be emulated and patterned after everywhere. Then conditions from which we have suffered for many years will be made impossible in the future.

Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, aid me in this purpose. Even if you tenaciously cling to the name of Scotch-Irish, remember that you are Americans and that your first duty is to be and live as American citizens.

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—There have been many great historical characters produced in this free country of ours, and in his great achievement Sam Houston had a character, David Crockett, Colonel Crockett. Colonel Crockett was the hero of Alamo, and he was elected to Congress and in passing through Philadelphia—he was a Scotch-Irishman—no citizen, I think, that ever came to Philadelphia had such a reception as he had. History tells us that the whole population turned out to receive him. On his way back home he called at Nashville to pay his respects to Andrew Jackson, one of the great men of our race. Andrew Jackson said to him, “David, won’t you have something?” He said, “I will.” “There is the decanter and the glass.” And he said, “While I was pouring it out, he turned his back on me, and I knowed he was a gentleman.”

I am sure that we are all grateful to Mr. Blankenburg for his great speech, and we all believe in him.

THE PRESIDENT:—

The next address we are to have is from our friend who has come from New York to tell us something and to add to the pleasure of the evening, Mr. William H. McElroy, of New York. I call upon him.

MR. WILLIAM H. MCELROY:—

A great philosopher who formed a part of “the glory that was Greece,” left to mankind the admonition, “Know thyself.” These dinners, I take it, may be regarded as the outcome of obedience to that admonition. For when we Scotch-Irish come to know ourselves, come to know the Scotch-Irish past and present, we naturally become enamored of ourselves and so feel that a decent respect for what appreciation owes to sterling merit demands that we should celebrate ourselves as opportunity offers. Having the courage of our convictions, modestly but firmly we hold that we Scotch-Irish are the chosen people; that we are the consummate flowers of the human race. We doubt not that if the rule of the survival of the fittest was generally enforced this earth of ours, from pole to pole, would enjoy the blessing of a Scotch-Irish monopoly. We may be

sure that it would not be a grasping monopoly. All that the Scotch-Irish ever aimed to acquire, so far as I know, was the earth and the fullness thereof.

The Scotch-Irish are a demonstration of the proposition that in union there is strength. But there is not always strength in union; it depends upon what is united. Were it otherwise there would be fewer unfortunate marriages. Multiply weakness by weakness and the product is weakness. A thousand times naught is naught. History united to fiction produces the historical novel. But a keen critic has trenchantly observed that the trouble with the historical novel is that the story warps the history, while the history handicaps the story. I have in mind an aforetime president of Princeton University who left the "still air of delightful studies for the vociferous air of practical politics. He has indicated the belief that there is not invariably strength in union. That is to say, that if he returned to teaching he would explain to his class in mathematics that a Presidential boom plus a weekly newspaper is not as strong as said boom minus said weekly.

But the Scotch-Irish union is indeed an ideal union. We are told that when things differ in order that they may correspond you have a counterpart. The Scotch and the Irish thus felicitously differ and the result is a perfect correspondence. To their dual nature the Scotch contributes common sense and the Irish uncommon sense; the Scotch is a little too pessimistic, but the balance is preserved since the Irish is a little too optimistic. The Scotch contributes wisdom and the Irish wit. The Scotch illuminates with the torch of science; the Irish with that supernal light of fancy and imagination "which never was on sea or land;" the Scotch contributes the thrift, the Irish a generosity in accordance with the exclamation of the Scotch-Irish Motley, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessities." Sydney Smith stated that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;" the Irish have a genius for the jocose and are so unrivaled as first aid to the obtuse Scotch. If we pass to the fair domain of the fine arts we find the ethereal romantic music of the Irish harp mitigating the harrowing harmonies of the Scotch bagpipe. I am fond of the story of

Pat's observation on first hearing the bagpipe. He listened for half an hour and then, the bagpiper having retired, he was asked how he liked the music. "Well," he replied, "I was so glad to have the performance stop that I was glad I had sat through it."

Permit me a brief personal reference. Whenever I desire to lay a peculiarly unctious unction to my soul I recall what General Lee wrote to Robert Morris and General Gates in 1779 or thereabouts. Lee bore witness that the government of Northern Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland was "neither monarchy, aristocracy or democracy, but *Macocracy*." Now, pondering on this rare tribute to the aptitude for ruling displayed by the Scotch-Irish Macs and realizing that government to-day in this marvelously prosperous country, so far as essentials are concerned, is about as it was in the good old days as to which Lee testified, what are we to conclude?

We are to conclude, are we not, that what Lincoln really meant in his Gettysburg speech was that his countrymen must see to it that government of the Macs, by the Macs and for the Macs should not perish from the earth.

Still the Scotch-Irish attitude toward other races is not one of arrogance or intolerance. By no means. It was said of Charles James Fox that his love of country did not consist in hatred of the rest of mankind. Our appreciation of the Scotch-Irish is indeed ardent, but when we meet people of another lineage we don't vilify them, we don't insist that they shall get off the earth. Oh, no. We simply—more in sorrow than in anger—question their taste in wishing to prolong their days, since they are not Scotch-Irish, and let it go at that.

These may be the words of truth—highly frescoed truth—but they are not the words of soberness. No, not the words of soberness; but then there is a time not to be sober. On the staff of New York's war Governor, John A. Dix, there was a soldier poet, Col. Halpine, who wrote over the signature of "Miles O'Reilly." A great victory during the civil war inspired him to produce an ardent lyric which began

"Bad luck to the man
Who is sober to-night."

Those lines might well be the motto of us Scotch-Irish this evening! Of course I am not referring to physical inebriation, but to that fine intoxication of the heart and the soul whose other name is enthusiasm. Last week occurred the festival of St. Valentine, and my remarks, if you choose, are to be regarded as a belated Valentine. It is in order to be enthusiastic in a Valentine. Indeed, it is always in order to be enthusiastic. Life without enthusiasm would be as dreary as a regulation afternoon tea in a deaf and dumb asylum.

I rejoice at this opportunity of celebrating with you the Scotch-Irish. Daniel Webster in a speech of surpassing eloquence exclaimed, "I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Boston, Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill are indeed mighty names to conjure with; but they are not mightier than the names which shine on the roll of the Scotch-Irish, names the simple calling of which constitutes a splendid eulogium of our race. You cannot write the history of the United States without writing the history of the Scotch-Irish. In peace and in war they have proved good and faithful servants of our country. They played a prominent part in making and preserving the Nation. They held up the hands of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In every important field of human effort they have made their mark. Their record is part of Uncle Sam's goodly heritage. They have shown themselves to the last degree resourceful. Point out to a Scotch-Irishman that there is the highest authority for asserting that "The meek shall inherit the earth," and you by no means cause him to take a gloomy view of his real estate prospects. He may not tell you, but he will tell himself that if he isn't meek, he is masterful, and that being masterful he puts a cheerful courage on, doubting not that he will discover a way of inducing the meek to make a fair divide with him. The Scotch-Irish insistence upon their own point of view, their preference for looking at things through their own eyes and not through eyes which are politely placed at their disposal by Mrs. Grundy, recalls one of the striking peculiarities of the Bostonian. A shrewd observer—it may have been Sherlock

Holmes—states that a Bostonian when in Rome does as the Bostonians do. The Scotch-Irish, as a rule, don't care much for Rome, but those of them that go there do as the Scotch-Irish do.

When Oliver Cromwell was sitting for his portrait he said to the artist, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." He could afford to be painted without reserve because he was Cromwell. Your Scotch-Irishman is by no means a perfect character. He has faults and frailties, some of which are more or less agreeable, and besides he is apt to be dogmatic, apt to take himself too seriously, apt not to recognize the difference between a dignified tenacity of purpose and a bull-headed stubbornness. When I was a small boy in Albany the Scotch-Irish to whom I owed allegiance kept the Sabbath so rigorously strict that we children found the day as long as we didn't find the "Shorter Catechism" short. But whatever his limitations or his sins of commission or of omission, the typical Scotch-Irishman can well afford, like Cromwell, to have his portrait painted, since in comparison with his virtues, all the rest is but as the small dust of the balance. I don't know as he ever has been put on canvas satisfactorily. But Rudyard Kipling might well have had him in mind when he drew the powerful figure which he calls "If:"—

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

"If you can make one pile of all your winnings
And risk it on a game of pitch and toss and lose,
And lose and turn again to your beginnings,
And never say a word about your loss;
If you can force your brain and heart and sinew
To do their turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there's nothing in you
Except the will that says to them 'Hold on';

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!"

Remarks of EX-GOVERNOR STUART in presenting
porridge spoon to the retiring President, MR.
MCILHENNY:—

I ask the privilege of being allowed to perform a very pleasant duty. It has been the custom of the Society upon the retirement of each President, to present him with a little token of regard for his services during his term. By regulation of the Society, each President is entitled to but one term. I do not think that it has ever been broken. I do not think—and I say it reverently—that any man has been President of the Society who has retired with greater love, affection and regard of the entire Society than the President who retires at the end of this meeting. He was one of the original founders of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, and the contribution to the Scotch-Irish history of Pennsylvania in the proceedings of these various dinners has been the only contribution made to the Scotch-Irish history in Pennsylvania. The epoch has been in his term, because, as we have been told by Professor Ford, there is now being prepared under the auspices of this Society, a history of the Scotch-Irish people. I desire in the name of the Society to present to the retiring President this emblem of its affectionate regard, this porridge spoon, which on one side has engraved

"Pioneer Porridge" and on the other side "Mush and Milk" and on the handle the typical representative of Ulster, the red hand of Ulster. I desire to present it to you, not particularly because you are a Scotch-Irishman, not particularly because of the fact that you are the retiring President, but above and beyond everything else, because you are John McIlhenny the citizen, and John McIlhenny the man.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Such a tribute from such a source I hold to be of inestimable value, and wish that I had the power of language to express my gratitude and appreciation of the kind words that have just been spoken by our friend and distinguished citizen, Ex-Governor Stuart. I thank you most sincerely.

Our friend Dr. McElroy has told you about the way in which our ancestors kept the Sabbath. I think it is one of the greatest tributes to them. I was in Knoxville, Tennessee, upon one occasion, and my friend Dr. MacIntosh and I took dinner with Dr. Park there, who is of an old family settled in that valley. He said that in the old days there was only one minister and four churches in the valley, and on Sundays when they had no preaching his grandfather read his Bible under a tree out in the yard. One Sunday morning while he was doing so he saw a hawk come down and take one of his chickens, and his ever-ready rifle standing on the back porch, he picked it up and shot the hawk. The neighbors had never heard the sound of music or gun on the Sabbath before and they ran to Brother Park to find out what was the matter. He was very much put out about it. He did not know what to say about making this disturbance. Finally he got his Scotch-Irish wit together and said, "That is what the hawk got for breaking the Sabbath."

We have with us to-night a gentleman who has recently been honored by being elected president of Princeton University. Some of our speakers this evening have told what the Scotch-Irish have done for this country. They have done a great deal more than we ever claimed, notwithstanding their disposition to claim everything; but one thing that the

Scotch did through John Knox was that they gave free schools to the world. No greater boon was ever given to mankind. It has elevated the masses; it has taught the few who govern the world that the other portion of it have rights; and we have with us this evening this distinguished educator, who will no doubt worthily maintain the prestige and name of Princeton University. I would like him to say a few words to us.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN:—

MR. PRESIDENT, DR. MACCOLL, WHO INSISTS UPON TAKING SCOTCH STRAIGHT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH AMERICAN SOCIETY:—

It is indeed a great honor and a privilege to be one of your guests to-night. I came by a late train from Princeton to my room in this hotel, and had just closed the door of the room when I heard the telephone ring, and going to the receiver the message came from the office, "Shall we send up your whiskey now or later?" I replied, "There must be some mistake. I did not order any whiskey." The word came to me, "We have instructions to send whiskey to all the members of the Scotch-Irish Society who have rooms in this hotel."

Gentlemen, I confess that I come before you to-night with some feeling of embarrassment and dread, in appearing before and speaking to this distinguished audience; yet let me confess it is not so much what you are to-day as what you were five generations ago that causes this dread and embarrassment on my part. I feel an awe and reverence when I think of your ancestors, and this feeling of delightful dread, if I may so put it, in coming to you is illustrated better than I can express it by the remark of a Yankee farmer in Maine. He was no Scotch-Irishman, but he had some Scotch-Irish tendencies in his nature. He was going late one afternoon to the village to take the train, with an old-fashioned carpet-bag in his hands. One of his friends stopped and said to him, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going down to Bangor to get drunk, and gosh! how I dread it."

Our eminent German friend, his Honor the Mayor, has said that we have no patron saint, we who boast of our Scotch-Irish ancestry. I think that the original Scotch-Irishman was Saint Peter, and that goes back to the beginnings of our ecclesiastical relations at least, for, as tradition goes, a Scotch-Irishman came to the gates of heaven and entered into conversation with Saint Peter. In the course of the conversation Saint Peter remarked to the Scotch-Irishman that within the doors of that place one day was the same as millions and millions of years, and indeed one minute was as a million of years and a million of years as one minute. He then went on to say in reply to the question of the Scotch-Irishman, "and a million dollars here is as one cent, and one cent as a million dollars." The Scotch-Irishman said, "Oh, Saint Peter, will you not give me a cent?" And Saint Peter replied—and I base my argument on his reply that he was a Scotch-Irishman—"My friend, wait a minute." We take him, therefore, as being our patron saint.

If you will pardon me in this presence, I should like to give a personal word in reference to my own Scotch-Irish connections. It has been my privilege to claim three homes: one my birthplace, Peoria, Illinois; another a home of four years in the Cumberland Valley in the town of Chambersburg; and the third, in the village of Princeton. I mention my native home in Peoria, Illinois, because that place was settled by a Scotch-Irish colony moving westward along the parallel of latitude from Pennsylvania. As I was brought up as a boy, I was surrounded by the different families in that town, as I recall them by the name of McKinney, McCullough, MacIlvain, McClure and other Macs, also the Coopers, the Reynolds, the Herrons, and my own family by the name of Grier. Every name that I have mentioned I heard again and again when I came back to reside in my home in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. It was the movement of that body of people towards the West that settled the central counties of Illinois. Reference has been made here to-night to Abraham Lincoln. It was that body of men, the men of that strain, who, in Peoria, Illinois, listened to Lincoln's famous debates with Douglas in the old court house of my native town. It was that body

of men, men of that strain, that helped to elect Lincoln President of the United States, and when the call came we find that body of men going to the front and dying in the service of their country; and I am proud to say that of the group that left my native town, my father was one and died in the civil war, after the battle of Fort Donelson, when I was but a year old.

Later in my life I had the privilege of being for four years in the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. In my native town of Peoria the Scotch-Irish were twice removed from their original settlement. When I came to Chambersburg I found there the Scotch-Irish once removed from their old Ulster surroundings; and I carried away with me, after the years that I lived in that village, a vivid memory of the strength and tenacity of conviction, the thrift, the push and energy of that Scotch-Irish community, and at the same time it was my privilege to sound the very depths of their affections. In this company to-night I am sure that it will not be regarded by any of you as invidious if I single out one man in my memory of that Chambersburg community, a man whose memory I delight to honor. I refer to the one who was my dearest and most intimate friend for four years, Colonel Thomas B. Kennedy, a man known to you all. He represents to me two things of the Scotch-Irish character; two qualities which may seem to some to be absolutely contradictory: the strength and the tenderness of a noble nature; and as I think of Colonel Kennedy these two blended qualities rise to my mind.

My third and present home is Princeton. Will you allow me to say a word with reference to the relation between the old college of New Jersey from which Princeton University has sprung and the Scotch-Irish of this country? I feel that I am entitled to claim this privilege, because I recognize the fact that I am here to-night because I represent Princeton University.

Princeton was, in the old colonial days, a great Scotch-Irish center. It has never lost, and I pray God it may never lose, its Scotch-Irish spirit. I would have Princeton represented in your thoughts as a place into which there set and from which there proceeded a great tide, the constant ebb and flow of Scotch-Irish influences. There was the flood into Prince-

ton of the young boys sent to us from Pennsylvania and the States and colonies of the South, and then back again from Princeton there was a steady stream into those districts, where the men who had been graduated from Princeton founded schools and colleges in Pennsylvania and in the South. In my opinion, the most glorious page of Princeton's history, when that history shall finally be written, will be found in the early days in the record of the schools and colleges established by Princeton men, running west and into the South, down the natural passageways of the valleys, far out into the West. Deep down into the South we find the stream of Princeton influence. Allow me to read the list, very briefly, of the schools and universities founded by Princeton men:—

Jefferson College, Pennsylvania.

Washington College, Western Pennsylvania; becoming Washington-Jefferson College.

University of Tennessee, Nashville, Tennessee.

Davidson Academy.

Greenville College.

Washington College in the Mississippi Valley.

University of North Carolina.

Queen's Museum, North Carolina.

Hampton and Sidney College.

Washington and Lee University.

They are the children of the old college of New Jersey. That, it seems to me, is the very center of the Princeton representative influence in the South, and from that time to the present day this constant relationship has existed between the South and Princeton.

In conclusion, I desire to take up one essential and, as it seems to me, the central characteristic of the Scotch-Irish nature, and I perhaps have picked out this characteristic because it is that which I crave, above all others, to be the characteristic of the young man who goes forth from the American college to-day. I crave above all things that it may be the characteristic of our Princeton men. It is this: it is the consciousness on the part of an individual of his own dignity as a man. We have had reference by his Honor the Mayor to the fact that the Scotch-Irish are not the only people on

the earth. I believe that when you analyze the Scotch-Irish character you will find that the very center of his consciousness is, not the pride that he is Scotch or that he is Irish, but that he is a *man*, and it is because he has risen to the consciousness of the full dignity of manhood, the fact that he has been able to look, throughout his life, every man face to face and eye to eye—that fact has been the secret of the Scotch-Irish success in this country.

We are all of us, as teachers to-day, interested tremendously in the problem of evolution. If there is any one word that would characterize the study and the teaching of this age—and by this age I mean the last forty or fifty years, up to this present time—it is this idea of evolution. Now it is a very simple matter when we are discussing the evolution of the plant or the evolution of an animal, for we can sum up the whole progress of development perhaps in two phrases: the power of adaptation to environment, and the survival of the fittest. But when we come to the history of man, these phrases are not adequate, and when we take up the history of evolution of human nature, the most interesting phase of that development, in my opinion, is the development of the Scotch-Irish character. It is because he recognizes himself as a man, not as a thing, not as something that can be played upon by the forces of nature, but because he recognizes within himself the elements of personality, that this phrase "adaptation to environment" does not fit him. The plant, if it is to survive, must adapt itself to environment; the animal must adapt itself to its environment. The Scotch-Irishman has discovered the secret of adapting his environment to himself, and that makes all the difference in the world. It is the line of difference that we draw between nature and human nature, and the Scotch-Irish, more than any other kind of man—I say this now that his Honor the Mayor has left us—more than any other kind or type of man recognizes this fact. Then that other phrase, the "survival of the fittest." We would say, if there ever was a phrase that fit perfectly the Scotch-Irish, here it is. What does the biologist tell us to-day is the arena of the survival of the fittest? It is the great struggle for existence. There you have a mass of struggling men, and you

throw a body of Scotch-Irish among them. Will they win their way out? Yes. But I say that this characteristic of the Scotch-Irish is not adequate. It is true as far as it goes. Why? Because, in the midst of that human nature so different from nature itself which is not human—in the midst of that human nature, at the very center of that God-given personality, we have that which has already been referred to as the great spring and source of generosity, of consideration for other men. When you have the animal, in his struggle for existence, you have but one impulse, the egoistic, the pushing of another to the wall, the crushing out of his life, but where you have the human being, a personality in the midst of other human beings and other personalities, you have a very different problem. It is not the egoistic impulse alone, but the altruistic along with it. If you ask me what type of man best illustrates egoistic impulse in the world, my reply is the Scotch-Irish; and if you ask me what type best illustrates the altruistic impulse, I say again, the Scotch-Irish. They are the ones who have had upon them for centuries the burden of a missionary compulsion in their nature; not merely living for themselves, but going out into the whole world to minister unto others. We behold, therefore, in the development of this strain of human nature the evolution of the world, it seems to me, reaching its very highest point and the very final phase of its development.

Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, I have but one other thought, and that is one I think that comes to us all at a time like this. We have met, and very appropriately met, to celebrate the work and the life of our beloved ancestors. I do not think that any body of Chinese could more reverently or fervently indulge in ancestral worship than we have done to-night. But I believe that this thought comes to every one of us as we go away from this gathering: in future generations—one hundred years, two hundred years from now—will our children and children's children and the great-grandchildren, gather together and will they rise up and call us blessed in the same way that we have called our Scotch-Irish ancestors blessed?

There is an old story that you have all heard, I am sure, of the habit in old Scotland at the time of the evening prayers.

The servants summoned the family, gathered them all together for "whusky and prayers." We perhaps have held on to the tradition of the "whusky," but on the other hand we may have forgotten the prayers. Will our children say of us, as we say of our ancestors, "They had the courage of their convictions; they were men that could not be bought with any price; they were willing always to sacrifice their convenience and their comfort to their convictions; they believed in the enlightened mind; they believed also in the reverent heart. Will they say of us, in the years to come, "Our fathers' fathers kept faith with God and man, therefore let us unite in praising them." God grant that may be the word in the mouths of those who come after us.

MINUTE

ON THE DEATH OF REV. DR. MCCOOK.

PRESENTED BY REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

Of the Rev. Henry Christopher McCook, D.D., LL.D., the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania has ample reason to cherish, among its choicest memories, a just pride. He was one of the founders of the Society, a leading spirit of that small group of men, consisting, besides himself, of Colonel McClure, the Rev. Dr. John S. MacIntosh, the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell and Mr. C. W. McKeehan; and from the inception of the Society, in the year 1890, until his much-lamented death, on October 31st, 1911, he was an enthusiastic supporter of its interests, freely giving his time, talents and painstaking labor to gather and to preserve the noble traditions and historic achievements of our race. Few occasions, like this which has called us together in goodly fellowship about this board, have passed without a witty word, and a wise one, from his voice, while his pen has contributed in song, in story and in narrative statement, many bits of history illustrative of the heroism and canny good sense of the Scotch-Irish people. He was President of the Society in the year 1895-6, and presided at the Seventh Annual Dinner, held in the month of February, 1896. For many years, he was the Chairman of the Committee on History and Archives. If now living, he would be greatly interested in and gratified over the history on which Professor Ford is at work.

The genial smile upon his radiant face, the merry twinkle of his sparkling eyes, the cordial grasp of his eager hand and the eloquence streaming forth from his warm heart will not soon be forgotten, while his always timely and always forceful presentation of present-day motive and manner of life as incited by the purposes and deeds of our forefathers, never failed to produce a deep impression on our minds.

Such a man we count as among our most highly-valued assets; and it is fitting that we should pause in our proceedings this evening for a brief review of his much-enriched and much-achieving life, as a virile force for all that we esteem instructive, inspiring and uplifting.

Dr. McCook was born in Lisbon, Ohio, on the third day of July, 1837. The blood of a Scotch-Irish and New England ancestry mingled in his veins, the Scotch-Irish element predominating. He belonged to a noble and historic family whose achievements in the professions of the law, of medicine, of the ministry, and in the army are well known. He was prepared for college in the public schools of Ohio, and entered the Scotch-Irish College at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, then known as Jefferson, now Washington and Jefferson College, located at Washington, Pennsylvania. From that institution he was honorably graduated in 1859. The same year he entered the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburgh, North Side, then Allegheny City. At the breaking out of the civil war, he left the seminary and entered the service of the army as the first lieutenant of a company in the Forty-first Volunteer Regiment of Illinois, which regiment he helped to organize. Later he became the chaplain of the regiment. After two years of army service, 1861-1862, he took up the active duties of the ministry in his first pastorate at Clinton, Illinois; and, after some three years of pastoral service there, engaged in mission work in the city of St. Louis during the years 1864-1869, inclusive.

In November of 1869 he was called to the pastorate of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, situated at Broad Street and South Penn Square, which church, by union with the Sixth Church and by taking the original title of that congregation, became the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, the congregation now worshiping in the beautiful edifice located at Chestnut and Thirty-seventh Streets, which was erected during his pastorate, having been dedicated May 6th, 1886. Dr. McCook's ministry in his Philadelphia charge covered a period of thirty-three years, a third of a century crowded with the ceaseless work of his ever-busy brain and his tireless efforts to accomplish the duties of his calling.

Upon his retirement from the active responsibilities of the Tabernacle pulpit and pastorate, to become pastor emeritus, he built a beautiful house at Devon and lived there until his death, last October. His love of nature and his soldierly spirit found expression in the name he gave his country home, "Brook Camp."

The wide-reaching influence of his ministry and of his labors beyond his distinctive pulpit and pastoral duties can be told but very inadequately in few words. He was richly and variously endowed with rare talents. Like Michael Angelo, "the man with four souls," like the many-sided Franklin, Dr. McCook possessed many amazing abilities which found abundant exercise and achievement in so many lines of effort that increasing wonder is the attitude of mind of all who give thought to his versatile mentality and his variegated work. He was an historical scholar of acknowledged authority, and was well versed in symbolism and in civic and ecclesiastical heraldry. He was a popular platform orator, with great persuasive power over an audience. He was a constructive leader in practical affairs of a civic, charitable and ecclesiastical character. He was a scientist whose original investigations, discoveries and classifications published in his numerous contributions to the volume of exact knowledge of nature, won the recognition and regard of men of science the world over. He was a poet whose stirring songs awakened many hearts to a new appreciation of the beauty of the natural world and to the nobility of heroic deeds of men. Who among us of this Society that listened to his reading of his poem, "The Battle of King's Mountain," will forget that ballad? He was a novelist with brilliant imagination and gift of words to tell and to adorn a tale, "Quaker Ben" and "Prisca of Patmos" having been written upon his bed during the last year of his life. He was an author whose literary product covering the wide range of his thinking is voluminous. One hundred and eleven publications bear the imprint of his name, some of these being books of goodly size and one a work in three large volumes. He was a patriot whose passionate love of country made him a good soldier in war and a good soldier in peace when moral and political battles for righteousness were waged. He was

always and everywhere an heroic soldier. He was a philanthropist, if not in munificent purse, in incessant work for the relief of suffering humanity on the field of battle and in crowded city, which drew heavily on heart and hand.

But above all else, before all else, after all else, he was a preacher of the Gospel, and a soldier, a servant of Jesus Christ. The Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth put this well, in his noble address at the funeral of Dr. McCook: "One central purpose runs through the many-sided outgoings of his mentality. If, like St. Paul, he seemed to become 'all things to all men,' at the same time, like St. Paul, he did this only that he "might win some." This was the master passion running through all his diversified efforts. If ever a man loved God with his mind, it was Dr. McCook. He put all his powers at the disposal of the Spirit and sought to use them for the advancement of the Kingdom. Thus, while doing many things, he was always doing one thing, and this thread of mental consecration, like a thread of gold, ran through all the jewels of his separate achievements, binding them together in one necklace of service, the offering which he laid at his Master's feet."

We miss him; we mourn him, here to-night. Yet "he being dead, still speaketh." So deep and lasting was the impression his great mind and great heart made upon us that, now, it all but seems we can feel the touch of the "vanished hand" and hear the "voice that is still."

Let us ever hold in memory dear this noble man, and others of our goodly fellowship also, who, like him, have gone out from our company to enter the great brotherhood of kindred spirits in the land of unbroken fellowships that lies beyond.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1911.

DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$225 68
Membership dues for 1911.....	\$480 00
Subscriptions to 22d Annual Dinner	725 00
Interest on deposits.....	8 22
	1,213 22
	\$1,438 90
CR.	
Postage, &c.....	\$30 00
Dinner subscriptions returned.....	15 00
John Maene, carving spoon.....	43 00
Speakers' traveling and hotel expenses.....	86 00
T. & W. J. Johnson Co., binding reports.....	1 00
Dreka Company, menus, dinner cards, etc.....	39 50
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 150 covers at \$3.50, cigars, wines and music.....	633 95
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, cigars.....	14 30
Wm. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations	12 25
Wm. Hoskins Co., letter book	2 35
J. S. Clark, telephone calls and telegrams.....	1 05
Clerical service.....	20 00
Geo. H. Buchanan Co., printing second notice and envelopes.....	17 25
William M. Clift, stenographer.....	17 50
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, table plan, &c.....	41 75
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing annual report..	154 70
	\$1,129 60
Balance January 1st, 1912.....	309 30
	\$1,438 90

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$309.30 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1912.

WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
ROBERT A. WRIGHT,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be de-

terminated by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- HON. E. F. ACHESON..... Washington, Pa.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG..... Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. ARROTT..... 431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES..... 4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM G. AYRES..... Cynwyd, Pa.

D. G. BAIRD..... 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD..... Haverford, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR..... Villa Nova, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD..... Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD..... Hueneme, Ventura Co., Cal.
JAMES M. BARNETT..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR..... 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY..... Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT O. BEATTY..... Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL..... 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
EDWARD M. BIDDLE..... 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE..... Carlisle, Pa.
SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE..... 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS..... Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
THOMAS BOGGS..... Melrose Park, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D..... 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT..... 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN..... 815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D..... 1414 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON..... Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
(Honorary)..... Washington, D. C.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN..... Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL..... Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
WILLIAM H. BURNETT..... 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A. A. CAIRNS, M.D..... 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL..... 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D..... Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON..... U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL..... Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL..... 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL..... Union League, Philadelphia.

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| HON. J. D. CAMPBELL..... | P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia. |
| JAMES F. CAMPBELL..... | Franklin Building, Philadelphia. |
| HERBERT M. CARSON..... | 937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa. |
| ROBERT CARSON..... | Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila. |
| WILLIAM G. CARSON..... | 205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia. |
| HENRY CARVER..... | Doylestown, Pa. |
| A. H. CHRISTY..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D. | Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. |
| REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D.D.
(Honorary)..... | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| GEORGE W. CREIGHTON..... | Altoona, Pa. |
| ALEXANDER CROW, JR..... | 2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. |
| REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN..... | 304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia. |
| ROLAND G. CURTIN, M.D..... | 22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia. |
|
HON. JOHN DALZELL..... | House of Representatives, Washington,
D. C. |
| C. M. DAVISON..... | Chambersburg, Pa. |
| H. C. DEAVER, M.D..... | 1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia. |
| JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D..... | 1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia. |
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D. WALKER WOODS.....	Lewiston, Pa.
JOHN W. WOODSIDE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 21st, 1913



PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street
1913

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MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

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MR. SAMUEL REA.

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HON. HARMAN YERKES,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

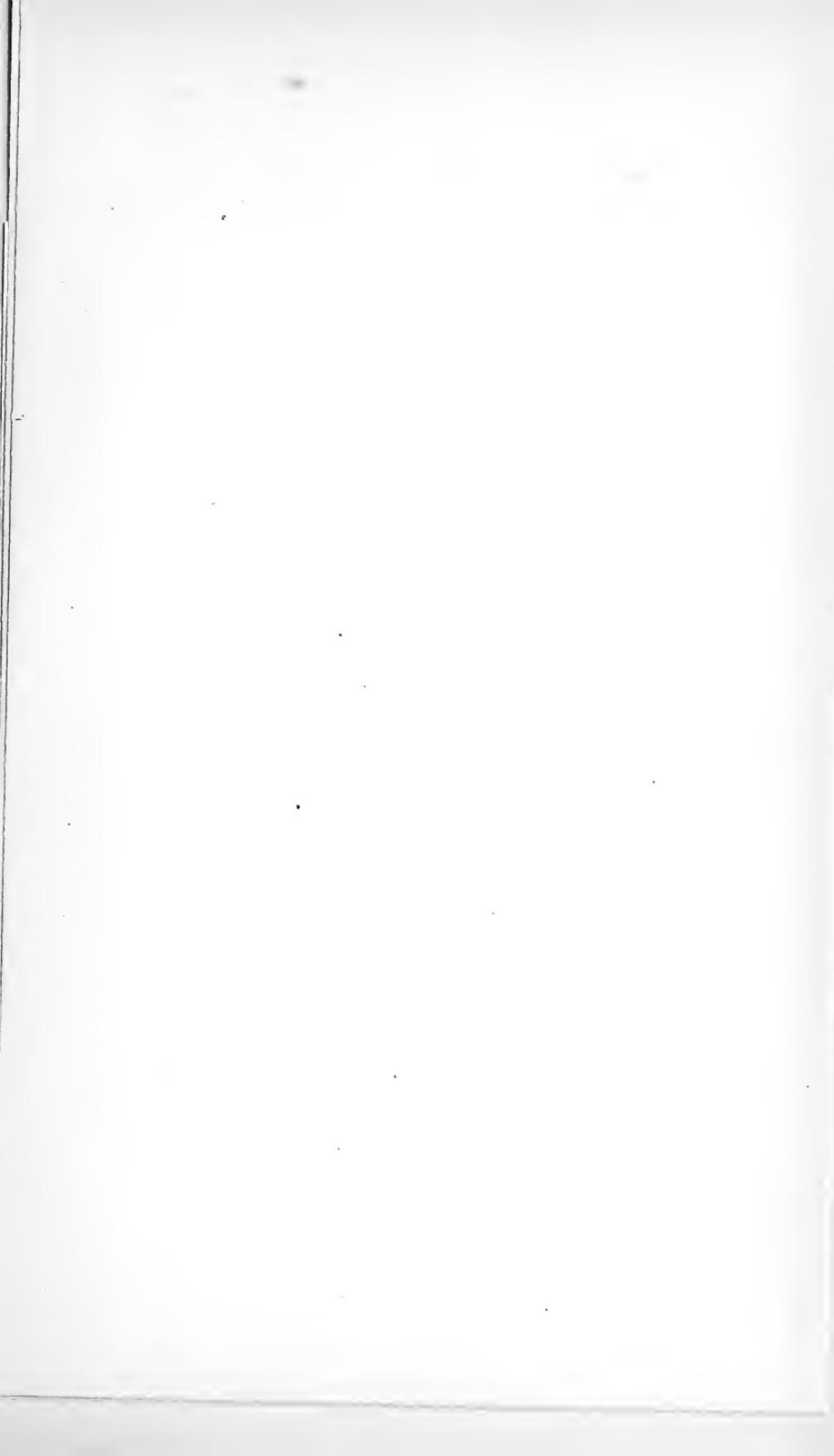
MR. M. C. KENNEDY, *Chairman*,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT

DR. JOHN B. DEAVER, *Chairman*, MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING, MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

MR. BAYARD HENRY, *Chairman*,
HON. JOHN STEWART,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,





TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 21st, 1913, at 7 P. M., the President, Rev. John B. Laird, D.D., in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1912, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 39.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

First Vice-President, MR. SAMUEL REA.

Second Vice-President, DR. JOHN B. DEAVER.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. McKEECHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JOHN McILHENNY.
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	MR. WILLIAM RIGTER FISHER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
HON. NATHANIEL EWING,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,	MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
D.D.,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.	

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. W. Courtland Robinson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Rev. John B. Laird, D.D., arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I regret exceedingly that it falls to my lot to try to turn your thoughts and interests from what evidently has been a pleasant feature to most of you in this evening's entertainment, and I confess that I scarcely would have the courage to disturb such a season of delightful feasting and happy intercourse, did I not believe that I was turning you from what most of you think is good to that which certainly will be better. As I look over the programme I am confident that before this evening closes you will all be ready to vote that this twenty-fourth annual meeting has brought to us not only what is good and better, but what is best, and grant that this may be true, for the best is none too good for the Scotch-Irish.

With your indulgence, I wish to take this opportunity—it is the first opportunity that I have had—of expressing to you my appreciation of the way in which you have honored me by electing me to the presidency of our noble society for the year just closing, and for the pleasure which I have in presiding over this delightful banquet. I merit no such distinction, and never once did it occur to me that I should receive such recognition until a few years since I noted that by some chance my name had found a place on that ever-ascending scale which ultimately lands the fortunate in the place of honor. It is not at all surprising that the announcement of my election to this office came with a surprise to many members of the society, and that the surprise was greatest to those who knew me best, and I suspect that it was because some of you lacked the courage of your Scotch-Irish ancestors that you did not address me in the manner in which an old preacher in the North of Ireland addressed a young fellow who, having come to our country to preach and having spent a number of years in the ministry in the State of Pennsylvania, received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity from one of our colleges.

This was a recognition with which he was greatly pleased, and in no way did he seek to conceal his pleasure at receiving this academic adornment. He was a fellow who was always credited with having his full share of vanity, and in the flush of his joy he purposed to go back to his little town in Ireland that his kinspeople and former friends might rejoice with him and for a little while bask in the reflected light of his glory; and, coming to his home town, he immediately called upon his old pastor, who greeted him somehow this way: "They tell me they have made you a Doctor of Divinity." "Yes, yes," he said, "they persisted in giving me this degree, although of all people in the world I think I least deserve it." "Aye, aye," the old minister said, "that is what I thought myself when I heard it." So I think if some of you had been a little more courageous and not quite so courteous, you would have said some such thing to me, even as no doubt you did say some such things about me. But this is another proof that we have of the strength and stability of our society, that it could pass through such an administration and still have about it some semblances of life. There were no great calamities befell us during the past twelve months. It is true that notwithstanding our most earnest protestation, the Home Rule Bill did pass, but I am credibly informed by a man who has recently come from Ireland, that the Government at Dublin is not yet established, neither have the northern counties publicly proclaimed their allegiance to the new parliament, and from my knowledge of the history of the Ulster people, of their temperamental peculiarities, of their fondness for controversy, of the high value they have always placed upon the exercise of the grace of resistance, I somehow suspect that some of them are secretly rejoicing in their inmost hearts that that bill did pass, for will it not give them an opportunity of doing in this day what their fathers did so heroically in their day, viz.: to resist a law which has about it the semblance of tyranny? You can depend upon it that there is not a son of Derry or of the Boyne that will be found wanting in the day when the opportunity offers itself for the exercise of the cherished grace of resistance. Just what will be the issue of it all no man can tell. It may be, if the law is

enforced, it will result in another mammoth emigration from the North of Ireland to the States, an issue which, I take it, would be altogether beneficent in that it would relieve a congested district and greatly improve the character of the immigration to our land. It seems to me that a few thousand red-blooded, liberty-loving Ulster people coming to our country just now, to scatter themselves, as was their wont in former days, in every part of the land, would mightily strengthen and give virility again to our institutions. If that be the issue, then I can see how it will demonstrate what many good old Irish saints are saying: "That the good Lord still uses the wrath of man to praise him." You know our fathers believed in Providence, and yet it is marvelous how, while they were so dependent on Providence, they still in a measure kept things in their own hands.

I remember how old Dr. Lyman Coleman at Lafayette College one Saturday, when he was going out to preach over Sunday, announced to his class, "Providence permitting, I will meet you on Monday morning, but I will meet you anyway on Tuesday morning." Another event occurred during the present incumbency, and it may be was brought to a consummation through the powerful influence of this administration, to which I think I ought to refer at this time, an event as interesting and significant to the Scotch-Irish as the passage of the Home Rule Bill, because if the enactment of that law results in the passing of the government of Ulster for a time from its rightful administrators, the occurrence of this other event is going to enable us to see in a few days the passage again of the administration of a government even greater than that of Ulster into the hands of a Simon Pure Scotch-Irishman. Last summer, in those hot days, when the convention was in session in the city of Baltimore, there was great uncertainty throughout the land as to whom the party would turn for its standard bearer, but everywhere it was conceded that, whether his name was Bryan or Clark or Wilson or Marshall or Underwood, he would be a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and just so soon as the nominations of Wilson and Marshall were made, they, with many others, seemed to take it for granted that they would be elected, and how could they do otherwise, for had

they not been taught by their old Scotch-Irish mothers to believe in the doctrine of election? Whether it is with fear or with hope that we regard the policy of the incoming administration, we Scotch-Irish may felicitate ourselves at this time that in giving to the high offices of president and vice-president these worthy sons of our sires, we have given them men of the finest intellectual fibre, of the greatest dignity, men who in their attainments and in their devotion to the right as they see it are unsurpassed by any of the noble line that have adorned those mighty thrones. However some of us may have voted last fall, we are none the less sanguine of the ultimate success of the one who shall wield the administrative scepter during the next four years, or the one who shall preside over the deliberations of the Senate. I say that we are no less sanguine of their success when we recall that each of these, in his own respective place, according to that good old Scotch-Irish way, in days past presented himself to his church and received ordination to the sacred office of ruling elder. Therefore, I take it this evening that it is timely for us to meet. A Scotch-Irish meeting is always timely, except it chance to fall on the evening of election day. We are gathered together for a noble purpose. As a general practice we would not commend ancestral worship, if for no other reason, because there are so few ancestral lines worthy of worship, but I am sure that there is no one in this room who will not agree with me that meeting together to sing the praises and extol the virtues of an ancestry like ours is altogether permissible and most highly commendable. A few weeks since it was my privilege and pleasure, as your president, to attend in this building the annual meeting and banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Society of St. Andrew, and I confess that it was with no little pride that I listened to those Simon Pure Scotchmen lauding the land of Wallace and Knox and Burns and Scott, and as I turned away I thought, what a heritage these Scotchmen have, and then, as I came to think a little more of it, I said, "Everything that those patrons of St. Andrew said with respect to themselves belongs to me, and even when they have gone to the very limit, I may say it is all true, but the half, the better half, is not yet told," for you remember how that when James the

First proposed to supply Ulster with a colony that would resist every Papal encroachment, he proposed, first of all, that they should be Scotchmen, and then, in order to have the very pick of the Scotch, he offered rich material inducements, and the canny James knew what would appeal to the Scotchmen, and so as the result of this offer of the richest inducements possible he got the best. We are told that in traveling in Britain, if we are a little observant, we can tell by the very way they leave a railroad train as to whether a man is an Irishman, an Englishman or a Scotchman. The Irishman, as soon as the train stops, rises impulsively and rushes to his destination. The Englishman rises and looks about carefully to see whether he has left anything behind. The Scotchman rises and looks all round to see whether anybody else has left anything. So James, on offering these inducements, soon found all Scotland ready to emigrate to the North of Ireland, and then began the sifting and winnowing process, a sort of Gideon process, and it came down to the very best, so that your remote ancestors and mine are the very best that Scotland could produce, and let us not get it into our minds that their sojourn in Ireland in any way robbed them of the virile qualities of mind and conscience which were theirs. A person could not dwell even for a little while in that land of sunshine and showers, of fables and flowers, or song and sentiment, and not be influenced thereby; and the descendants of these, viz., your more immediate ancestors, in coming away from the North of Ireland were still just as sane and much more sensitive than the original Scotchmen. They were just as courageous, but not quite as cautious. They were just as wise, and vastly more witty. They were just as honest, and more humane. They had those qualities of industry, intelligence and integrity that have made the Scotch notorious the world around. But in addition to these they had a sensitiveness, a sentiment, a humor, an extravagant optimism, a matchless wit, which gives to life its charm and robs it of none of its worth. These were our ancestors that came from Scotland by way of the North of Ireland, and oh, how that Irish residence did fit them for big things and happy living! Even in their religion they were cheerful. That student at Princeton

Seminary, more wisely than he thought, set forth the religious philosophy of his people when, in answer to a question addressed to him by dear old Doctor Green, "What is the chief end of man?" said, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy himself forever." It was not a Scotchman, but it was an Irishman who, driving through Dublin where there was an ordinance requiring that every man's name should be put on his vehicle, was stopped by a policeman who said, "Man, your name is obliterated." "Ah," he said, "you are a liar. My name is O'Brien." It was a Scotch-Irishman, not a Scotchman, who in this country sometime since, having been married and being on his wedding trip, engaged in conversation with a fellow who sat immediately across the aisle, and presently they came to a tunnel, and in passing through the tunnel the newly married Irishman in his impulsiveness became demonstrative, and the poor fellow sitting across the aisle suspected something, and when they came out to the light he was the embarrassed one. I presume he was probably a Scotchman or a Puritan or a Quaker or something, and he was embarrassed, and so to break the silence he said, "They tell me that tunnel cost a million and a half." "Well," the Irishman said, "I don't know, but it is worth every cent of it." It was an Irishman, and it was a Scotch-Irishman, who, entering a cemetery and seeing upon a monument standing immediately in front the letters, "R. I. P.," stood for awhile, then looked down and, seeing a name below, said, "By Gosh, he will be disappointed." Someone asked why. He said, "He has got on that 'return if permitted.' He will never be permitted." It is the glory of these people that we are here this evening to celebrate, people who in the early decades of the eighteenth century came by thousands to every part of our land, not believing in segregation evidently. They went everywhere, giving something of brightness to the life of the Puritan, giving something of initiative to the life of the Dutch in New York, making Penn's holy experiment a possible success, and, it may be, saving the colony of Virginia from a Toryism that might have been their lasting shame. Yes, the Scotch-Irish, those who came and scattered themselves, as it were, through the length and breadth of all our colonies, coming to Philadelphia, finding

when they came here that the city was already planned, that the name had been given to it by the Quakers, but from the very day that they landed assuming a great responsibility for its government. It is true that has temporarily passed out of the hands of the Scotch-Irish. Some of the good old ladies say that this is another evidence that we are in favor with the Great Governor of Nations, because "Whom he loveth he chasteneth." Others say it was permitted to pass out from Scotch-Irish hands this once in order that the world may have an object lesson forever that nobody but the Scotch-Irish are fit to govern Philadelphia. The Welsh were here when our ancestors came, and they seemed to have spent their time in giving unpronounceable names to our suburban railroad stations. But whilst they did that the Scotch-Irish were busy in building up and managing the roads; and because the names that have been conspicuous in the management of these great highways were Scotch-Irish, I take it the name of the road that centres in our city is synonymous with strength wherever we go. And during the past year when it came to the time when one good Scotch-Irishman was going to lay down the reins of rule in that great corporation, there was no concern anywhere, not a ripple upon the surface of the financial sea, for it was well known that when he quit another Scotch-Irishman would take his place.

Therefore, as an event in my administration, I say we had elected to the Presidency of that great corporation one whom we have before honored ourselves by electing to the Vice-Presidency of our organization this evening. Now, gentlemen, I come to the thing for which I was elected, and that is simply to present to you the men who are to speak. I want to say that we are singularly fortunate this evening in having speakers from widely-separated places in our country. One of the evidences of the hardihood of this Scotch-Irish stock is that it seems to grow and flourish and bear good fruit in almost any sort of soil. It seems as though it were indigenous to the east or the west, the south or the north. Wherever it is it produces well. It is especially appropriate that the first speaker this evening should be a native of the Carolinas, the one place in the whole country that might contest Phila-

adelphia's claim as the mother of American Liberty. Having come into being and grown to manhood there, and received his education there, and then having received a touch of Princeton Seminary, with his head full of wisdom and his heart fuller of grace, he went across the mountains and has been doing a man's work in Pittsburgh in training the minds and in directing the spirits of youth. It is my great pleasure to introduce to you this evening my good friend Reverend Dr. Henry D. Lindsay, President of the Pennsylvania College for Women.

REV. HENRY D. LINDSAY, D.D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—When I received an invitation to be here to-night and speak I was most uncommonly pleased. It seemed to me the biggest compliment of the kind that I had ever received in my life. For a time I was very happy about it. Then I began to wonder what I would say, and I have not been very happy since. I wrote to the President of your Society and asked him what he wanted me to talk about. He said, "Talk about anything that is appropriate, only don't talk too long." Knowing Dr. Laird, I knew that he would make a political speech to-night, and that he would tell all the Scotch-Irish stories that I had ever heard; so I had to look in some other direction. I went to my friend, the librarian of our city library, and told him of this invitation. I said, "Did anybody ever make a speech about the Scotch-Irish before?" He said, "From the number of volumes on that subject in our library, I am persuaded the Scotch-Irish have been talking to the Scotch-Irish about the Scotch-Irish since the dawn of history." Then I began to feel like an old Presbyterian parson who was facing a duty from which his timidity made him shrink. A friend said to him, "If you feel that way about it, why do you do it?" He said, "Well, I would not if I did not believe it was fore-ordained from eternity, and I have a good mind not to do it anyway." Other than your good nature, the simple reason I am here to-night is because I am one of you, born of Scotch-Irish parents, baptized with a

Scotch-Irish name, literally rocked in a Scotch-Irish cradle that was a century old, and fed on Scotch-Irish theology. It is good that we, who belong to the same great family, should come together and look into each other's faces, and remember the rock out of which we were hewn and the hole of the pit out of which we were digged.

“Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow,
They that set aside to-day
All the joys of their to-day,
And with toil of their to-day
Bought for us to-morrow.”

There is a use for this Scotch-Irish Society we do well to recognize, and that is its mission to teach truth to our neighbors. By our neighbors I mean the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the planters of Virginia and the Huguenots who settled farther South. We are a humble folk, we Scotch-Irish. We are willing to admit that there are such places as Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill, Manhattan Island, Yorktown and Charlestown. We do not forget that tomorrow is Washington's birthday. I am not sure that there is not a line along which we can claim Washington as a Scotch-Irishman. The part of England from which Washington's ancestors came was once a part of the possessions of the Scottish Kings. It was colonized by Scotchmen, as Ireland was, and along these parallel lines I think we are quite justified in claiming Washington as a Scotch-Irishman. But we are lovers of truth, we Scotch-Irishmen. Let us face it to-night. On Forefathers' Day the New England Society has met for over a century, and the choicest orators of the land get up and talk about the Puritans coming over to this country to establish civil and religious liberty. Think of it, religious liberty and a Puritan! The Puritan never had the slightest conception of what religious liberty meant. He simply came over here to find a place where he could do as he pleased in his own way, without interference from anybody, and he took good care to make it very unpleasant for the Quaker or the Baptist or any other man who wanted to worship God the least bit different from his way. The Scotch-Irish brought

religious liberty to Boston when in 1718 they came nearly a thousand strong. One is bound to admit, however, that it found a fruitful soil in New England, and that religious liberty has grown mightily in that region. They have worked it for all it is worth, for when we are tired of our own religions and want a new one we turn with confident eyes to New England, and it has never yet disappointed us. Sometimes these religions are weird, sometimes they are mystical, sometimes they are fantastic, sometimes they contradict every dictate of common sense and all that man has believed in the past, but, whatever else you can say about them, they are new. They are always new. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said he liked to live in Boston because he found it so pleasant to wake up in the morning and say to himself, "Let me see, what will I believe to-day?" With the calm assurance that if the faith of to-day was not satisfactory he could change it to-morrow morning and nobody would care. Then the Holland Society has a dinner, and the noble son of a noble Dutch sire rises to tell the glorious story of the Beggars of the Sea and Holland's cut dykes, and of the birthday of liberty, and, not content with claiming the earth, the Dutchman always takes in the Puritan as well, for he never forgets to tell us that before coming to America the Puritan went to Holland to be inoculated with the true virus of liberty. It all reminds us of the old darkey who was praising a favorite preacher. "Oh, that was a great sermon," he said, "a great sermon. He talked for over an hour and we didn't understand a word he said. And did you hear that prayer? I tell you, sir, he asked the Lord for more things than us niggers knowed the Lord had." So our neighbors give thanks for more blessings than we ever knew that God had bestowed upon them. Now, we all know that real liberty had its beginning with John Knox, that grand old Scotchman who "never feared the face of clay," that he enunciated religious liberty for all time when he said, "The authority of kings and princes was derived from the people, that the latter is subject to the former when collectively considered, and that rulers, when they use their power for the destruction of their subjects, can be lawfully controlled and judicially proceeded

against, even to capital punishment." These words germinated in the hearts of Scotch-Irishmen for a century, then they brought them to America, and on every battlefield for freedom they washed them in their blood, from the first conflict with the French at Fort Duquesne until the last soldier died on the battlefields of Cuba. Liberty belongs to the Scotch-Irish, who brought it to this country, and who built it up. Not for a moment would I detract seriously from the honor due the other great racial families whose blood mingled with theirs makes an American citizen, but I think that there is a sufficient reason for a distinct quality in the patriotism of the Scotch-Irishman, so that he can sing "Our Country" as no other man can sing it, that quality in his patriotism which gave him the large outward vision which Bancroft notes when he says, "The first voice for complete separation from the mother country was raised not by the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor by the planters of Virginia, but by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians." The reason is this: The Scotch-Irishman, when he came to America, was a man without a country. Leaving Scotland, he did not strike his roots deep in Irish soil. Ireland was for our forefathers simply an inn where they rested for a little while. The Scotch-Irishman came to this country seeking for a home, and his great, warm, loving, home-seeking heart gave itself up with a fierce joy to this land which welcomed him, and where in the wilderness he made a home for himself and for his children. Leaving the mother country because of what he counted oppression, he had no fond memories, no sweet recollections of a land beyond the sea, and he gripped this country mightily. In coming to America he came as one who did not love rulers, who had no use for privilege, and who never paid his taxes if he could help it. Finding in this State choice bits of land which the Penns had reserved for themselves, he promptly settled on these, and when he was expostulated with he growled out, "It is against the laws of God and nature that so much land should lie idle when so many Christians want it to labor on and raise their daily bread." A mighty fine, choice specimen it was of socialism, and you cannot find anything stronger to-day.

When the Scotch-Irishman passed over into Western Pennsylvania, and the Government unfairly taxed his whisky, as he thought, he immediately organized a rebellion, known in history as the Whisky Insurrection; not a long war, but a pretty hard one while it lasted. Incidentally, I may say that some of my friends out in Pittsburgh even to this day take a quiet pride in that little war against the Government. If not sons of the American Revolution, they can at least be sons of the Whisky Insurrection, and so they still have their place above the salt. It is fitting that one who comes from Pittsburgh should speak of the Scotch-Irish in Western Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh is known to the world as the city where they make iron and steel. Spell it any way you please, it is true. It is not known to the world as the greatest Scotch-Irish center in America. Pittsburgh is Presbyterian through and through. Its very smoke has a bluish tinge. The man you meet on the street is a Presbyterian, and if not a Presbyterian he is a United Presbyterian, and if he is not a United Presbyterian he is an Associated Presbyterian, and if not an Associated Presbyterian he is a Reformed Presbyterian, and if you have missed it all along the line he hastens to assure you that his father was a Covenanter. But we are not interested in the Pittsburgh that is. We are interested in the first settlement, the men who left an impression upon the country which time has not been able to efface. Western Pennsylvania is redolent with tradition.

Let me give you in bare outline just three sketches. We are not very proud of the first, still I am going to give it to you. It is from Arthur Lee's Journal. Arthur Lee visited Pittsburgh in 1784. He just came from a year in the gay, fashionable capitals of Europe and found Pittsburgh a little contrast at that time. He says: "Pittsburgh is inhabited mainly by Scotch and Irish, who live in paltry log houses and are as dirty as in the North of Ireland, or even in Scotland. There are to be found in the city four lawyers, two doctors, and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church, nor chapel, so that the people are likely to be damned without benefit of clergy. I do not think the place will ever be considerable." So much for Arthur Lee. Not a very flattering picture.

The second is from the journal of Rev. David McClure, who crossed the mountains ten years before Arthur Lee visited Pittsburgh. Writing in his journal he says: "The people are mainly Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. On this journey we overtook several families moving from the older settlements in the East to the West. I remember one in particular, a family of about twelve. The man carried a gun and an axe on his shoulders. The wife had the rim of a spinning wheel in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. The little boys and girls each carried a bundle according to their age. Two poor horses were loaded with some of the bare necessities of life. On top of the baggage of one was a sort of wicker cage in which a baby lay, rocked to sleep by the motion of the horse. A cow was one of the company, and she was destined to bear her part of the family belongings. A bed cord was wrapped around her horns and a bag of meal was on her back. This family was not only patient, but cheerful; pleased at the prospect of finding a happy home in one of the valleys which stretched from the mountains westward on to Pittsburgh." Can you not see that little family, with hope shining in their faces, moving on that they may establish a home? Do you not believe that following the home there came the school and the church? I would like to know what the history of that family was in the future. I would like to know what they did to make this country of ours. I am sure it was worth while.

The third was told me a couple of weeks ago by a friend. He said: "I went out the other day on a drive of about twenty miles from Pittsburgh and visited the graves of my great-grandfather and my grandfather in an old church-yard." And this is the story: "My great-grandfather was an Ulster Scot. He moved into Western Pennsylvania from the Cumberland Valley. After he had reared his log cabin and cleared a little patch of land he said to his wife one morning, 'I will go to Hannastown to-day and register my land.' She said, 'I will take the little boy and the dog and go to the woods and gather our winter's store of nuts.' The man passed on along an Indian trail until after a mile or so he came to the home of a neighbor, where he stopped for kindly greetings and a cup of cold water. Then he passed on his way. In an hour he met

a fugitive from Hannastown, who with gasping breath said to him. 'The Indians are out. They have burned Hannastown. They are massacring the inhabitants and all the settlers will be killed.' Turning he sped back towards his home. Passing his neighbor's house he saw it in flames and the bleeding bodies of those who had welcomed him an hour before lay in the door-way. Going on he topped a hill and saw beyond his own house in flames. He turned aside. Surely they were dead or captive in the hands of ruthless savages, his loved ones. As he bowed his head to the stroke, a voice called him from the bushes, 'John! Oh, John! We are all here. We are safe. The Indians did not find us.' Then he bowed his head as he gathered his loved ones in his arms and thanked God for his goodness. Then, lifting his face to heaven, he said, 'This land on which I stand shall be consecrated to Almighty God, and here shall rise a church to the honor and praise of His name;' and that church was built, and for more than a century there the Gospel was preached and the praises of the people ascended to heaven from that ground dedicated to God in the thanksgiving of loving hearts. That Western Pennsylvania country is full of such traditions as that." Looking around this room to-night, is it not amazing to think that only one life separates us from those who mingled in such scenes? Yet, when we come to think about it, we have traveled far since our fathers' days. We have lost some things on the journey and we have gained some things. We have a larger charity than our fathers had. We have a broader sympathy, and our benevolence reaches to people of whom our fathers had not heard and for whom they did not care. I am not sure, though, that our feeling is deeper than theirs. I think we have learned in this day to make our religion practical as our fathers did not. I am not sure, however, that we know more about the presence of God than they did. Those men were familiar with hardship. They were inured to trial. They were acquainted with sacrifice. They reformed religion. They remodeled society. They planted for us the home, the school and the church. Sometimes we grow disengaged because the fight is so long, and sometimes as we look abroad we are ready to agree with George Eliot when she says, "The heart of the age is hospitable. It entertains like

an inn, God or the devil on equal terms." Oh, yes, the fight is on, but they fought and they conquered in their day. It is worth while to cherish their memories, deal lightly with their mistakes and tell their virtues to our children. Other men labored and we have entered into their labors.

Remarks of DR. JOHN B. DEAVER in presenting spoon to DR. LAIRD:—

PRESIDENT LAIRD AND FELLOWS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—The duty assigned to me this evening is a most pleasant one. The esteem, sir, in which you are held by the members of the Scotch-Irish Society, and how you are beloved, it is my pleasure to tell you this evening, as a fellow Scotch-Irishman, as a fellow Lancaster Countian, one who with all Lancaster Countians is proud of your success and the part that you have played in shedding lustre upon the county in which you were born and the great State of Pennsylvania. It is my pleasure in behalf of this Society to present you, as a token of their respect, their esteem, their high regard, their admiration and love for you, this spoon. A man of the temperament and sympathy that underlies all sciences, we greet you, we honor you for the keenness of your intellect, which is only equaled by the tenderness of your heart. Take this, my dear doctor, and accept it in the manner in which it is presented.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I want to say that I accept this token of your appreciation and shall value it very highly throughout my whole life. I think probably it is suggestive in that it is a spoon. Some of you who know me best, know that I have not been particularly successful at spooning, but probably this will enable me to take courage and try again. I know that possessing a silver spoon in one's mouth has helped amazingly, and having this, therefore, as an incentive in that I will have something to transmit to the generation that is to come, I shall take this with me and probably shall begin a different career. I want to say that it is not only a pleasure for me to receive this token,

but it is especially pleasant for me to receive it from the hands of Dr. Deaver. Dr. Deaver's honored father was our physician in our Lancaster County home, and from the very earliest days of my childhood I was led to revere that stately form and respect the character of that man who embodied in his life the virtues and characteristics of the good doctor, and, therefore, as I take this home with me as the token of your appreciation as the Scotch-Irish Society, I shall value it all the more because it will ever be associated in my mind with Dr. John B. Deaver, the illustrious son of his illustrious father.

THE PRESIDENT:—

One of the delightful features of our meeting together in Philadelphia is that we have the opportunity of inviting our friends from other cities, where the life is strenuous and where the tax upon the mental, moral and physical makeup is very great. I have a friend, an Episcopalian, who comes over from New York occasionally to visit me, and he says he always feels that his visit here does him good physically, morally and spiritually, for it matters not when he comes, he always feels that he is keeping Lent. The other day I heard a man make a remark with reference to Philadelphia. It seemed singular, but he had been over here from New York and looked over our city pretty well, and he said he really believed if Rip Van Winkle had come down the Delaware instead of going up the Hudson he would be asleep yet. This evening it is our pleasure to have as a speaker one who is not a native of New York; one of Scotch-Irish ancestry, a product of the Middle West, some years ago having come East and associated himself with the great University of Princeton, being the first occupant of that chair in politics, and then called to the Presidency of the College of the City of New York, a position which he now occupies. It is my pleasure and honor, therefore, to introduce to you the distinguished educator, John H. Finley, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York.

MR. TOASTMASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—Your President's seeming familiarity with my personal biography is of very recent acquisition, for only five

minutes ago he leaned over and asked whether I had come from Indiana. I suppose you do not know what the feelings of one born in another State are when he is accused of being born in Indiana. I told him that I came from Illinois; and that fact illuminates the whole situation. Perhaps you do not know what an opprobrious name is given to those who come from Illinois. I see you do not. A man born in Illinois is called a "sucker," and he is called a sucker for the reason that he believes all the good things he hears about other people. I have been attending in New York for some time past dinners of the New England Society and of the Holland Society and of the Huguenot Society, and so on, and I have believed all the things that I have heard about the New Englanders and about the Dutch and all the rest. But we have no Scotch-Irish Society in New York. I shall never be as credulous again.

I feel very much at home, and, as there are no reporters present, I think I may say that I have never seen as handsome a body of men since I left the environment of my infancy. You are all as handsome as I thought my Scotch-Irish father was.

As Dr. Lindsay, I, too, have read some of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, and having read them, I know that one of such inexperience as mine must not venture into this competitive field. I have realized also that I must not use any old speech such as I may have used before the New England Society or the Holland Society. I could not imitate the example of the Scotchman, or possibly the Scotch-Irishman, who was traveling in a railway train on the other side, and when the guard came along for the tickets was found fumbling in his pockets, seemingly trying in vain to find a ticket. The guard went on and said, "Have it ready when I come back." When he came back the old man was still trying to find the ticket. Looking up, the guard saw that he had it in his mouth and said, "Why, mon, ye hae your ticket in your mou'. Han' it here." After the guard had gone, one or two Americans in the compartment with him said: "Old man, what is the matter? You sort o' lost your mind, haven't you?" "Na, na," he said, "I nae ha lost my mind. The ticket was twa weeks auld and I was just suckin' the date

off it." I could not take my New England Society speech, remove the date and use it, so I have had to do what my father did, who went out upon the frontier as a young man. I have had to get out of the range of competition entirely; I have had to go out on the borders of after-dinner speaking, find a little patch of virgin ground, there put in my plough, drop in a few seeds and cover them with my hoe. So I begin in a most embarrassed way, I assure you.

When my ego was emerging from the indistinctness of its personal eternity into what I have been accustomed to call my life, I can see, as in the Homeric days of the race, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian singer with his eyes closed, sitting in the one-lighted room of the prairies in the mile of darkness about, and I can hear him singing:—

"I'm a Pilgrim
"And I'm a stranger,
"I can tarry
"But a night.
"Do not detain me,
"For I am going
"To where the fountains
"Are ever flowing.
"I'm a Pilgrim
"And I'm a stranger,
"I can tarry,
"I can tarry
"But a night."

He went singing on in the dawn toward the West, one of that Society of Frontier Scotch-Irish Pilgrims who, as President Roosevelt said to me a few days ago, were as the spray of the immigration that broke against the Alleghanies, precursors, migrants, whose fellow members in that primitive society were the clouds, the migratory birds, the bees, the frogs, the grasshoppers, the seventeen-year locusts, and those lean, large-familied brothers of this pioneer, whose white-sailed schooners were ever moving across the level stretches of plain like yachts in the days before the motor boats.

I venture, as modestly as I can, to bring you from that valley the greetings of that Scotch-Irish society into which I was born—the greetings of these first migrants whose chorus begins

with the inarticulate voices of bees, birds and frogs. I can hear the cranes in their honking migration northward; I can hear the lonesome croak of the frogs, as Aristophanes heard them in the ponds of Attica, and the shrill cry of the bloodless grasshoppers, to whom Homer likened Old Priam's chiefs upon the walls of Troy; I can even hear the invisible choir of bees which one day came singing across my field and which were persuaded down to earth by the clods I threw up into the air. I wish my clods of speech could bring those migrants all to express their greetings in your hearing, who have made articulate in mightier voice that spirit which unites the zones and ignores longitudes. But the season, mild as it is, is not favorable to their presence in this latitude and I must bring you in my own person the greeting of that ancient society myself, who am permitted neither to emigrate nor hibernate.

And my very brief message takes its suggestion of the fact that we are all descended from immigrants, and a particularly purposeful variety. It occurred to me not long ago that New York was very like heaven in one respect at least, that its inhabitants are nearly all immigrants, *i. e.*, have come from across the ocean or the Hudson or the Harlem River. And what is immediately true of New York is, of course, true, only more remotely, of every other city, even Philadelphia. Its first immigrants have been here so long as to seem like the angels that were present at the opening of heaven.

All men who are not unprogressive or static—that is, who are generically progressive, are either migrants or vagrants, with this distinguishing difference—that migrants are travelers who are going somewhere, while vagrants are travelers who are going nowhere. Some are e-migrants and some are im-migrants, according to the point of view, but they are all purposeful beings in motion. A migrant is a destined vagrant. The migrant whom I heard singing in the night out on the prairies was a Presbyterian, a predestinated migrant. He could not tarry more than a night. He was predestined to enjoy the splash of perennial fountains.

To turn the definition the other way around and define a vagrant in terms of a migrant, a vagrant is a migrant who has forgotten, if he, the vagrant, ever knew, where he was going.

Governor Wilson used to relate the fable of the donkey in transit down the Mississippi River. It had lost the tag indicating its destination, and the colored deck-hand reported in consternation to the captain that it "had done eat up whar it's gwine to." A vagrant is a person who is mobile but who has eaten up, or drunk up, or given up the object of his mobility.

The only people who have made real progress in the world are the migrants, people who have set out for somewhere. Vagrants have often joined the procession of the migrants, shared their rations and arrived with them, and they are not always to be distinguished from the real progressivists; but, after all, they have not survived in memory.

Ulysses, when he left the Cave of Calypso, escaped from the Halls of Circe and stuffed cotton in his ears on his way past the rocks of the sirens, was an e-migrant. The Prodigal Son became eligible to join the immortal society of the im-migrants when he came to himself after his period of riotous vagrancy. And the wandering tinker, John Bunyan, fired with a purpose, became the historian of the most illustrious and progressive migrant the Christian world has known.

Man has been defined as an "animal that makes dogmas." And when a man says that he disbelieves in finality, that he has no creed as to course or destination, "he is by that very process," says Chesterton, "sinking slowly backwards into the vagueness of the vagrant," the "unconsciousness of the grass," and the broadmindedness of turnips. He has ceased to be a migrant and has become a vagabond.

I was once waiting for a train at a lonely junction out on the prairies, when a fellow-traveler came along and asked when the next train was due. I said it depended upon which way he wanted to go, as the trains ran in four directions. He answered that it "didn't matter." He was no dogmatist as to his personal destination.

But a true son of the Scotch-Irish immigrant is a dogmatic progressivist, who knows where he is going and probably why he is going where he is going. He is not an aimless progressivist on the one hand, nor is he on the other hand a dogmatist, whose destination has been achieved, as that young woman of

another delightful Southern fable, who, being asked by a neighbor in the street where she was going, said, "I ain't going nowhere. I'se done bin where I'se gwine to." He exemplifies in his temper the constant struggle to overcome the two great forces in the spiritual world, analogous to those in the physical world, inertia and vagrancy, the disposition to sit still and the disposition to go off at a tangent. The Scotchman is by nature dogmatically static, the Irishman progressively tangential, and the result, a Scotch-Irishman, is a progressive dogmatist.

Have we not every one of us felt our ancestors disputing within us? When an appeal is made to you does not your Irish ancestor stir you to do something, anything immediately, and then, before you get started, does not your Scotch ancestor urge you to consider whether it fits into your doctrine of things, your philosophy of life—not your predilection, but your election? And do you not in the end suit the Irish action to the Scotch word and progress with some definite theory?

My Scotch ancestors have suggested that there should be some moral to my remarks. But my Irish ancestors insist that if any, it shall be very brief and not too metaphysical. They have compromised on this: that we must ever consider ourselves as intellectual and spiritual migrants, going from one state of achievement to a higher, even as they, in seeking a "better country," became e-migrants from the Emerald Isle and im-migrants into a republic in which, as we have heard tonight, they have made most of its history, even if they have had to let others write it.

We should be excused if we were a bit boastful when we think of what we have accomplished. But we content ourselves with the modest remark of one of our Scotch ancestors: "Well, it micht ha' bin waur" (it might have been worse). You remember the Scotchman who was always saying, "It micht ha' bin waur," and two of his friends laid a wager that one could say something to Sandy to which he would not make his wonted reply. So we met him one day and said, "Sandy, I had a bad dream last night." "So? what was it?" "I dreamed that I went to the bad place." "Oh, well, it micht ha' bin waur." "How so?" "Suppose you had na bin dreaming."

The Scotchman would say, "It might have been worse." The Irishman, living a little nearer to the blarney stone, would say, "If there had been one less Scotch-Irishman in Philadelphia it would have been worse." So I conclude, gentlemen, grateful for my ancestry and the contemporaries it has given me this night, with that song (I wish I could give you the melody of it, I gave you the measure merely), the song which I heard from my Scotch-Irish father, only in different words:—

"I am a Scotchman
"And I am an Irishman,
"I have traveled,
"I have traveled
"From afar.
"Do not detain me,
"For I am progressing
"In this my country
"Of God's best blessing.
"I am a Scotchman
"And I am an Irishman,
"I have traveled,
"I have traveled,
"From afar."

THE PRESIDENT:—

Some years ago we had a most interesting address made to us by a very good friend from Lancaster, Mr. Hensel. In that address he showed us plainly and clearly that even Lancaster County was a Scotch-Irish district. I presume if I had the imagination or had the grasp upon historical facts that he had I could show eved more conclusively than Dr. Lindsay has, or as has been shown heretofore that even Holland belonged in a measure to the Scotch-Irish. I will say this, that if I had not been born Scotch-Irish I think I would prefer above every other to be a Dutchman, and I say this in full knowledge of that incident that is related of the Irishman who was traveling in Europe and happened to be in the compartment with an Englishman and a German, and these all day long conversed with one another about their native lands, and when they came to the place of destination the Englishman said to the German, "From what I have always known

of your good country, and especially from what you have told me to-day, I think if I had not been born an Englishman, I would like to be a German," and the German said, "Well, I would like to return the compliment. From what I have known, and especially from what you have told me, I think if I had not been born a German I would prefer being an Englishman." The Irishman was not saying a word. Finally they asked him, "Pat, what about you?" He said, "To tell you the truth, it is this way. From what I have always known, and especially from what I have had to listen to to-day, if I had not been born in Ireland, I would be ashamed of myself." If I were not a Scotch-Irishman, I think I would like to be a Dutchman, and since we cannot be both Scotch-Irish and Dutch we are very fortunate this evening in having the prince of Dutchmen, as we know him, to come to us in the person of Dr. Stryker, President of Hamilton College, of Clinton, New York, who will now speak to us.

REV. N. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND ALL OF YOU GOOD-LOOKING VICTIMS:—
Morituros saluto: I take pleasure, to begin, in noting that the presiding officer of the Indiana Senate is not present! Having failed to elude the beguilement of your representative, here I am, with all my Dutch courage oozing out of my finger tips, finding it impossible to speak without wondering whether I can catch a glimpse of the flying coat-tails of my predecessor. It was worth coming down here to hear that talk. I could have sat as Eutichus did all night, without, as he did, going to sleep, if Dr. Finley had but kept on. He is cheerfully welcome to have, and I am sure you would like to have him have the rest of my time, because I am not here to furnish any of the fine-bread or the delicate tongue for your sandwich, but just a dab of mustard or a pinch of salt. I can say "*adsum*," but not much! The Scotch-Irish, which I have always heard is bad for the head, has gone to mine, and I am in a dizzy predicament. I am a representative of the uncovenanted mercies. I am not competent either in brogue or burr; can give you no Gaelic; and cannot quote much Burns or Moore. My wits were never

sharpened on any Ayrshire hone, and if I were to attempt to fool this intelligent company I should be as if I were fencing with one of those ruffling gallants of Dumas'. I am no such "musketeer" as that, but only a Dutchman, New Jersey Dutch, please, mitigated by some strain of New York English. It is a great fashion to fall back upon genealogies. After all, I was thinking as I listened to all this modesty, that it does not make so much difference where a man came from as how far he has come and which way he is going! If you add it on your fingers you will find that six generations back everyone of you had sixty-four greater parents, and pity it were if we could not find some one respectable among the whole of them and take our pick. I do mine, and I am glad that I can choose. If I were not something else I would like to be what I am not. I beg you to recall that enjambèd church notice: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Your history, trans-atlantic or cis-atlantic, is all well known, and it is so well worth knowing that I will not meddle with it. It needs nothing but our building. If I fail to recognize at any point explicitly it is not that I do not implicitly recognize the magnificence of the stuff which Scotland and Ireland have given us. I have no doubt that all your forebears had their own good reasons for coming over here—and we are glad they came. Most seriously, one does not for a moment fail to value, even if one not to the manner born cannot so well value, or at least emulate you in your valuations, for their undeniable and indispensable contribution to this great complex of America. If at any time I fail to appreciate and do not wear my ulster right side up you can fall back upon that (it is old Scotch) that rather individualistic couplet: "There's some great folks set light by me. I set as light by them."

A medical professor in Edinborough town put upon the board one morning, as an annoyance to his equals: "Doctor So-and-so has been made physician in ordinary to the Queen." Next day underneath was written: "God save the Queen!" So here am I swimming in the air or flying in the water, which ever you like. There was a fine old Irishwoman lived up on College Hill. Those who live in Oneida County know where that is. She had one eye and a sweet brogue. I was walking

about one evening. Her husband used to be professor of dust and ashes when I was in college. I said to her: "I wish I could see Peter." She said: "If he is in a good place I would be glad to see him and if he is not I would not." I said: "He would be glad to see you no matter where he is." She said: "If he isn't in a good place he'd be glad to see most anybody." That is my fix and fortune.

You would like to have me be serious for the few moments that are left. It is well to be so. Sobriety is good. I am sure you all at least think so—but not too sober, don't you know? There was that woman going along the streets of Edinburgh. She had a little dog running along with a leash. There stood by a citizen who had been celebrating the beginning of the Sabbath, and when the dog got away she said to this man, "Please whistle for my dog." He drew himself up very straight (he was straight Scotch) and said: "Oh, madam, it is nae day for whustlin'." I suppose we all have the failures of our virtues. I had a text. I was to speak to a point. I will work toward it. It is all truism, but the patent and the obvious is the thing we easiest lose. This time of ours is absolutely surcharged with inquisitiveness. It is all an interrogation and that of a very earnest sort. Our sorrows are come not single spies but in battalions. The great waves of eager and excited human question surge in regiments—"every nation, every shore, trembles and dreads the swelling tide." All the great theories and the great definitions are thrusting into the crucible for reminting. The fundamental things of the rights of man and of the ever-subsidiary rights of God are laid on the anvil, and I am sure that this company of strong heads and firm hearts is asking, not sordidly, but candidly, *for the way*. I want the way. There is a kind of so-called patriotic talk which is grandiose and fustian and futile. We all recall Sam Johnson's definition of patriotism. It is not all, but there is enough squills in it for our good. No matter. I am not quite sure, but I think it was in this very city of Philadelphia that Stephen Decatur long ago gave that toast, so often quoted, which in itself is elementarily provincial, and which ignores the divine horizon. Whether here, or wherever it was: "Our Country! May she always be right, but our country, right or wrong!" No, no.

Our dear land, God keep her and save her first from the foes of her own household and her own hearts, but rather than echo that great sea fighter, I will follow the cavalier who sang: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

Let me skip along over a few high hills and just touch them as I jump. *My Country*, but let us not put the whole emphasis upon the possessive pronoun. There is not any such thing as an ethics which is merely personal. If ethics has any validity, it is public. Not only is it public, it is national; but more, not only is it national, it is international, and inter-human, and falling short of that it falls short of the goal of good for man. It is a definition that I teach, that I will stand by, that ethics is law of duty in the fulfillment of personal relations. That is big enough to take in archangels and God. Every science can come under that definition. It will hold water. It will hold all things. Ethics, if it be real, if there be a law of right and wrong, cannot have any artificial circumscription and corner life. It must take everyone in, else it is "honor among thieves," the ethics of a coterie. It must be generic and it must be impartial. There is a great French book on the "Psychology of the Crowd." That bright author goes on to show how many men together will do things that no one of them separately would think of doing, and that they will do things to many men collectively that they would not do to them one by one. That is the bad ethics of the crowd psychologically. If there is right and wrong, it is all in all and everywhere, geography does not limit it, nor numbers, nor time. How deep that goes! We are coming more and more to ascertain that it is not a little matter of "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. Amen." That is provincial. That is colonial. That is absolutely arbitrary. More and more the world is somehow, by reason or by the rod, coming to understand that "all men's good is each man's rule;" that it is only in acquiescing in, in answering, the echo in ourselves of the great public conscience of the world, that we are to be delivered from that "covetousness which is idolatry." In the last analysis, greed is anarchy—wear it silk or wear it rags.

" Does business mean, 'die you, live I?'"
Then 'trade is trade' but sings a lie;
'Tis only war, grown miserly."

I am not trying merely to "make a speech." I am just saying something that lies deep in mind and feeling, as being the thing that this strange, struggling, wistful world shall come to in the providence of God. I am a Christian, and I would that I were a better preacher of that name and of that life, but I believe, and so I dare to say, that applied Christianity is the demand, and if there be truth in the theory that Christianity is not applicable, then it is not credible. He, whose name we bear, has the last word to say about the regulation of all the wards of this great asylum; Jesus of Nazareth is either absolute or obsolete. I believe that at last the government shall be upon His shoulders, and that He Himself contains in His essential and declared will the only solvent for all the surds in society and government and law and life. Be it there or be it here or yonder, the total world is paying for the excesses of any part of it; bad blood here, a tumor there, is something which we all share alike and suffer in together, for God has ordained that this family of man is unitary. There was a great war once in this land as to whether this nation should be a nation at peace or a nation in pieces, and that is the war of the world, that it shall not be a planet of fragments, but one law of love, of elemental good. The only ethics that is good for anything in your soul or in mine is the ethics that integrates our life and integrates it with all the lives that are. The Balkan problem is our problem. The Mexican problem is our problem. Most intimately the problem of whether we shall tell the truth or lie about the tolls at Panama is our problem. All this matter of immigration of those we choose to call outsiders is urgent and imminent. I have stood on lower Broadway more than once and seen them come up, a man and a woman with six children, maybe, or more, a baby on either hand and a big unsightly sack of bedding drawn over their shoulders, a man with a child here and a child there, "Dagoes," but on their faces was the light of God's hope. At last they had struck it! God do so to me and more also if I forget that this land of mine, in the providence of my God, is for his

missionary purposes for all men that breathe. Let them come, and let us teach them, remembering that we all are the children of immigrants, and that the promised land was ours not by any right of domain, but because it was a place that God had reserved for those who needed it in the great course and travail of Time. Yes, Emerson said it: "No man ever learns to live rightly until he learns that every day is doomsday." It is the right or the wrong that rives like the judgment light through all the questions of this tragic or comic time in which we live. He who lays the burden will strengthen the back. Our hands shall not flinch from those handles, but we will plough the furrow to the very wall. We are to "hear what the years have to say and the centuries against the moments and the hours," to dissipate this brawl of trade, these loud commercial outcries, and hear the things that sound deepest, as Tennyson's great cataract, "The voice deepening with the deepening of the night." Silence, prayer and then hope. "Our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence." The things which we have in severalty are very small, your matters and mine. The things which any groups of men have in severalty are very small. The great things, the tragic things, the things that are big "with hopes and fears that kindle hope," are the things we have in common.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Pennsylvania has not only been in the past the mother of a numerous progeny of Scotch-Irish sons and daughters in this Western world, sending them out to every part of the nation for the enrichment of the nation's life, but not unfrequently in the course of time these children and grandchildren have come back to the old mother, that by their lives and their civic services they might add to her strength. Many years ago there came from the South to Philadelphia a man of rare genius and character who began the practice of law here and immediately acquired for himself a large clientage. He brought to his profession a trained mind and devoted heart, and after some years he wrote with his own pen the charter under which our municipality is now governed. The name of John Christian

Bullitt is a household name in Philadelphia. The city, out of regard for his public services, and in loving memory of his rich, devoted life, erected on yonder plaza a statue. It was deserved, but it was not needed, for his name was already written deeply and would be cherished for all time in the hearts of Philadelphians. This evening it is our honor and privilege to welcome to our city one near of kin who bears that honored name, and we rejoice in welcoming him not only because of his forebears in that they represent in addition the name of Bullitt, also that historic name of Logan, not only because he represents a generation that is at this very time conspicuous in the nation's service and at the fore-front in this municipal life, but because of his own splendid achievements and of his own distinguished career. Therefore it is my pleasure and honor to introduce as the last speaker of the evening Scott Bullitt, Esq., of Louisville, Ky.

MR. TOASTMASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA:—After receiving the kind invitation of Mr. Bayard Henry and my friend Mr. Charles L. McKeehan, I looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to attending this dinner. I started from my home in Louisville, Ky., in plenty of time, but the great Pennsylvania railroad for once missed a connection, and I was laid over in the Scotch-Irish city of Pittsburgh for several hours. When I did get started about noon from Pittsburgh, it looked as though I might miss the dinner after all. As I stood on the rear end of the train late this afternoon and saw the sun go down in the west, and realized how many miles there were before us, and how little of the afternoon was left to make it in, I wished that I might have the power of Joshua of old, when he wanted the day to continue a little longer, I prayed that I might be able to say in the words of Joshua: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

It is a little reckless for me to come back and speak here now, as it was my lot to speak in the same place a year ago at a dinner given here by the Philadelphia Alumni in honor of the Princeton championship football team. I notice a good many Prince-

ton men here to-night who will probably feel that vain repetition is wearisome to the soul.

I am somewhat afraid of meeting the same fate of another Kentuckian, a rural actor, when he started with a company playing one-night stands in Pennsylvania. When he got back to Kentucky, some of his friends asked him what kind of a reception he had, and whether the people made any demonstration. He said they made a "good deal of a demonstration." One of his friends said: "Did they ask you to come back?" Our Kentucky actor replied: "Yes, they asked me to come back, you bet they wanted me to come back; why, they *dared me to come back.*"

I can sympathize with the Kentucky actor, as some of my Princeton friends who have had too many speeches foisted upon them are doubtless "daring me to come back."

But I am braving it all, for really it is like going back home for me to go to Philadelphia. My mother's father, who rejoiced in the old-fashioned Irish name of Caleb Logan, sprung from the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania. His grandfather, Benjamin Logan, as I understand it, was born and bred in Philadelphia. He emigrated down the valley into Virginia, and finally landed in Kentucky. My father went to Philadelphia as a young man, studied law here and began the practice of law in the "City of Brotherly Love" along with his older brother, John C. Bullitt, who had preceded him in this city. But for the breaking out of the Civil War, when my father went south to join the army, his family would have remained here and I would have had the fortune of being a native of Philadelphia. That was a narrow escape for Philadelphia. Almost as narrow as that of Gen. Phil. Sheridan, who said, when asked whether he was an Irishman or an American, "The keel was laid in the old country, but the vessel was launched in America!"

SCOTCH-IRISH IN KENTUCKY.

The early history of the State of Kentucky can well be read in the biographies of the Scotch-Irish settlers of that time. Those sturdy, dauntless and God-fearing pioneers came down

the Ohio River from Pennsylvania. They also emigrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia and settled in the Shenandoah Valley, and thence in great numbers came through the Cumberland Gap and along the old wilderness road from Southwest Virginia into the State of Kentucky.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, the Prestons and Breckenridges were but types of the Scotch-Irish who came to Kentucky and drove out the Indians. As was once said of the New England Puritans, they "first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines." The Scotch-Irish in Kentucky built court houses, founded schools, and carved a State out of the wilderness. The vanguard of the Anglo-Saxon civilization of that time was made up of Scotch-Irish who came to Kentucky from Philadelphia, and the western part of Virginia; men whose ancestry went straight back to the Province of Ulster.

Men of Scotch-Irish blood were united in the early days of Kentucky under outside pressure from the Indians, and later from the English in the War of 1812. After that we find the Scotch-Irish beginning to fall out among themselves.

They were united in a common cause when force was applied from without, but when it was removed they split into rival camps. The bitterness which was characteristic of the Scotch-Irish in Kentucky at the time of the Civil War, and during the years immediately preceding it, was not surpassed by anything in Tipperary, Limerick or Cork. The Scotch-Irish followed the example of the Celtic Irish in fighting among themselves.

John C. Calhoun, the author of "Nullification," and responsible more than any other man for secession and the Civil War, was of pure Scotch-Irish blood. His grandfather came from Donegal. John C. Calhoun's bitterest foe, who more than once expressed regret that he had not hung Calhoun when he had a chance in 1830, was another Scotch-Irishman, whose undying loyalty to the Union made the name of "Old Hickory" loved and respected in every loyal home in the land.

Nothing better illustrates the attitude of the Scotch-Irish in Kentucky toward each other in the Civil War times than the position taken by Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge and Dr. Stuart

Robinson. They were both God-fearing Presbyterian ministers of Simon-pure Scotch-Irish blood. Dr. Breckenridge's grandfather came from Ulster, while Dr. Robinson was himself born in Ulster. They both got their theology at the Princeton Seminary, and worshiped the same God according to the same faith; but Dr. Breckenridge was an ardent Union man and presided over the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President in 1864, while Dr. Robinson was an equally ardent advocate of secession, and a defender of the institution of slavery.

Dr. Breckenridge said there would be "no peace on earth until the Lord had removed Dr. Robinson from the scene of earthly activity and taken him to heaven." Dr. Robinson heard of the remark and replied that there would be "no peace in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, unless the Lord removed Dr. Breckenridge from *both* places and sent him *somewhere else*."

Some years after the war, when Dr. Breckenridge's days were numbered, a friend asked him if he was not going to make up with Dr. Robinson before he died, as they would have to meet in heaven and get along somehow there. Dr. Breckenridge said that he would have nothing to do with Br. Robinson in this life, "for while he and I may meet in heaven, I thank God that '*in my Father's house there are many mansions.*'"

I have heard speakers at Scotch-Irish meetings in Pennsylvania pay special tribute to the Scotch-Irish on the ground that it was they who upheld the hands of Abraham Lincoln when the Union was at stake. The sad part of it is that there would have been no necessity for the Scotch-Irish in the North to hold up Mr. Lincoln's hands had it not been for the Scotch-Irish in the South who were trying to pull them down. But for Stonewall Jackson and the Scotch-Irishmen who followed him, the Union would not have needed General Grant, General McPherson, and the Scotch-Irish leaders and soldiers of the Northern armies.

But that time is passed. The Scotch-Irish in Kentucky are no longer divided. No gulf separates the Scotch-Irish in the South from the Scotch-Irish in the North. Old scenes have gone, and new generations have appeared, families of opposite

political faith have inter-married; and the Scotch-Irish of Kentucky are to-day united with the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania and our sister States.

The Englishman of to-day does not discriminate between his ancestors or ask whether they fought under Oliver Cromwell or Charles the First, whether they were Roundheads or followers of Prince Rupert. The Scotch-Irish in this country can now look back and rejoice in the heroism and valor of the Scotch-Irish soldiers of the Civil War, whether they wore the blue or whether they wore the gray, as a common heritage of a united country.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Gentlemen, there is just one matter before us yet, and that is the pleasure that I have of introducing to you the new president who has just been elected. I want to congratulate the Society on the President who is to preside over the destinies of the organization for the coming year, the son of a distinguished father, a man of large affairs, Mr. M. C. Kennedy. I simply wish to congratulate him upon having the pleasure of presiding over this, which I look upon as the most noted and most distinguished society that has annual meetings in Philadelphia. I therefore take pleasure now in turning over the destinies of this splendid organization to this splendid man.

MR. KENNEDY:—

I thank you very sincerely for your kind remarks. Due to the lateness of the hour and the fact that those of us from the country have to take a train in a few minutes, I think a motion to adjourn will be the next business in order.

On motion adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

**REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENN-
SYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR
ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1912.**

DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$309 30
Membership dues for 1912.....	\$442 00
Subscriptions to 23d Annual Dinner.....	1,030 00
Interest on deposits.....	10 14
	1,482 14
	\$1,791 44
CR.	
Postage, &c.....	\$30 00
Dinner subscriptions returned.....	20 00
John Maene, carving spoon.....	45 00
Speaker's traveling expenses.....	7 50
Stenographer reporting dinner.....	24 50
William H. Hoskins' Co., engraving invitations, new plate.....	27 00
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 213 covers, cigars, wines and music.....	899 15
Buchanan & Co., printing second-dinner notice, song sheets, &c.....	14 50
Clerical service.....	20 00
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, envelopes, &c.....	11 25
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing table plan, print- ing and mailing annual report.....	203 54
Singers and accompanist.....	40 00
Dreka Company, menus and dinner cards.....	32 50
	\$1,374 94
Balance January 1st, 1913.....	416 50
	\$1,791 44

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$416.50 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1913.

J. B. KINLEY,
WILLIAM D. NEILSON,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction

of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be de-

termined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- HON. E. F. ACHESON..... Washington, Pa.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
JAMES H. M. ANDREWS..... 502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG... Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. ARrott..... 431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES..... 4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia
WILLIAM G. AYRES..... Cynwyd, Pa.
- D. G. BAIRD..... 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD..... Haverford, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR..... Villa Nova, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD..... Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD..... Hueneme, Ventura Co., Cal.
JAMES M. BARNETT..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR..... 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE..... 41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY..... Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT O. BEATTY..... 120 Homewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL..... 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
EDWARD M. BIDDLE..... 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE..... Carlisle, Pa.
SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE..... 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS..... Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
THOMAS BOGGS..... Melrose Park, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D..... 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT..... 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN..... 815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
J. CROSBY BROWN..... Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D. 1414 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON..... Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
(Honorary)..... Washington, D. C.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN..... Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL..... Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
WILLIAM H. BURNETT..... 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- A. A. CAIRNS, M.D..... 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL..... 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D..... Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON..... U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL..... Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL..... 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL..... Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL..... P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
JAMES F. CAMPBELL..... Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON..... 937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON..... Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON..... 205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER..... Doylestown, Pa.
A. H. CHRISTY..... Scranton, Pa.
REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D..... Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
D. F. CRAWFORD..... Union Station, Pittsburgh.
GEORGE W. CREIGHTON..... Altoona, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR..... 2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN..... 304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia.

HON. JOHN DALZELL..... House of Representatives, Washington,
D. C.
C. M. DAVISON..... Chambersburg, Pa.
H. C. DEAVER, M.D..... 1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D..... 1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN..... 400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
AGNEW T. DICE..... Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
PROF. W. P. DICK..... West Chester, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY..... Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY..... Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. S. DONALDSON..... Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DORNAN..... Howard, Oxford and Mascher Sts., Phila.
HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D..... 1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
PETER S. DUNCAN..... Hollidaysburg, Pa.
THOMAS P. DYER..... 1013 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D..... 1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
IRWIN CAMERON ELDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN..... 1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. NATHANIEL EWING..... Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.

EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES..... 617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D..... 2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON..... West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D..... 125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM M. FIELD..... 1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER..... 1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.

D. FLEMING.....	325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING.....	32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
EDWARD J. FOX.....	Easton, Pa.
HARRY C. FRANCIS.....	919 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN W. FRANCIS.....	1519 North Seventeenth St., Phila.
W. H. FRANCIS.....	Union League, Philadelphia.
HUGH R. FULTON.....	Lancaster, Pa.
GEORGE D. GIDEON.....	1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
HARRY B. GILL.....	328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
COL. JAMES R. GILMORE.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL F. GIVIN.....	30 South Twenty-first St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM B. GIVEN.....	224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM A. GLASGOW.....	Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
HON. JAS. GAY GORDON.....	1829 Pine St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS I. GOWEN.....	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT GRACEY.....	Newville, Pa.
JOHN GRAHAM.....	Newville, Pa.
REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D.....	2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.....	413 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN.....	Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia.
DAVID C. GREEN.....	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT B. GREER, M.D.....	Butler, Pa.
J. M. GUFFEY.....	341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE.....	Indiana, Pa.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM.....	Union League, Philadelphia.
JOHN GWILLIAM.....	5114 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY, D.D.....	Carlisle, Pa.
HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL.....	Ridgway, Pa.
DR. SAMUEL MCCINTOCK HAMILL.....	1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HUGH H. HAMILL.....	231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
JOHN L. HAMILL.....	4811 Regent St., Philadelphia.
JOHN HAMILTON.....	2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY.....	3756 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....	Delaware Ave. and Vine Sts., Phila.
THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....	410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....	8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM LATTA HAMMERSLEY.....	5818 Morris St., Germantown.
CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. C. HAWTHORNE.....	Carlisle, Pa.
GEORGE HAY.....	111 West Upsilon St., Philadelphia.

- JAMES HAY.....25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
EDWIN R. HAYS.....Newville, Pa.
THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS.....1334 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN HEMPHILL, D.D.....San Francisco, Cal.
JOHN J. HENDERSON.....1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia.
J. WEBSTER HENDERSON.....Carlisle, Pa.
HON. BAYARD HENRY.....1438 Land Title Building, Philadelphia,
HOWARD H. HENRY.....Fort Washington, Pa.
JOHN J. HENRY.....Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia.
JOHN ARMSTRONG HERMAN.....Harrisburg, Pa.
DANIEL C. HERR.....Harrisburg, Pa., P. O. Box 774.
A. G. HETHERINGTON.....2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK...Franklin, Pa.
DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON.....238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa.
SAMUEL F. HOUSTON.....509 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
W. WILLIS HOUSTON.....Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.
REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D.D.....128 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia.
W. H. HUNTER.....*The News Advertiser*, Chillicothe, Ohio.
E. RANKIN HUSTON.....Mechanicsburg, Pa.
JOSEPH M. HUSTON.....Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
THOMAS HUSTON.....Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.

JOHN H. IRWIN.....Front and Berks Sts., Philadelphia.

G. L. S. JAMESON.....1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
JOHN FLEMING JONES.....2139 Market St., Philadelphia.
JOHN W. JORDAN.....1300 Locust St., Philadelphia.
JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
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M. C. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. JAMES KERR.....
SAMUEL T. KERR.....1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
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SAMUEL M. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
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HON. P. C. KNOX.....Washington, D. C.

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JAMES M. LAMBERTON.....216 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. A. LANGFITT.....110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

List of Members.

JOHN S. LATTA.....1215 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA.....233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM J. LATTA.....Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
 THOMAS LOVE LATTA.....3819 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 REV. SAMMEL H. LEEPER.....Media, Pa.
 CRAIG N. LIGGET.....4036 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN LLOYD.....Altoona, Pa.
 GEORGE E. LLOYD.....Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 HARRY V. LOGAN, M.D.....Scranton, Pa.
 SIMON CAMERON LONG.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 J. BARTON LONGACRE.....358 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.
 L. H. LOVELL.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE A. LYON, U. S. N.....Union League, Philadelphia.

FRANCIS MAGEE.....1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. MAGEE.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
 MAJOR LOUIS J. MAGILL.....Philadelphia.
 ALEX. MARTIN.....128 South Eleventh St., Philadelphia.
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 A. W. MELLON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN HOUSTON MERRILL.....Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
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 DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT.....1705 Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 HENRY W. MOORE704 West End Trust Building, Phila.
 W. HEYWARD MYERS.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 J. O. MACINTOSHBroad Street Station, Philadelphia.
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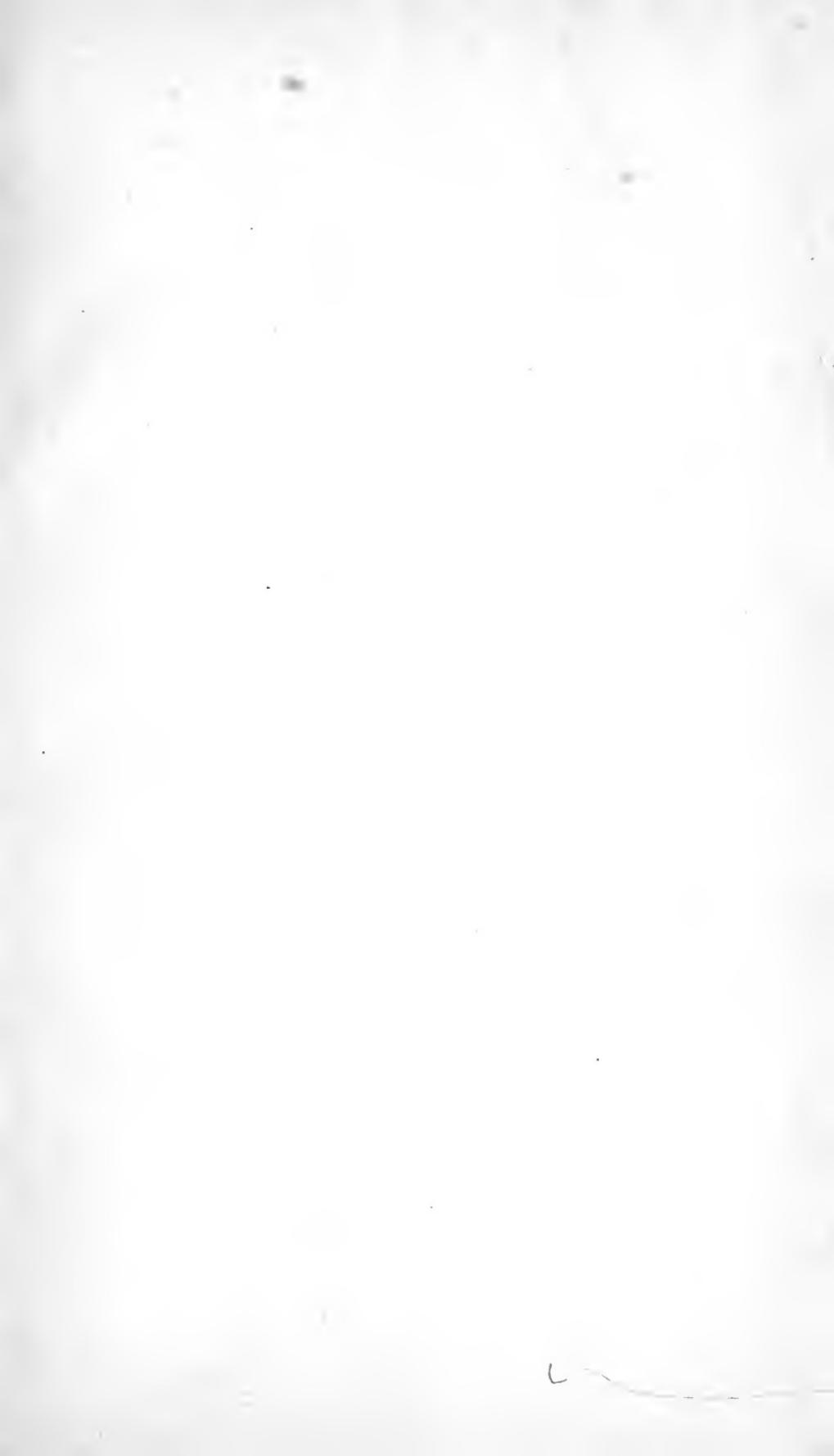
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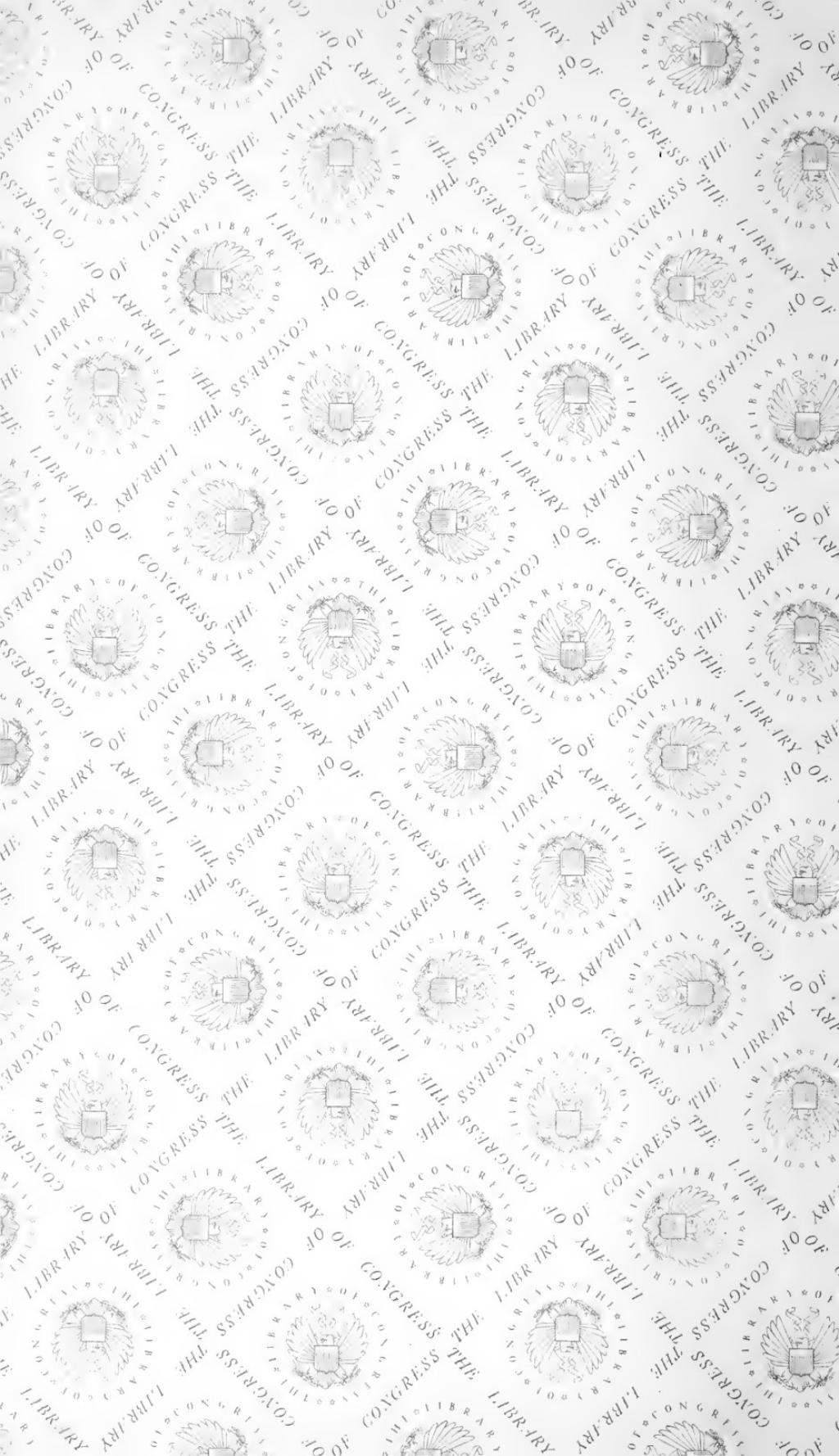
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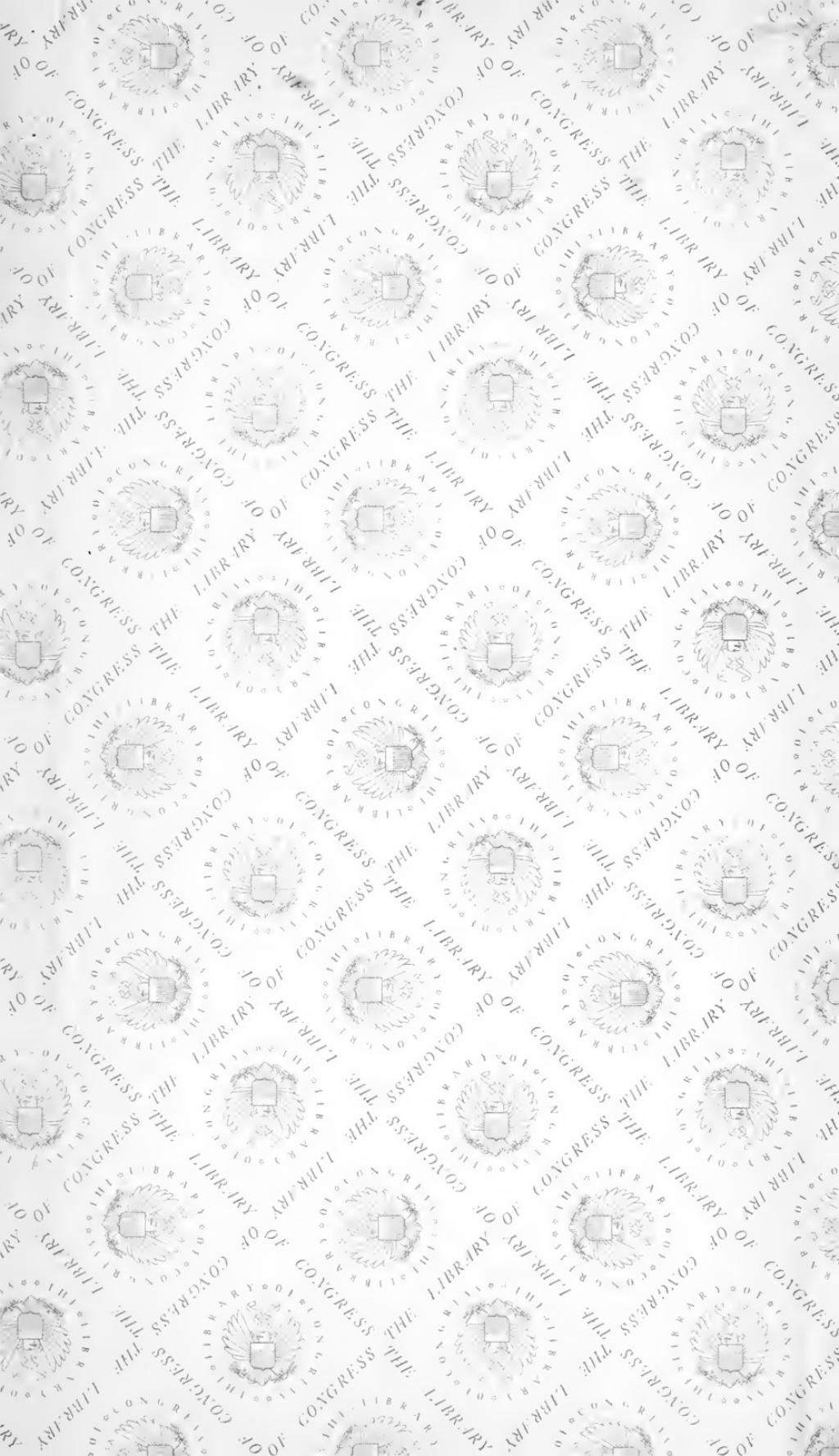
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